THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 15

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Fo… …eekly
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Donn Byrne—Garet Garrett—Courtney Ryley Cooper—Ben Ames Williams
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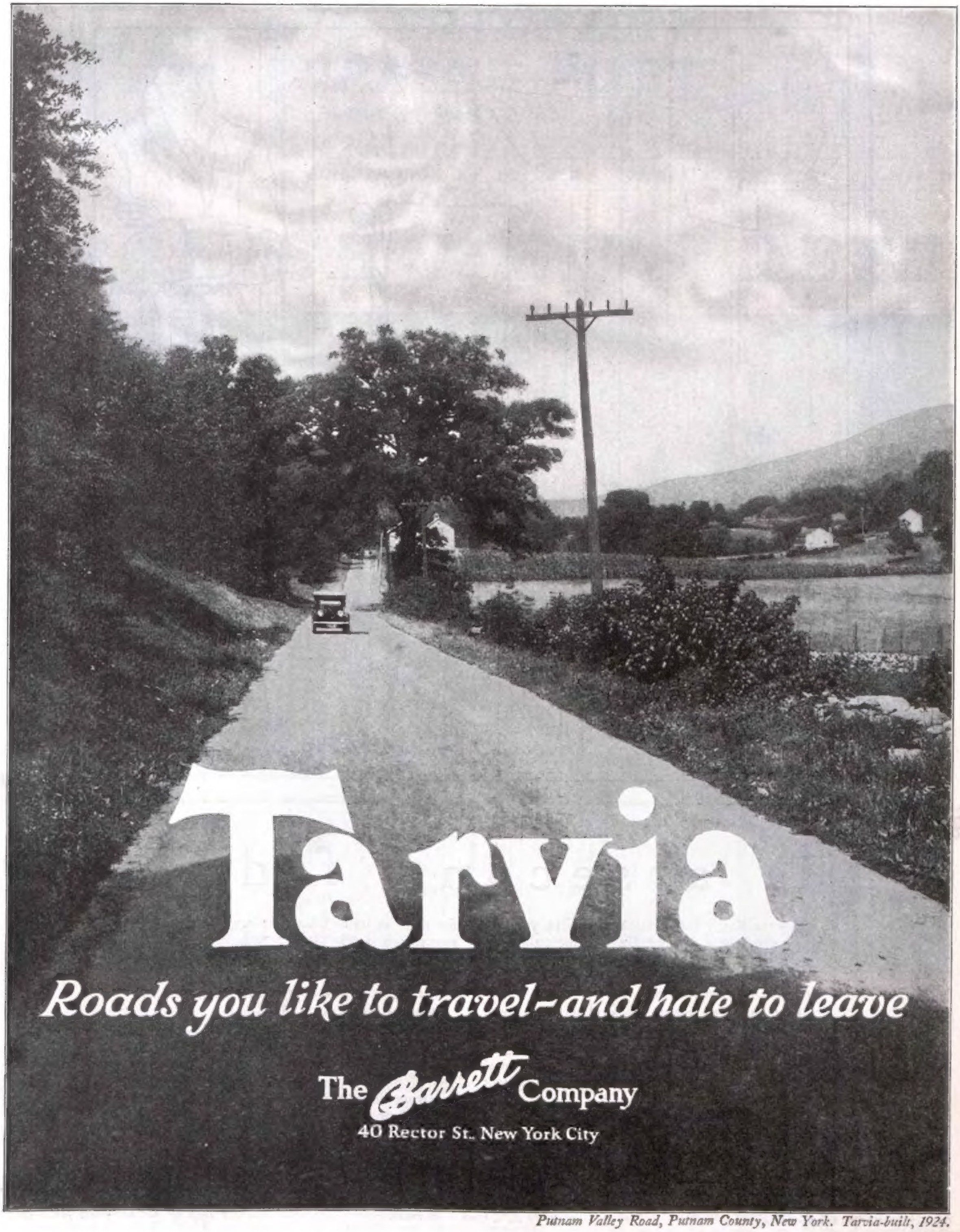

Putnam Valley Road, Putnam County, New York. Tarvia-built, 1924.

To a second fiddle

When the Really Important Male arrives, you, sir, the so-called head of the house, become a thing to be "hushed" at and shunted into ignominious corners. Feminine whisperings and the rustling of starched linen fill the electrified air.

Even that tiled temple of cleanliness where you have been wont to splash and carol of a morning is invaded by His New Lordship's ladies-in-waiting.

Garments of curious design dominate the towel racks—bottles of unfamiliar outline and content are everywhere.

But one old friend remains to greet your eye—for there in its accustomed place, in all its white purity, is your cake of Ivory Soap.

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SPANISH MEN'S REST

"If 'Tis the Admiral's Chest You Mean, Kerry of the Horses, 'Tis Not There"

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MY AUNT JENEPHER, who is so beautiful, and is blind, was sitting on a marble bench in the herb garden, whistling, and I was standing by her. I would have you know that my Aunt Jenepher is the best whistler in the world; it is one of the many gifts vouchsafed her for the loss of her eyes. She was imitating the clear liquid trill of a blackbird, and the blackbird himself, a fat rascal who had been gorging on the cherry trees, was hopping about in front of her on his inadequate yellow feet, his glossy head, nearly as glossy as my Aunt Jenepher's, now cocked on one side, now on the other, puzzled and a little angry that a mortal lady had stolen his dance music, while in the hawthorn bushes his consort gave loud squawks of dismay.

"Now who the devil ——" said I, for I had been looking down the drive, and had seen my Uncle Valentine. "Now who the devil has he with him now?"

My Aunt Jenepher turned around and faced the drive. Her beautiful pale hands lay quietly in her lap and she was as though dreaming.

"I think I can tell you, Kerry," she said.

My Aunt Jenepher had the faculty of seeing people without her eyes. I always felt that she left her body, stood outside it, and in some mystical way saw people soul to soul. An expensive Dublin physician once told me that this was rot; that the human organism has eyes everywhere, in the back of the head, as the saying is, and in the finger tips. They only need developing, and in my Aunt Jenepher's case they are developed.

"It is a very old man," said my Aunt Jenepher, "and a very feeble one; a very great nobleman, Kerry, and a very poor one. And ——"

"And the boy, Aunt Jenepher?"

"The what, Kerry?"

"The boy in the clothes that are much too big for him?"

"Is very noble," said my Aunt Jenepher, "and good and very poor."

They were upon us now, my Uncle Valentine, who is one of the most striking figures in Ireland, and, by natural corollary, in the habitable world. A six-foot-four giant is my Uncle Valentine, with an immense red beard to his waist, that is more like a burnished breastplate than a beard. All he needs is one of those Norwegian helmets with wings and a great ax to be a chief of Goths who sacked Rome. But he wears Irish tweeds and glossy Irish linen in the daytime, and always has the appearance, with his immaculate dress, his red beard and his red setter dogs, of a king of the solid type on

"If You've Finished, Me Little Red Fetter," Said My Uncle Valentine, "You Can Take Your Hat and Come On"

his country estate. Certainly no king, not even our sovereign lord, has a greater courtesy than my Uncle Valentine's.

In his youth, and that must have been sixty years before, the old gentleman with my Uncle Valentine must have been of a giant's figure and bearing. Even now he was nearly as tall as my uncle. He had great wide shoulders, very bowed, and though nearing the century, his hair was perfect, but so short, so white that it seemed a cap of some new fashion. His brown face was a maze of wrinkles, and under white eyebrows gray-granite eyes probed you to the depths of your being. He had an immense hook nose, like our Duke of Wellington's, and he held his hands behind his back as a very old man will do. His hat was a gray felt, such as was worn that moment in London, but his coat was of a cut that London had never seen or even dreamed. It was something like an overcoat, its tails coming near the heels, and it was something like a morning coat, cutting away sharply from the waist. It was neither one nor the other, though. It was of a sort of gray whipcord, with gray metallic buttons. The vest was double-breasted after the old manner, and a pair of tubelike pepper-and-salt trousers dropped like a curtain to ridiculously small spatted black shoes. It was immensely grotesque, and yet there was dignity to it.

The boy with him wore a suit of tweeds that a woman might have made for a man, and that a woman probably did make for him. But barring that you noticed that they were too big for him and horribly cut, you noticed little beyond his face. It was a girl's face, brown, soft, unmarred by beard of any kind. And on the face was an expression of fear and haughtiness it would be impossible to analyze. Brown eyes, lighter than the brown of the face, looked at you challengingly, telling you to stay where you were. I don't think the rudest person in the world would have laughed at his clothes, with that deadly look in his eye. He would have been, without seeing his teeth, sixteen or seventeen years old.

"This," said my Uncle Valentine, "is my sister, Jenepher, who is blind." The old gentleman kissed my Aunt Jenepher's hand with that grave, that terrible politeness that dies with our elders. The boy made a motion as if to curtsy and came forward to kiss it too. "And this," said my Uncle Valentine, "is the Honorable Kerry MacFarlane, my dead brother's son, and heir of Destiny Bay. He is known in the Erse jargon as Kerry na Kopple, or Kerry of the Horses, and as Long Kerry."

"A good name," said the old gentleman—"Kerry of the Horses."

"How do you do, sir?" And I shook his hand. "And how are you?" I shook hands with the boy.

"And this," said my Uncle Valentine, pointing out the big figure coming over the grass, "is my valet, and my friend, James Carabine."

"Your Lordship's Honor," bowed Carabine. "And Your Young Lordship's too."

"This, Sister Jenepher and Kerry," said my Uncle Valentine, "is Don Diego de Leyva, Duke of la Mentera and Marquis of Monreal del Compo, in the kingdom of Spain, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, which is the first order of chivalry in Christendom. And this is his grandchild, Don Anthony."

"A very poor nobleman, Miss Jenepher," said the old Spaniard.

"In Ireland, sir," said my Aunt Jenepher, "it is, if not a vice, a mistake to be rich."

And then because she knew the lad was afraid and growing inimical from strangeness, my Aunt Jenepher did something she had never done even to me. She put her arm around the boy's shoulder.

II

IT WAS Sergeant Aloysius MacSweeney, said my Uncle Valentine—it was Sergeant Aloysius MacSweeney who drew his attention to the foreigners in our midst. Though it is fourteen miles from any railroad station and twenty miles from Derry Walls, yet in the district of Destiny Bay we are not unaccustomed to strangers. Here the European gypsies stop for a while when visiting Ireland, coming from Glasgow to Londonderry; for at Destiny Bay the mountains have the finest, strongest heather in Ireland, and out of this the gypsies make their brooms; and in the brown bogs are acres of sally trees, which the un-Irish call osiers, and from these are made the baskets and lobster pots which you can always buy from a gypsy caravan. Here, too, gather the northern tinkers, who are the Irish gypsies, and are not quite true gypsies, but a sort of wandering pagan tribe, and do not speak Romany, but a jargon called Shelta; here they gather around Halloween to exchange wisdom and wives. Here, too, we have the Raghery and Tory fishermen, great hulking giants with children's feet and immense hands, with homespun trousers and white flannel jackets, and broad-brimmed Italianate hats; and these folk can sit for six hours on end without saying a word or moving any muscle except those needed for smoking their short clay pipes. Here, too, pass the mountainy men of Donegal; brown, sly-eyed men, with no English at them, as they say, walking barefoot on the roads to save their boots, which they will put on only when they go into a town.

There is in all, I should say, twenty square miles of the district called Destiny Bay, but so far from everywhere is it, so little is there of trade there, that except for the gypsies, it is the most unfrequented spot in all Ireland. And yet no place in Ireland is so beautiful, no place in Ireland so strange. Northward of us roars the Atlantic to the Pole, now gentle as a lake, as a blue lake at noon, as a violet lake when the evening star comes out; now ruthless and fierce as the Ancient of Days, gray and horrible as the Baphomet of Templar tradition, and as merciless. And south of us is the brown belt of bogland, white in summer with the stony *canavon*, the white bog flowers, the gentle sally trees, from which harps are made; brown bog and black water, and here lie the last of the great Irish elk, and the Irish wolf, and the Irish bear, beneath the short stiff bog grass; the snipe, and the red-billed moor hen and the bittern of the ghostly call are now its denizens. About us are high mountains, gold and purple in summer, with sun and heather, and in winter wearing caps of snow that are suitable to their ancientness. Here is our place, Destiny Bay, that low big granite house, whose foundations date back to when Irish history was but tradition and guesswork.

There it is, the low vast granite house, with the ivied walls, with the slated roofs golden with stonewort; the happy peaceful house. Here is the Old World garden, the paradise of bees. Here is the formal fancy of my great-grandfather, the lawn with the fish pond, with the yew trees carved into grotesque shapes, a phœnix, a galleon, a knight on horseback, which the man in the fields will insist is Great King Billy. Here roam the peacocks—the peacocks of gaudy colors and the white peacocks, while in

the rear of the house among the stables, gentlemen, are birds that will interest you more, the finest breed of gamecocks that ever fought a main while the police were sleeping it off, and no bird of which would this Irelander swap for the legendary Coq d'Or. . . . There it is, the gentle house, with the gentle ghost; the solid house, where the wise bees have elected to keep their home.

Beneath us is Ballyfale, the small village of ten houses of which seven are pubs, for the road between Derry and the Highlands of Donegal is a long road, and droughty.

Welshman, Turcoman or heathen Chinee might come to Destiny Bay and be welcomed. But from no one was there a kind word for Sergeant Aloysius MacSweeney and his three fine policemen from the County of Clare. For admirable as these men were, and kind to their aged parents, yet we one and all, from Irish peer to Irish pauper, have an extraordinary aversion to them, as deep-rooted and inexplicable as the Hindu's aversion to the succulent beefsteak. My Uncle Valentine was no exception to this phenomenon. Indeed, my Uncle Valentine had once defined a policeman as one with no liking for honest work and not enough courage for crime. So that when Sergeant Aloysius MacSweeney saluted him smartly in Ballyfale and would fain have speech with him, my Uncle Valentine regarded him with no gracious eyes.

"Begad, sergeant," he said, "but you're the fine juvenile figure of a man. It must have been for dirty work you got the stripes so young."

"I would like a word with Your Honor," said the sergeant.

"I'm sure you would," said my Uncle Valentine, and was passing on.

"'Tis in the interests of the realm and on His Majesty's service," said the sergeant.

"Out with it then," said my Uncle Valentine.

"On the thirteenth instant, or vulgarly this day week," said the sergeant, "two foreigners came and took up residence in the hostelry owned and conducted by Mrs. Marion McGinty of this town. They gave their names as Don Diego and Don Anthony de Leyva, and the elder, or older, claimed to be the Duke of la Mentera."

"Is it against the law to be a duke or to lodge with the Widow McGinty?"

"'Tis not, Your Honor; but when them foreigners keep dodging around the strand by moonlight, especially around the property of your nephew, Mr. Jenico Hamilton, Spanish Men's Rest, 'tis suspicious."

"And what are you suspicious of?" asked my Uncle Valentine.

"Designs," said the sergeant darkly—"designs against our sovereign lord the King, his crown and dignity."

"You've been reading a book, sergeant," said my Uncle Valentine. "Now don't deny it. I can see it in your eye. Now haven't you, sergeant? You big thick-footed, herring-fed southern gom!" he ended abruptly and left him.

He went across to the Widow McGinty's hotel and entered amid curtsies and bobs from the staff. The widow was a plump-cheeked rounded woman of forty, with a roguish eye. Indeed, it was hinted that she was neither widow nor had she been wife. But her beer, wines and spirits, to be consumed on or off the premises, were beyond reproach. Too much virtue cannot be expected in one small house.

"Well, widow," said my Uncle Valentine, "I hear you've gone up in the world."

"God bless Your Honor's worship," said the widow, and curtsied, "Sir Valentine, sure I never knew I was down."

"It's dukes you've now, widow?"

"Ah, sure, Sir Valentine, Your Honor, is it the ould one above and the lad with him? A nice kindly spoken gentleman if ever there was one. But a bit touched in the head, Sir Valentine, Your Honor—and begging Your Honor's pardon for using so objectionable an expression, especially in front of the nobility and gentry." And she curtsied again. "But jook me elbow!" said Mrs. McGinty.

"And why not, widow?"

"Did Your Honor's worship ever hear of a jook with four shirts?"

"In troth I did," said my Uncle Valentine. "I know one who has only two."

"Ah, yes, Sir Valentine," agreed the Widow McGinty, "but this one pays his way."

"I'll walk, trot and canter him," said my Uncle Valentine.

"Maelmorra MaGilla Espick," the Widow McGinty shrilled to the ancient boots, "ye deaf ould cod, will you be after showing Sir Valentine where the foreigners do be?"

It was the village schoolmaster, Manus MacManus, who hit off my Uncle Valentine's character to a nicety, in describing him "like Cæsar's wife, all things to all men." You might see him, loud, explosive, around the grounds and coverts of Destiny Bay. I doubt if you could imagine the icy courtesy of him the morning he killed the Italian at Knocke, in Belgium, for making free with the name of a very noble, very pretty, very indiscreet Irish lady.

"There lies a bloody ruffian!" said my Uncle Valentine, and that was the Roman marchese's only epitaph.

Can you see in the master of foxhounds, whose reputation for cursing hound tramplers is nation-wide, the buck of Monte Carlo, the friend of princes, and not the adorer but the adored of the pretty ladies of Paris in the days when Paris was naughty but not vulgar? Can you see in the brigadier general of the war against the Boers the kindly figure who gave up the possibility of the marshal's baton to take care of his blind sister and dead brother's son in Destiny Bay? You can't? Then you don't know Ireland.

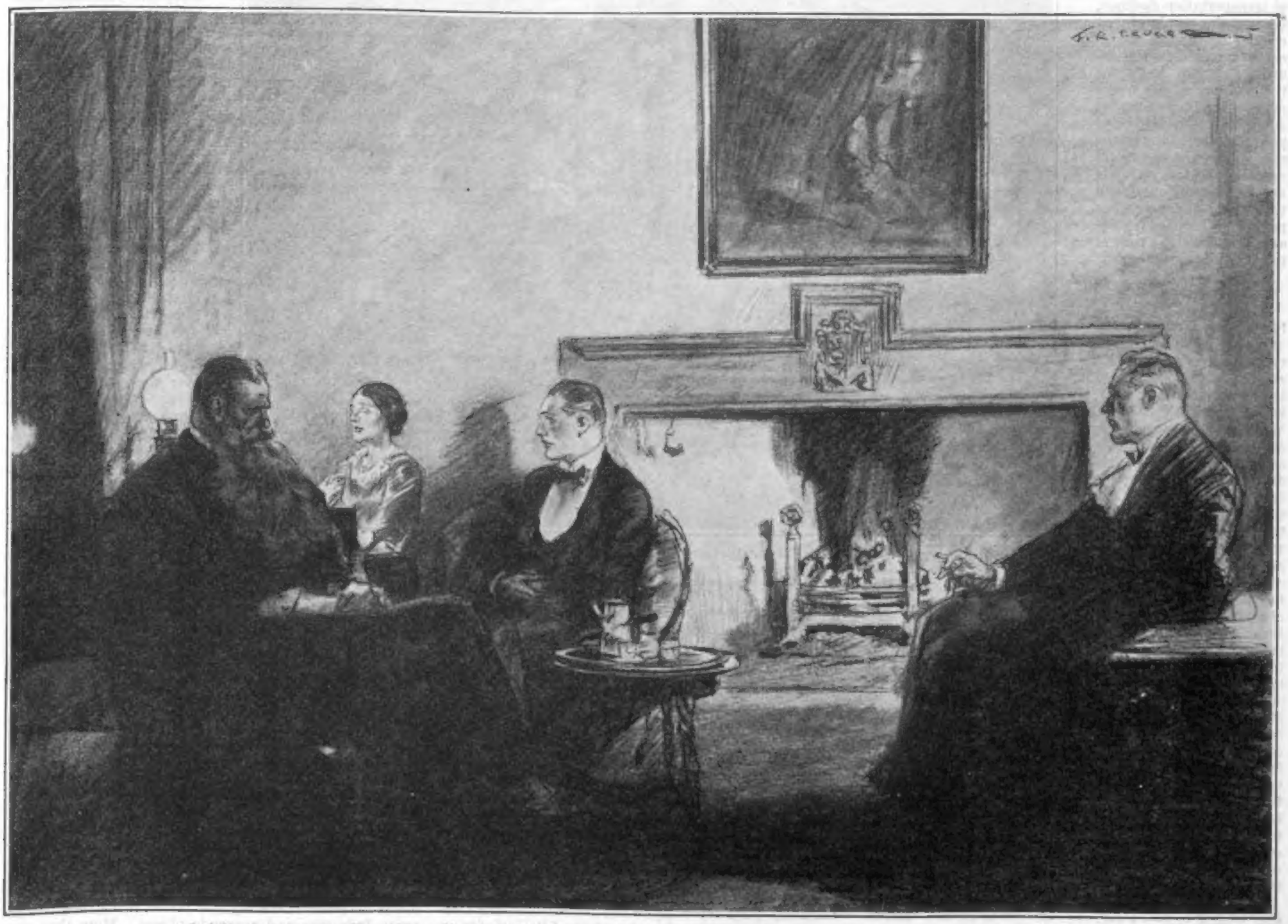
How he did it—how my Uncle Valentine does his impossibilities—is a mystery; but within twenty minutes of his first meeting them, my Uncle Valentine had tucked the Spanish duke and his grandson under his wing and had insisted on their staying at Destiny Bay.

"For not only would it be a reflection on myself, dear sir," said my Uncle Valentine, "but an insult to the Irish nation if you were to refuse our hospitality. Were I, an Irish gentleman, in your manorial grounds in Spain, would you suffer me to stay in a pothouse?"

"Manorial grounds," said the Spanish gentleman. "I am afraid our family has no more, and my own house is no better than a peasant's, yet I could not suffer a person of quality to remain there at a public inn."

"How much less could I then," said my Uncle Valentine, "who, by the hazard of circumstance, am wealthy."

(Continued on Page 146)



And My Aunt Jenepher Would Sit at Her Great Piano, Playing Very Softly Some Melody That Had Come to Her Out of an Old Song

TAMING THE RAILROADS

By GARET GARRETT

FOR fifty years until 1887—and this was half their life—the railroads existed in a state of Nature, knowing no law but the common law and not quite all of that. Which is to say they were wild, roaming about the landscape at will, devouring what the traffic would bear. All it would bear, their adversaries said, but this was generally not true for two reasons. One was a reason of expediency. All it will bear breaks the back of the goose. The other reason was that competitive and wildcat railroad building provided a perpetual excess capacity. A year of high profits invariably was followed by two or three of delirious building, engineered from Wall Street, where railroad securities were as volatile as mining stocks. The year 1880 was one of high profits. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific declared a 100 per cent dividend in 7 per cent stock, the Louisville & Nashville a 100 per cent dividend in 6 per cent stock, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy a 20 per cent dividend in 8 per cent stock. In the next three years the railroad mileage of the country was increased by one-third.

A surplus of transportation is like a surplus of anything else. It breaks the price. All during the free and natural existence of the railroads the price of transportation declined, because the supply of that commodity tended to increase faster than the demand. Hence strife for tonnage among the traffic managers, ruinous rate wars and a definite cycle of three phases in the affairs of the railroads: First, a time of amazing ecstasy, traffic having suddenly overtaken them; immediately another period of frenzied extension, and thirdly, a time of panic and bankruptcy.

Sources of Profit

THERE was neither relief nor refuge in bankruptcy, however, because a railroad, once it has offered itself to be a public carrier, is never permitted to cease. When the owners cannot go on with it the court appoints receivers to take it in charge and continue the service for the public's benefit until the property can be sold to private persons. In 1876 nearly two-fifths of all railroad capitalization was in default. Again after the panic of 1893 one-fifth of the total railroad mileage was in the hands of receivers. From 1894 to 1898 more than 40,000 miles of railroad, including such properties as the Union Pacific, the Erie, the Reading and the Baltimore & Ohio, were brought to the auction block and sold under the hammer.

What was the incentive? Why did private capital oblige itself to go on multiplying railroads in this headlong, reckless manner? Profit was the motive. There could be no other. To get it clear you have first to grasp the oblique fact that the profit was not in the railroad as such—not in the simple business of moving freight at so much per ton per mile. If you took all the capital that has ever been put into American railroads and divided it into the total net earnings from the beginning to get the per cent of return on the investment you would probably find that railroad capital first and last had been less profitable than that of the country grocery store.

No speculator, no genius of finance in his right mind ever wished to own a railroad outright as an investment. The thing itself was too much of a liability. But control of one was a coveted means to wealth. Construction and supply contracts, land that was worthless until a railroad had changed its economic geography, occasions in Wall Street, private commerce in favors, privileges and rebates—such were the appertaining sources of profit.

You were expected to be reasonable. Moral opinion was slow to be shocked by the method. It asserted itself only in the flagrant, unreasonable instance, like that of the Crédit Mobilier in the affair of the Union Pacific Railroad, to the aid of which the Federal Government contributed $27,000,000 in bonds and 800,000 acres of land from the public domain. This was a subsidy to private enterprise; and private enterprise, even for that day, went much too far in putting forth $111,000,000 of securities for $74,000,000 cash with which to build a road that cost not more than $60,000,000.

The Central Pacific, in aid of which the Government contributed $26,000,000 and 800,000 acres of land, was another instance. That road was built by a contract and finance company which was privately owned by Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Crocker, who also were directors of the Central Pacific. The confusion was as to where, when, how and in what state of mind and body they ceased to be directors representing the Central Pacific and became contractors representing themselves.

The United States Pacific Railroad Commission, an investigating body, reporting to the Senate—Fiftieth Congress—was unable to satisfy the whole of its curiosity on these fine points because the books, as it said, "were purposely destroyed by Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Crocker," acting no doubt in that moment both as directors and contractors. At any rate the commission found that their profits as contractors, while at the same time representing the Central Pacific security holders as trustees, did "pervade all contracts for construction, for repairs, for branch lines, for leases of the auxiliary lines, for the express, for the sale of material and for the sale of coal"; also that these four directors had voted themselves $8,300,000 in securities for a section of road that had actually cost $3,500,000. This was almost certainly too much; yet, in order to say how much too much it was, you would have to know what the securities were worth at that time.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF C. L. KINEY

An Old Print Representing the Mental Inception of the First True Railroad, Which Was the Liverpool and Manchester, Imagined and Built by George Stephenson, a British Colliery Worker, Who Got the Idea From the Little Donkey Railroads That Were Already Serving the Collieries About 1830

Seeking Power

ANOTHER notorious instance was that of the North River Construction Company. For building the West Shore Railroad at an actual cost of $29,000,000 it received, or was entitled to receive, securities of the face value of $75,900,000. The value of these securities was extra-speculative and nobody could say even then what they were worth, since the purpose of building the West Shore was to harry the Vanderbilt lines between New York and Chicago. The Vanderbilt lines ultimately bought it at its intrinsic value plus its nuisance value. And there was another quite common reason for building railroads.

It is necessary to remember what time this was. It was then, not now. What now we call water in the capitalization was then the fluid of expectation. Bonus shares were customary in all finance. They represented a bet on the gristle of the country; and it may be doubted if otherwise capital could have been found for the railroads, which, wherever and however they were built, no matter what the motive was, created new wealth in a glamorous manner outside of themselves. What happened to the capital that went into them made almost no difference at all. People were asked to buy railroad securities, not, as now, on the ground that they are or should be sound, but with the hope of gain commensurate with the risk. Sometimes the growth of the country redeemed the bonus shares; sometimes, indeed very often, it did not, either because the growth took an unexpected direction or because imagination ran too far ahead. We are struck by the lucky cases of one kind; the others are without trace. Always the mortality was very high.

And of those old railroad makers whose naked deeds look so stark on the hostile record there was none but believed himself to be a public benefactor. Moreover, save three or four exceptions, there is none but has come to be so regarded in legend, mortuary emblem and sympathetic Americana.

What defeated them at last was power—their own power. Wealth ceased to be their object. They very easily got more of that than they knew what to do with; and still they went on and on in pursuit of power, of which no human being has ever had all he could imagine. It came to be colossal. It was the power to make and unmake cities; it was the power of destiny over places, human migrations, areas, industries and economic phases. More than one

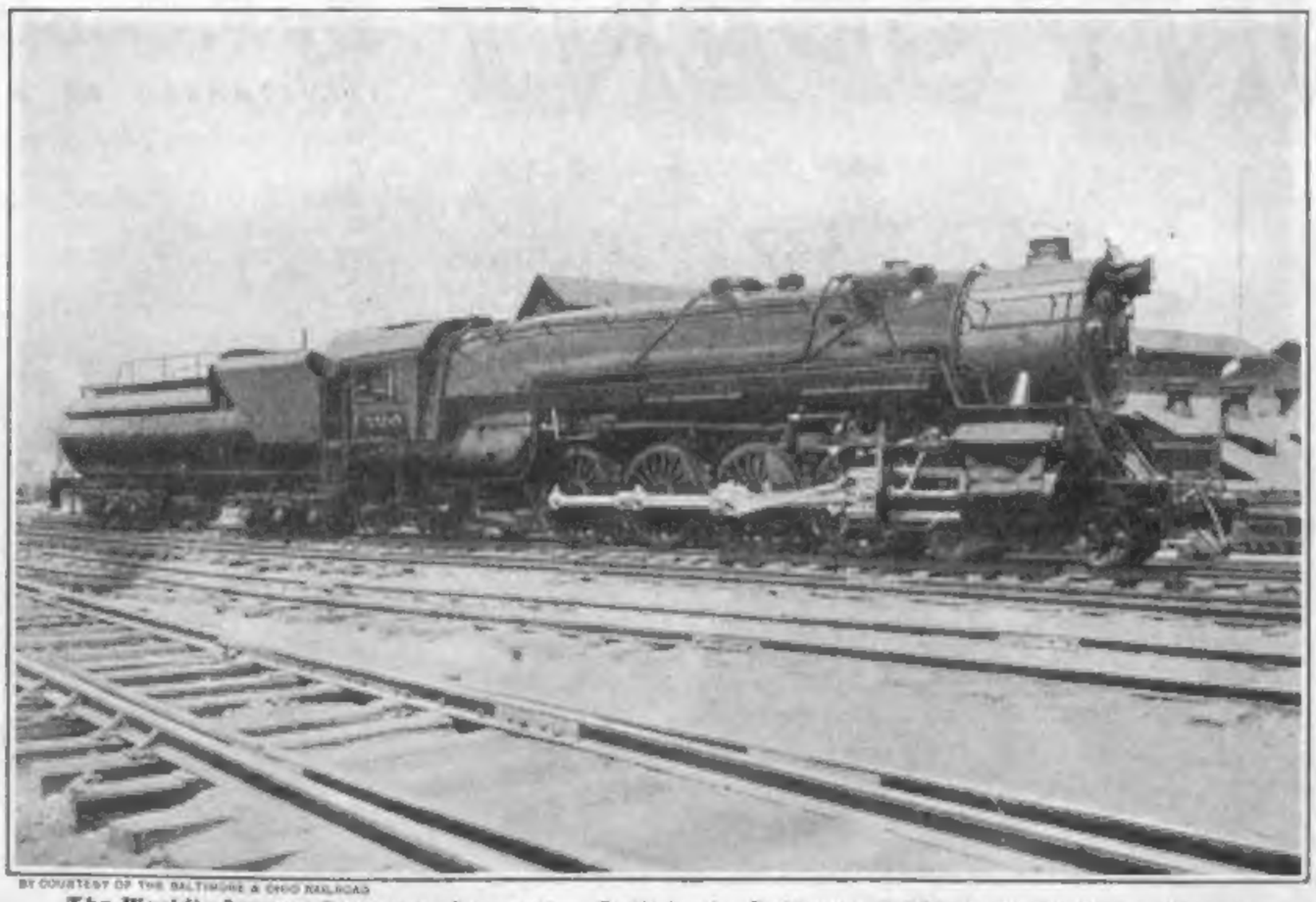
important city owes its existence to some sudden manifestation thereof—Duluth for one.

With his St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad James J. Hill had to rely upon a combination of other roads for an outlet to the East. They would not let him through at such joint rates as he deemed reasonable. They did not wish his competition and he was landlocked. So he moved the terminus of his railroad to Duluth, then a village of 3500 people, and added to his railroad the Northern Steamship Line to carry his own freight eastward through the Great Lakes. Then he demanded from the Eastern railroads a rate for Duluth that should be the same as the rate from Atlantic Seaboard to Chicago and St. Paul, lest he be unable to withstand the temptation to wreck the whole east and west rate structure. There was a horrendous row, but he got what he wanted, and Duluth, that might otherwise be a village still, was magically a city.

To prevent the Lake Superior & Mississippi from getting hold of the grain trade of Minnesota, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul made rates on grain out of Minnesota to Chicago so low that farm land 400 miles west of Chicago was worth more than similar land only 200 miles west, by reason of having a lower freight rate to market. The consequence was a sudden movement of population out of Wisconsin to Minnesota.

One man had the power to deprive New York City of its historic and natural geographic advantage in relation to the export trade, simply by deciding that the export freight rate from Chicago to New York should be enough higher than the rate from Chicago to Philadelphia and Baltimore to put the three cities on a common plane.

The power to make freight rates was and is and must be the power to transfer whole industries from one section of the country to another. Given a high rate on cattle, which are unprofitable and wasteful to haul, and a low rate on meat products, and the meat-packing industry moves bodily from the East to the Mississippi Valley. A rate on wheat from Kansas into Texas lower than the rate on flour caused a flour-milling industry to appear in Texas. The New England cotton-goods industry lives by virtue of a low freight rate on raw cotton from the South, as, for example, a rate of 55½ cents per 100 pounds from Memphis to Boston against a rate of 59½ cents from Memphis to cotton mills in the Carolinas, which are thereby penalized roughly to the extent of their natural advantage in relation to the source of raw material in order that New England may live in spite of a corresponding disadvantage.



BY COURTESY OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

The World's Largest Passenger Locomotive, Built in the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Mt. Clare Shops at Baltimore, Maryland, During 1925. Total Length 100 Feet 6 Inches; Total Weight 650,000 Pounds; Tractive Power 65,000 Pounds

Competition

REVERSE this rate—make it a mileage rate on raw cotton—and the cotton industry will be obliged to migrate from New England to the South. Perhaps for every economic reason it should. That is another matter. What determined and maintained the low rate to New England was competition among the railroads, some fighting for New England because their interests lay in that direction and others for the South for the same reason, and from this tension between them evolved a system of rates that enabled the cotton industry to live at both ends.

As long as there was this competition among different groups of railroads, each group jealous to defend the interests of its own section, the power of destiny potential in railroads was the less feared in proportion as it was divided. No convulsive exercise of it was possible. However, in the point of view of the railroads, competition was a means, not an end; and in due time the passion for power produced its logical manifestation. That was the dynastic idea.

When the United States Supreme Court was making up its mind to destroy the Great Northern Securities merger it asked counsel for the defense if it was not possible by the same method for two or three individuals to get control of all the railroads in the country. Counsel's reply produced a profound sensation. It was that although such an extension of it would seem highly improbable, yet in fact, logically speaking, the event academically suggested by the honorable court was not impossible.

One man did more than halfway ascend the peak of solitary dominion. That was E. H. Harriman. His method was to use the credit of one railroad to buy control of another, and of that to buy another, and so on. The Interstate Commerce Commission asked him how far he would go with it if he were let alone. He said he could imagine going on and on until he controlled the whole situation.

It is by no means certain that Harriman's affliction was megalomania. There had come an end to the competitive extension and duplication of railroad mileage. This was true for natural reasons, mainly two. There was no more bonanza land, and the cost of building a railroad had increased beyond the means of rash adventure. Only strong banking syndicates could face it. Therefore the time had come for an intensive development of existing mileage. The fact to be realized was that railroads were regional monopolies and must be so regarded. There was nothing economically unsound in his railroad map. On the contrary, it anticipated at many points the map the Interstate Commerce Commission now is urging the railroads to make of their own accord under a general scheme of monopolistic regional systems, to be privately owned under government control, and some of the things he did and was obliged to undo are now proposed to be done over again because they were right. What was feared of Harriman was his power, not his works. It was not a rational fear. The works would stand and the power would limit or defeat itself. At any time by one stroke of law it could be transferred from his or any other private hands to an instrument of public authority. The real problem, as we shall see, was what to do with it afterward.

The Interstate Commerce Act

HARRIMAN was too late; yet if he had come earlier it would have been too soon. Hence his brief period of power. He had the last grand view. He stood in a sign that was passing, had already passed in fact. His career was the sunset of railroad power in its personal aspect.

It is to be noted that the dynastic idea flourished twenty years after Congress had appointed the Interstate Commerce Commission to tame the railroads. That body was never dilatory, never or very seldom loath to receive and exercise power; but at first it had very little, and from the gradual, almost reluctant manner in which its authority was extended by evolution of the Interstate Commerce Act one would think there had been all the time an intuition of the ultimate problem.

The President who signed the original Act knew what that problem was. George F. Parker in his Recollections of Grover Cleveland tells what his misgivings were: "He entertained many doubts, not only about its practical workings, but of its constitutionality, apprehending that it might interfere with the rights and

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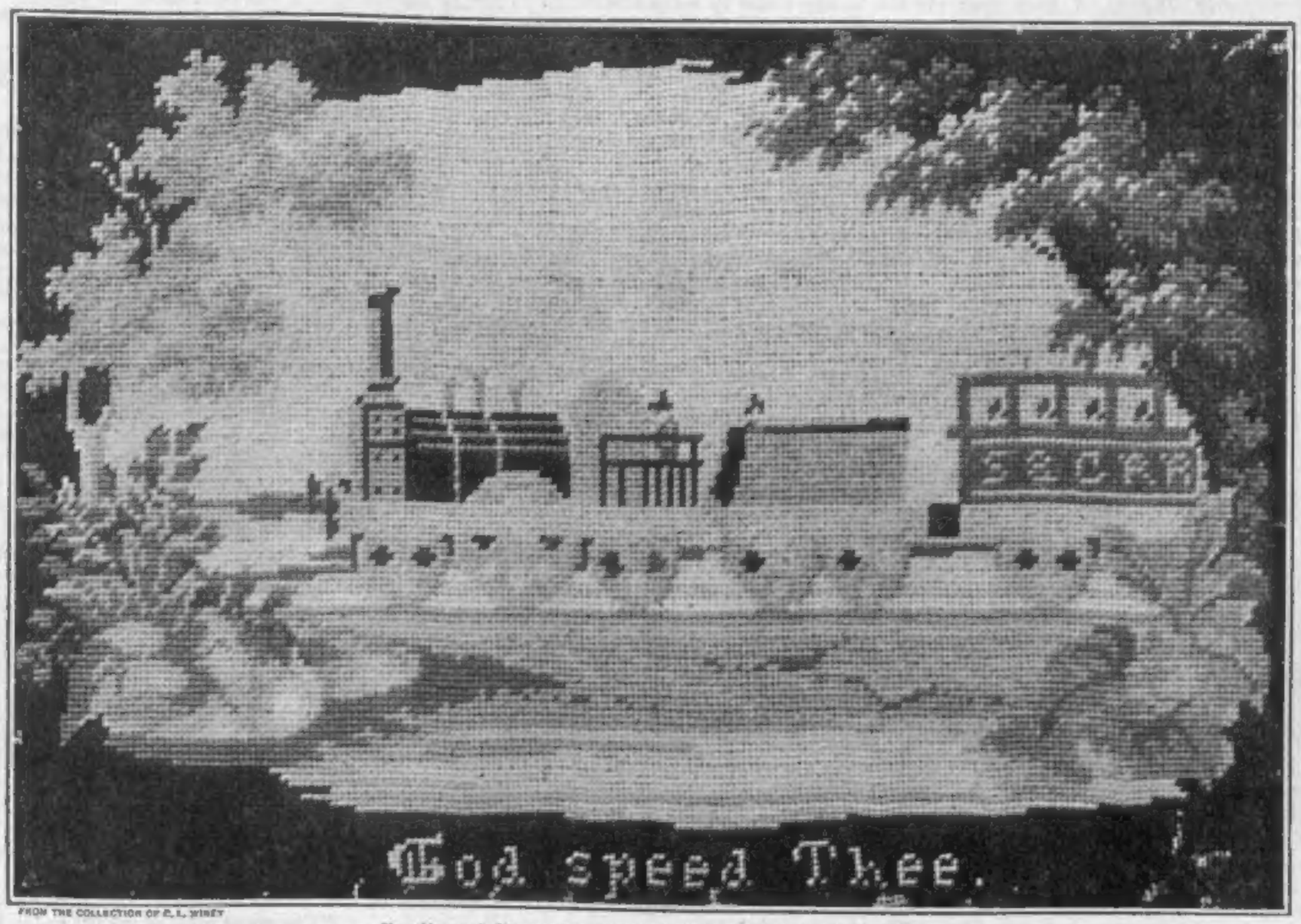

FROM THE COLLECTION OF C. E. WISEY

Needlework View of a South Carolina Railway in the 30's

A PENNY SPENT

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Is This Your Idea of a Riot?" She Continued. "Do You Ever Think About Anything Except History and Monuments?"

THE Brix Grill in Paris is one of those places where things happen—like the first bench as you enter Central Park South, or Herrin, Illinois. I have seen marriages broken up there at an ill-considered word and blows struck between a professional dancer and a British baron, and I know personally of at least two murders that would have been committed on the spot but for the fact that it was July and there was no room. Even murders require a certain amount of space, and in July the Brix Grill has no room at all.

Go in at six o'clock of a summer evening, planting your feet lightly lest you tear some college boy bag from bag, and see if you don't find the actor who owes you a hundred dollars or the stranger who gave you a match once in Red Wing, Minnesota, or the man who won your girl away from you with silver phrases just ten years ago. One thing is certain—that before you melt out into the green-and-cream Paris twilight you will have the feel of standing for a moment at one of the predestined centers of the world.

At 7:30, walk to the center of the room and stand with your eyes shut for half an hour—this is a merely hypothetical suggestion—and then open them. The gray and blue and brown and slate have faded out of the scene and the prevailing note, as the haberdashers say, has become black and white. Another half hour and there is no note at all—the room is nearly empty. Those with dinner engagements have gone to keep them and those without any have gone to pretend they have. Even the two Americans who opened up the bar that morning have been led off by kind friends. The clock makes one of those quick little electric jumps to nine. We will too.

It is nine o'clock by Brix time, which is just the same as any other time. Mr. Julius Bushmill, manufacturer; b. Canton, Ohio, June 1, 1876; m., 1899, Jessie Pepper; Mason; Republican; Congregationalist; Delegate M. A. of A. 1908; pres. 1909–1912; director Grimes, Hansen Co. since 1911; director Midland R. R. of Indiana—all that and more—walks in, moving a silk handkerchief over a hot scarlet brow. It is his own brow. He wears a handsome dinner coat, but has no vest on because the hotel valet has sent both his vests to the dry-cleaners by mistake, a fact which has been volubly explained to Mr. Bushmill for half an hour. Needless to say, the prominent manufacturer is prey to a natural embarrassment at this discrepancy in his attire. He has left his devoted wife and attractive daughter in the lounge while he seeks something to fortify his entrance into the exclusive and palatial dining room.

The only other man in the bar was a tall, dark, grimly handsome young American, who slouched in a leather corner and stared at Mr. Bushmill's patent-leather shoes. Self-consciously Mr. Bushmill looked down at his shoes, wondering if the valet had deprived him of them too. Such was his relief to find them in place that he grinned at the young man and his hand went automatically to the business card in his coat pocket.

"Couldn't locate my vests," he said cordially. "That blamed valet took both my vests. See?"

He exposed the shameful overexpanse of his starched shirt.

"I beg your pardon?" said the young man, looking up with a start.

"My vests," repeated Mr. Bushmill with less gusto—"lost my vests."

The young man considered.

"I haven't seen them," he said.

"Oh, not here!" exclaimed Bushmill. "Upstairs."

"Ask Jack," suggested the young man, and waved his hand toward the bar.

Among our deficiencies as a race is the fact that we have no respect for the contemplative mood. Bushmill sat down, asked the young man to have a drink, obtained finally the grudging admission that he would have a milk shake; and after explaining the vest matter in detail, tossed his business card across the table. He was not the frock-coated and impressive type of millionaire which has become so frequent since the war. He was rather the 1910 model—a sort of cross between Henry VIII and "our Mr. Jones will be in Minneapolis on Friday." He was much louder and more provincial and warm-hearted than the new type.

He liked young men, and his own young man would have been about the age of this one, had it not been for the defiant stubbornness of the German machine gunners in the last days of the war.

"Here with my wife and daughter," he volunteered. "What's your name?"

"Corcoran," answered the young man pleasantly, but without enthusiasm.

"You American—or English?"

"American."

"What business you in?"

"None."

"Been here long?" continued Bushmill stubbornly.

The young man hesitated.

"I was born here," he said.

Bushmill blinked and his eyes roved involuntarily around the bar.

"Born here!" he repeated.

Corcoran smiled.

"Up on the fifth floor."

The waiter set the two drinks and a dish of Saratoga chips on the table. Immediately Bushmill became aware of an interesting phenomenon—Corcoran's hand commenced to flash up and down between the dish and his mouth, each journey transporting a thick layer of potatoes to the eager aperture, until the dish was empty.

"Sorry," said Corcoran, looking rather regretfully at the dish. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his fingers. "I didn't think what I was doing. I'm sure you can get some more."

A series of details now began to impress themselves on Bushmill—that there were hollows in this young man's cheeks that were not intended by the bone structure, hollows of undernourishment or ill health; that the fine flannel of his unmistakably Bond Street suit was shiny from many pressings—the elbows were fairly gleaming—and that his whole frame had suddenly collapsed a little as if the digestion of the potatoes and milkshake had begun immediately instead of waiting for the correct half hour.

"Born here, eh?" he said thoughtfully. "Lived a lot abroad, I guess."

"Yes."

"How long since you've had a square meal?"

The young man started.

"Why, I had lunch," he said. "About one o'clock I had lunch."

"One o'clock last Friday," commented Bushmill skeptically.

There was a long pause.

"Yes," admitted Corcoran, "about one o'clock last Friday."

"Are you broke? Or are you waiting for money from home?"

"This is home." Corcoran looked around abstractedly. "I've spent most of my life in the Brix hotels of one city or

another. I don't think they'd believe me upstairs if I told them I was broke. But I've got just enough left to pay my bill when I move out tomorrow."

Bushmill frowned.

"You could have lived a week at a small hotel for what it costs you here by the day," he remarked.

"I don't know the names of any other hotels."

Corcoran smiled apologetically. It was a singularly charming and somehow entirely confident smile, and Julius Bushmill was filled with a mixture of pity and awe. There was something of the snob in him, as there is in all self-made men, and he realized that this young man was telling the defiant truth.

"Any plans?"

"No."

"Any abilities—or talents?"

Corcoran considered.

"I can speak most languages," he said. "But talents—I'm afraid the only one I have is for spending money."

"How do you know you've got that?"

"I can't very well help knowing it." Again he hesitated. "I've just finished running through a matter of half a million dollars."

Bushmill's exclamation died on its first syllable as a new voice, impatient, reproachful and cheerfully anxious, shattered the seclusion of the grill.

"Have you seen a man without a vest named Bushmill? A very old man about fifty? We've been waiting for him about two or three hours."

"Hallie," called Bushmill, with a groan of remorse, "here I am. I'd forgotten you were alive."

"Don't flatter yourself it's you we missed," said Hallie, coming up. "It's only your money. Mamma and I want food—and we must look it; two nice French gentlemen wanted to take us to dinner while we were waiting in the hall."

"This is Mr. Corcoran," said Bushmill. "My daughter."

Hallie Bushmill was young and vivid and light, with boy's hair and a brow that bulged just slightly, like a baby's brow, and under it small perfect features that danced up and down when she smiled. She was constantly repressing their tendency toward irresponsible gayety, as if she feared that, once encouraged, they would never come back to kindergarten under that childish brow any more.

"Mr. Corcoran was born here in the Brix," announced her father. "I'm sorry I kept you and your mother waiting, but to tell the truth we've been fixing up a little surprise." He looked at Corcoran and winked perceptibly. "As you know, I've got to go to England day after tomorrow and do some business in those ugly industrial towns. My plan was that you and your mother should make a month's tour of Belgium and Holland and end up at Amsterdam, where Hallie's—where Mr. Nosby will meet you."

"Yes, I know all that," said Hallie. "Go on. Let's have the surprise."

"I had planned to engage a courier," continued Mr. Bushmill, "but fortunately I ran into my friend Corcoran this evening and he's agreed to go instead."

"I haven't said a word ——" interrupted Corcoran in amazement, but Bushmill continued with a decisive wave of his hand:

"Brought up in Europe, he knows it like a book; born in the Brix, he understands hotels; taught by experience"—here he looked significantly at Corcoran—"taught by experience, he can prevent you and your mother from being extravagant and show you how to observe the happy mean."

"Great!" Hallie looked at Corcoran with interest. "We'll have a regular loop, Mr. ——"

She broke off. During the last few minutes a strange expression had come into Corcoran's face. It spread suddenly now into a sort of frightened pallor.

"Mr. Bushmill," he said with an effort, "I've got to speak to you alone—at once. It's very important. I ——"

Hallie jumped to her feet.

"I'll wait with mother," she said with a curious glance. "Hurry—both of you."

As she left the bar, Bushmill turned to Corcoran anxiously.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What do you want to say?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm going to faint," said Corcoran.

And with remarkable promptitude he did.

II

IN SPITE of the immediate liking that Bushmill had taken to young Corcoran, a certain corroboratory investigation was, of course, necessary. The Paris branch of the New York bank that had handled the last of the half million told him what he needed to know. Corcoran was not given to drink, heavy gambling or vice; he simply spent money—that was all. Various people, including certain officers of the bank who had known his family, had tried to argue with him at one time or another, but he was apparently an incurable spendthrift. A childhood and youth in Europe with a wildly indulgent mother had somehow robbed him of all sense of value or proportion.

Satisfied, Bushmill asked no more—no one knew what had become of the money and, even if they had, a certain delicacy would have prevented him from inquiring more deeply into Corcoran's short past. But he did take occasion to utter a few parting admonitions before the expedition boarded the train.

"I'm letting you hold the purse strings because I think you've learned your lesson," he said; "but just remember that this time the money isn't your own. All that belongs to you is the seventy-five dollars a week that I pay you in salary. Every other expenditure is to be entered in that little book and shown to me."

"I understand."

"The first thing is to watch what you spend, and prove to me that you've got the common sense to profit by your mistake. The second and most important thing is that my wife and daughter are to have a good time."

With the first of his salary Corcoran supplied himself with histories and guidebooks of Holland and Belgium, and on the night before their departure, as well as on the night of their arrival in Brussels, he sat up late absorbing a mass of information that he had never in his travels with his mother been aware of before. They had not gone in for sight-seeing. His mother had considered it something which only school-teachers and vulgar tourists did, but Mr. Bushmill had impressed upon him that Hallie was to have all the advantages of travel; he must make it interesting for her by keeping ahead of her every day.

In Brussels they were to remain five days. The first morning Corcoran took three seats in a touring bus, and they inspected the guild halls and the palaces and the monuments and the parks, while he corrected the guide's historical slips in stage whispers and congratulated himself on doing so well.

But during the afternoon it drizzled as they drove through the streets and he grew tired of his own voice, of Hallie's conventional "Oh, isn't that interesting," echoed by her mother, and he wondered if five days wasn't too

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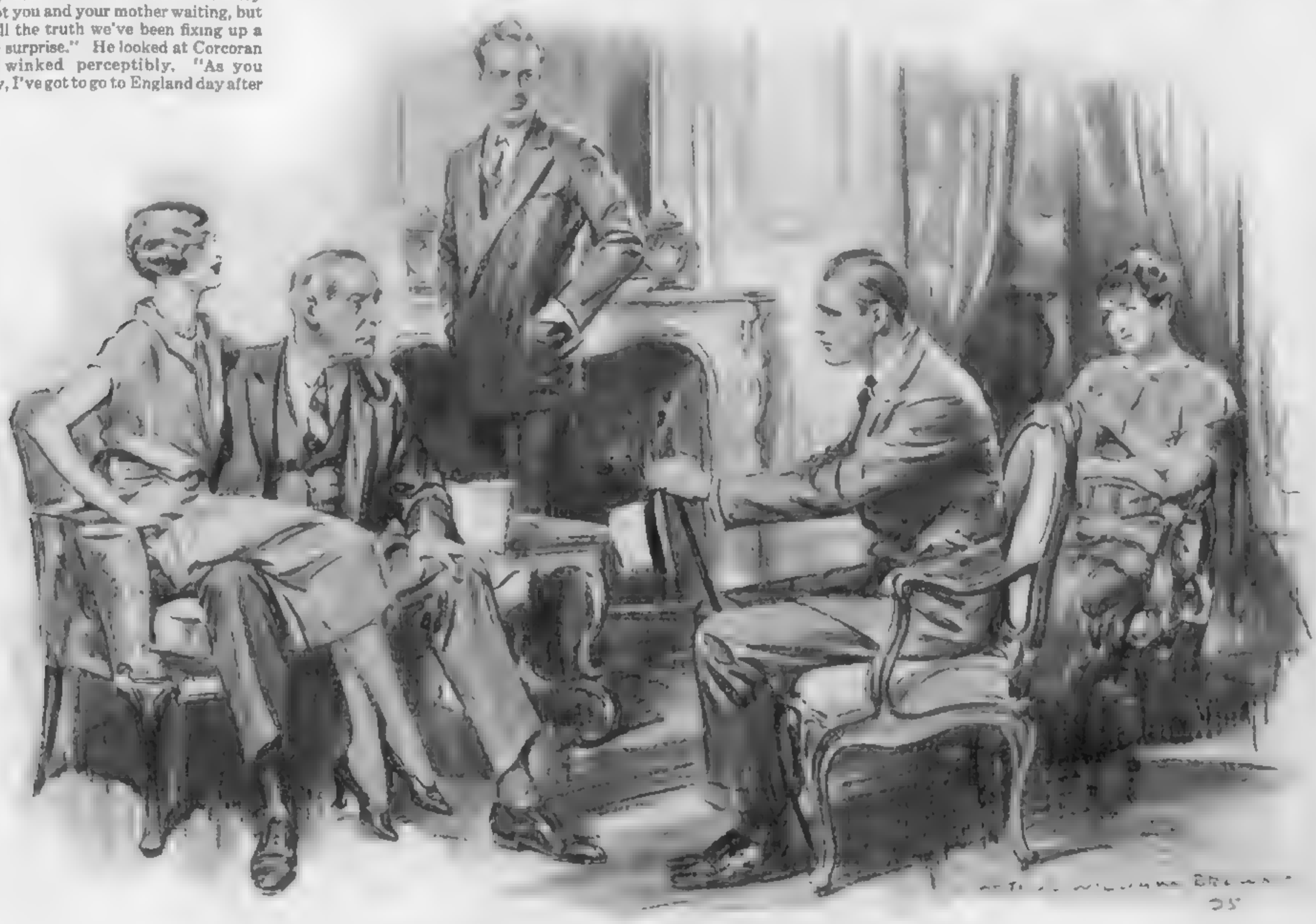

"Sit Down," She Said Sternly. Corcoran Sat Down. "What Do You Mean by Giving Us Such a Good Time?"

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG

By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

MOST of us fall into our life jobs by chance. We do not become department-store buyers, state policemen, railway mail clerks or candy makers because of any driving urge to these particular vocations, but because the paths of least resistance drifted us that way. We have—worse luck—to make a living, and this or that was the best or the first that offered.

The actor and the actress do not, with rare exceptions, drift onto the stage. They make a dead set for it. Nor do they think of it in terms of meal tickets. They cross the footlights out of an egotistic desire to strut before an admiring world. They hope romantically to win a fortune along with their pictures in the papers, but always they have been willing to starve cheerfully if accompanied by adequate publicity.

I do not sneer at this vanity; rather do I share it. Applause is sweet and most of the world gets little enough of it. It is more than sweet; it is an insidious habit-forming drug. Given a regular supply, the addict's eyes shine with an unnatural glitter; denied it, his cheeks cave in. Politicians also know these ecstasies and torments. It is not a pretty sight to see a broken actor or an ex-mayor frantically shaking the empty vial of incense.

Even the other arts offer no such reward as the stage. The lawyer may sway a jury as few actors can an audience, but bailiffs are at hand to stop a demonstration. The minister may only surmise the effect of his pulpit oratory; it is not decorous to cheer in church. The soldier wastes twenty years in sagebrush barracks waiting for his war. The writer must work indefinitely to win a public, and then his laurels are apt to be too much like a kiss by telephone. The painter and the sculptor commonly leave their rewards to be collected by their heirs. But the response to the actor is immediate, direct, ungrudging, complete. Small wonder that the stage never lacks for apprentices.

Digby Bell and Mr. Hopper as Young Men. At Right—Georgie Drew Barrymore, Mother of Ethel, Lionel and Jack

Three-Sheeted by Choate

I WAS born to the stage, although, paradoxically, both my father and my mother came from stock that never set foot in a theater and thought it the vestibuled limited to Hades. My father's father, Isaac Tatum Hopper, was a Philadelphia Quaker, a rabid Abolitionist and conductor of the Philadelphia station of the Underground Railroad. Because of his participation in the Civil War the Friends churched him.

My father was so incensed at this action that he withdrew from the sect. My mother was a D'Wolf of Rhode Island. The D'Wolfs were High-church Episcopalians, but they did not share that church's usual tolerance of the stage.

Until their marriage my parents had never seen a play, but now they went almost constantly. They became passionately fond of the theater, the more so because of the interdiction of their youth.

Ada Gilman

My grandfather once said accusingly to my father, "John, I hear thee has been to see that player woman," meaning Laura Kean. "Is that true, John?"

"Yes, father, ninety-four times," my father responded.

For eleven years no child was born to my father and mother; then I, William D'Wolf Hopper, came, the only child. Doctors and biologists now put prenatal influence down as a superstition, I understand. It may be, but I find no other adequate explanation for my predestination for the stage.

I was born just off the Bowery, on Third Street, then a street of quiet folk, but within a year we moved to Forty-third Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, then a brand-new block of brownstone fronts. When I was six my father died. He left an estate sufficient for my mother's comfort and to provide me at twenty-one with a legacy, which the stage took away from me.

Twice, long after his death, evidence of the general love borne my father came to me dramatically, incidents all the more affecting in that I have only the vaguest memories of him myself. A banquet given to Nat Goodwin, myself and other Lambs in London in 1899 was honored by the presence of Ambassador Choate. Mr. Choate's remarks were given over very largely to affectionate remembrance of my father and mother. He told, in passing, of my third birthday, and of how every visitor to the house greeted me with "Hello, little Willie, so you are three years old."

And I answered, "No, I ain't; I won't be three till Choke comes."

Nat Goodwin, who spoke later, commented in passing, "I remove my hat to any actor who can hire the Ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James to three-sheet him."

Another time I attended a farewell dinner in San Francisco given by the Bohemian Club to Joseph Redding, a brilliant California lawyer and a rarely fine amateur musician. Redding told me privately that he was moving to New York to run away from his musical reputation.

"Every lawyer in California admits that I am a great musician, and the musicians agree that I am a first-class lawyer," he said. "In New York I hope to be a lawyer among lawyers."

As a guest I was called upon, and that call—you have guessed it—was for Casey at the Bat. As I stood up, one hand on the piano, about to launch forth, a voice from the rear interrupted. A stranger to me asked my pardon for the intrusion, but pleaded that he was a trans-bay commuter who must leave shortly to catch the last train for the night. The gentleman spoke of his early association with Joseph H. Choate.

"A good many years ago," he went on, "Choate said to me one day, 'Bill, I want you to meet the most charming young couple I know.' I assented and dined with a Mr. and Mrs. John Hopper. The only blot on that very pleasant evening was the appearance of a puling infant who had to be kissed good night. I did so under compulsion; but, gentlemen, I would not kiss him tonight for all the gold ever mined in California. He stands before you," pointing to me.

The interrupter, it developed, was former Governor William T. Barnes.

The Panic on the Bus

ANOTHER old friend of my father has told me of an incident that would indicate that I come naturally by some of my frivolity. Sydney Howard Gay, the journalist, was a boon companion of my father. Riding home from his office at 110 Broadway with Gay on a horse-drawn omnibus of the time, my father found the bus crowded to suffocation, as New York's public transportation vehicles always have been. The two of them plotted a hoax designed to empty the bus and provide them with seats. My father became a maniac, suddenly violent; Gay, his keeper. They played their rôles with such spirit that the bus was emptied of its passengers instanter—with one exception.

This exception, a frugal person who, having paid his fare, had no intention of abandoning it, shrank terrifiedly into a far corner, but stuck it out. Taking this as a reflection upon their acting, Gay and my father clinched and rolled down into the straw which, in winter, always covered the floor of the busses as protection for the cold feet of the passengers. The remaining spectator climbed hurriedly upon his seat, held his umbrella before him as a shield and shrilled to Gay, "Kill the brute, kill him!" But he valued his ten cents more than his life and never passed the door.

The only child of an idolizing mother and widow, I grew up a spoiled brat. I repaid my mother's idolatry with idolatry; but as her love demanded no sacrifice whatever, I became a selfish young pup intent exclusively on making the world my oyster. I was Willie in my childhood, and in later years I have been Will or Wolfie to my friends. DeWolf, my stage name, was born of the vanity of youth. I despised the Quaker plainness of Hopper, and William had a plebeian sound to my fastidious ears, but I thought D'Wolf, my middle name, *distingué*. In later years I have regretted that affectation, but it no doubt was, unconsciously, a shrewd move. The actor, like soap and hair nets, finds a distinctive trade name useful. The public remembers an unusual name more easily, so long as it is pronounceable. The D'Wolf became DeWolf through a proneness on the part of the public to pronounce it "Dwolf."

I achieved stardom and made my first great success in Wang. My name being only moderately familiar, nine

Eugene Oudin

ticket buyers in ten asked not for seats for Hopper, but for seats for Wang. When my manager and I chose a bill to succeed Wang, we purposely called the play by the meaningless syllables, Panjandrum. Rather than stumble over Panjandrum, the public asked for seats for Hopper, as we intended that they should. Showmen learned the fundamentals of advertising long before the business world.

My father and mother had intended me for the law. Joseph Choate, one of the greatest lawyers of the past generation, was my godfather and in due time I was to start reading law in his offices. But as my godfather observed me he became increasingly skeptical of my forensic future.

A Daisy Ashford War Play

AS I WAS emerging from adolescence, he said to my mother, "I don't think Willie will be a pronounced success at the desk, Rosalie. I fear he lacks concentration. I do not associate him with briefs, somehow, but his voice, his physique, his presence should make him a rare pleader."

That voice, physique and presence already were posturing in amateur theatricals. My first amateur performance must date back at least as far as my tenth year. My mother had taken me to Boston, where we were visiting the Frederick Whitwells. Either young Fred, aged eleven, or his sister Natalie, aged eight, had a birthday during my stay, and as part of the occasion Natalie had written a play unbeknownst to her elders, which we children presented as a surprise. The guns of the Civil War were scarcely cool, and the play opened with the outbreak of hostilities.

Four little husbands bade an affecting good-by to four little wives in Act 1, and were off to the wars. Three years elapsed between the two acts, during which time the characters aged alarmingly. The curtain of Act 2 disclosed four little wives, old and gray, thanks to charcoal wrinkles and much flour on the hair. They sat knitting by the fireside when the four little husbands limped home from the wars, one by one. This one had lost a leg at Shiloh, that one an arm at Antietam, a third was much the worse for Libby Prison, and the fourth was sightless. Each had performed incredible deeds of heroism and was rather immodest about it.

When the fourth little husband had recited his Iliad and his Odyssey, the four little wives arose and in a singsong declaimed, "We, too, have not been idle."

They left the stage momentarily to return each with her favorite doll in her arms. I have seen and played in many dramas, but none with a more effective curtain. Their elders were convulsed and the players accepted this enjoyment as a spontaneous tribute to their art.

As a boy of fifteen I appeared in Ralph Royster Doyster, earliest of all known English comedies, at a Sunday-school entertainment at Octavius Brooks Frothingham's Unitarian Church, and before that I had been giving, on the slightest provocation, my Senator Dillworthy monologue, in which I, with the aid of a silk hat and a Lawyer Marks umbrella, burlesqued the spread-eagle school of oratory.

When I graduated at twenty to the professional stage, I reversed the usual matriculation of the actor by beginning well up the ladder and skidding downward. In an amateur performance, for charity, of Conscience at the Fourteenth Street Theater, I played an old man. Jacob Gosche, then manager of Theodore Thomas' orchestra, was present and professed to be struck by my performance. Cynics have intimated that the fact that I had money might have influenced Mr. Gosche's enthusiasm. I hope not. Gosche introduced himself and suggested that I turn professional. Only a small sum of money lay between me and this consummation, he indicated. Not yet of age, the money my father had left me was not yet mine to command, but with an indulgent mother that was no obstacle. She advanced the funds needed to finance the Criterion Comedy Company, with Gosche as manager and F. F. Mackay as director. We went on the road with a repertoire of three bills: Our Boys, a reigning London success; Caste; and Freaks, the latter an adaptation of Hausemann's Tochters.

Annie Russell

I was lost to the law, but Choke displayed an admirable stoicism.

Although Gosche had seen me as an old man in the amateur show, I was cast as a youth, an eccentric comedy rôle, in Our Boys. In Caste I played variously, a swanky English officer, the juvenile lead and a light-comedy plumber; and in Freaks I did a bombastic charlatan. The type system, whereby an actor or actress is condemned for life to play only the sort of character which he or she has first done conspicuously well, was not yet in vogue. Versatility was the first demand of the theater; without it one was not an actor.

A few of the heroic rôles, such as Othello and Hamlet, were thought a bit beyond the range of the ordinary actor, but with such exceptions every player in his or her time ran the gamut from blank verse to low comedy.

Four Years' Run for My Money

AS BLANCHE BATES was told at the outset of her career by her mother, "An actress should be able to play Topsy or Ophelia equally well. It is not how she looks, but what she makes the audience think and feel." They were, as a result, better actors, man for man and woman for woman, than the products of today's specialization. Or such is my opinion.

My money lasted me four years. The second year of the Criterion Company I attained twenty-one and got my hands upon all of it. The faster we lost money, the more lavish Gosche and I grew. In the third year we scuttled the Criterion Company and organized the Gosche-Hopper Company with Georgie Drew Barrymore, mother of Ethel and Lionel and Jack, as leading woman at the then very large salary of $125 a week. As a vehicle we chose the Mormon thriller, One Hundred Wives, written for us by two Chicago newspapermen, Colonel Pierce of the Inter-Ocean and J. B. Runnion of the Tribune. Two seasons

Continued on Page 66

Hopper and Marshall P. Wilder in Their Own Version of the Balcony Scene From Romeo and Juliet

C. W. Couldock as Dunstan Kirke in the Original Hazel Kirke Company

Marion Manola, Prima Donna of Clover

THE HOUSE OF THE CANDLES

She Took Me Upstairs to the First Floor and I Met Her Brother—a Pale-Looking Man of Forty-Five, Who Lay on a Long Sofa, Propped Up With Pillows. At the Foot of the Sofa Was a Pedestal With a Big Wooden Loud Speaker

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

ALL women are subversive of discipline. I put that in a report I made to Scotland Yard, and the next time I saw the deputy he started in to pull my leg.

"Sooper," says he, "you're a woman hater." It was a reputation I always wanted when I was a young officer, because there's no better way of attracting the best girls than for them to think that you look upon woman as Nature's greatest error of judgment. It is a sort of challenge that no high-spirited Christian girl can pass. But it isn't true that I hate 'em. What I meant was—and only a deputy commissioner could have gone wrong on it—that when a policeman's married he joins another service, says good morning to a new superintendent and answers a roll call that has nothing to do with police regulations.

You can roast the life out of a young detective if he gets fresh, but if his wife comes up to the station asking why her husband hasn't got his promotion after the wonderful work he has been doing and all the risks he has been taking, there's nothing to do but grin and lie. You've got to slop up when she comes into your office; she must have the best chair, and when you meet her on the street you must touch your cap to her. Is that subversive of discipline or is it not? When I hear a young officer is going to be married, and that his wife hates his job, I send 'em a wedding present.

In all the detective stories I've read there is usually a good-looking and highly educated young officer who falls in love with a rich and beautiful girl, and after rescuing her every ten pages from a fate which is popularly supposed to be worse than death, marries her on Page 366 and lives happily right up to the back cover. I'm strong for romance wherever I can find it. But if I had been put on the witness stand a year ago and had to tell the truth on oath, I should have said that I'd never met her or him, and that most detectives marry sensible girls who do the laundry, cook the dinner and look forward to going to the pictures twice a week. But I met the romantic detective at last.

We had in our division a smart young fellow called Brett—Sergeant Ronald Brett. I'm willing to admit that he came up to the book in almost every particular. He was a good looker, he'd had a high-school education and he could talk on most subjects as if he'd invented 'em. He had swell manners and the knack of putting his views without hurting anybody's feelings, which means that he was well on the way to being a gentleman. The boys liked him; he was a keen and efficient officer, and when he went out after his man he got him. He was as much at home in a rough-house as in the Duchess of Westminster's drawing-room. I made one or two reports on him to headquarters, and I know, from what I was told by the people at the Yard, that he was marked for early promotion.

Then one night, in a thick fog, he bumped into Miss Evelina Buckland. She had lost her way; and Brett, who could have walked through every street of Notting Hill blindfolded, took her home. She lived in a big house off Ladbroke Grove with an invalid brother. I'd often seen the house from the railway. It had a big garden that backed on to the railway embankment, and a fine wireless aerial on high white poles. The Bucklands had servants, two limousines and money to burn. She was so struck on Ronald that she invited him into the house; and when he got into the lighted hall he saw that he had been walking with the prettiest girl he had ever met.

"They keep three menservants," he told me, "and the house is a dream. But the queer thing is, there is no electric light in the house—only candles."

Brett was impressed, and I hoped that he was passing on to this house all that he would like to have said about the girl.

"They've asked me to come to tea next Sunday," he said.

If he had been invited to Buckingham Palace for a *thé dansant* he couldn't have been more proud. So I knew it was the girl and not the ormolu table, the French clock and the priceless velvet hangings.

I warned him against getting his name into a serial story, but he was very sure of himself; and I didn't bother my head about him until, about a month later, I saw him in full evening kit, handing her out of her car. This was about half past eleven, and they'd been to the theater together. Ordinarily Brett would have recognized me as I strolled past; but his mind had got all undisciplined, and I might have been yesterday's joint for all the attention he gave to me.

A few days afterward he told me he was engaged. Miss Buckland was a very sensible girl, and wouldn't let him spend more than a tenner on her engagement ring. That bit of thoughtfulness got him all thrilled. They were to be married the following spring, when Mr. Buckland was going abroad to a clinic. The wedding was to be a very quiet one, and they were taking over her brother's house.

"That means you're leaving the service, Brett?" I asked.

"No, sir," he said, to my surprise. "Evelina wants me to stay on. She thinks my work is fascinating." I groaned. "And she wants to know if you will come to tea on Sunday."

I'd never met this girl, and I'm no woman hater, as I said before. So on Sunday afternoon I dolled myself up and went round to Ladbroke Close, and the door was opened by a swagger footman, who took me into the drawing-room. Brett hadn't arrived when I got there, and so I had a chance of a quiet heart-to-heart talk with the girl.

There was no doubt about her prettiness, though she was older than I'd thought—nearer twenty-eight than twenty-four, I should say, with a complexion like roses and cream, beautiful baby-blue eyes, and the slim figure of a heroine out of a book.

She took me upstairs to the first floor and I met her brother—a pale-looking man of forty-five, who lay on a long sofa, propped up with pillows. At the foot of the sofa was a pedestal with a big wooden loud speaker.

"My only recreation," he said, as he stroked his straggly beard. "It's tough not being able to get about the same as other men, but I'm getting used to it now. I suppose you have a wireless set, superintendent?"

"Two," I said. "One out of order and one I don't use."

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WHISKERS

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

DUDLEY WARREN had been very ill indeed. Contracting typhoid fever on his way to Africa, he had been carried to a hospital in Algiers and here had spent some ten weeks, including his twenty-fifth birthday, growing a ragged black beard instead of painting colorful masterpieces as he had originally intended to do. When the doctor finally discharged him he looked like a half-starved Barbary pirate. He refused to shave, partly because he thought of these whiskers as a consolation prize for the loss of considerable hair on the top of his head, and partly because they expressed rather satisfactorily a decidedly anarchistic mood. Being six feet tall, he could carry out this sort of eccentricity even in his clothes, which had in the meanwhile grown several sizes too large for him.

The bitter truth which Warren had learned from this unpleasant experience was the fact of his own unimportance. His sickness had made no great stir in the world. For all anyone cared, he might have died like a rat in a hole. The doctors and nurses had been decent enough in a professional way and the U. S. A. consul had called to determine his next of kin, but this was merely in the line of duty. Neither his relatives in America nor his friends in Paris had known of his plight; and though they could scarcely be blamed, since he did not notify them, this very fact was what rather unreasonably galled him. Unless he called for help, no one paid any attention to him.

With this grouch and his whiskers Warren returned to Paris, having in mind no more elevating ambition than to eat all the food he could digest. It was fortunate that he had a sufficient income to be able to gratify this abnormal hunger. The city did not turn out to welcome him, and even in his old Latin Quarter haunts he was not recognized. If for a day or two he found this amusing, it finally got on his nerves. However, he refused stubbornly to introduce himself even to the waiters. Drifting into the familiar cafés, he sat in a corner and took a morbid and sullen pleasure in watching his former friends pass him by. At least here was a new rôle with certain dramatic features - a kind of Rip Van Winkle. He overheard one of the waiters refer to him as the "*vieux garçon.*"

The remainder of his time Warren spent in the Louvre like any man of good taste. It was here, while standing before a fifteenth-century Sienese Madonna, that he found himself, quite unexpectedly, in conversation with Miss Doris Sheffield. He could thank his whiskers and his general appearance of old age and decrepitude for that. Brought up properly by a maiden aunt, who at that moment was resting her tired feet in the next gallery, Miss Sheffield had been thoroughly instructed in the danger of speaking to strangers, especially in Paris. But that referred, obviously, to young strangers.

Besides, her remark was not addressed directly to anyone in particular, but was more in the nature of an audible reflection.

"I wonder why they always paint them with twisted necks," she said.

Warren had not been aware of her presence, but the moment he turned he was aware of nothing else. She had the freshness, the color, the perfection of an apple blossom. It was long since he had seen such an example of healthy young American womanhood. There was not a trace of Paris about her, and he had a notion that if she remained here twenty years there never would be. She was too sound and native for that—again like apple blossoms. Give her a little time and, wherever she was, she would develop into something like a McIntosh Red, the kind he used to pick on that tree near his mother's summer cottage in Maine.

"The Sienese kept to the old Byzantine tradition," he explained.

Doris glanced up in some surprise, partly because he had replied and partly because his voice sounded so unexpectedly young.

"Yes?" she remarked noncommittally.

"They tried to invest their Madonna with the mystical," he went on. "They didn't care to bring her down to earth by making her too natural."

"Then they painted her like that on purpose"'

He nodded and added, "It wasn't such a bad idea, was it?"

"Not when you understand that it was not an accident," she agreed.

"They knew what they were about," he said. "They were dreamers, and dreamers always know."

"You're an artist yourself?" she asked.

"I was," he answered.

Again he had challenged her curiosity. He certainly was a most unusual old gentleman. She tried to fix his age; but that was not easy, because the different parts of him did not fit. His emaciated frame might have been sixty, and that was old enough to be her father. His whiskers were a little younger—say, fifty—but the top of his head was at least sixty-five, a deduction based upon the fact that it bore a close resemblance to the bald spot on her Uncle Charles' head. His eyes, sunk in deep sockets, varied between these two extremes, while his voice cut down his average considerably. But at any rate he was old enough to ease her conscience about talking with him, and this, at

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"It's Awkward to Settle Things by Thinking," She Answered. "One Ought Just to Know"

CITY SLICKERS

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE Yellow Kid had been released from San Quentin. He was free of the cage of stone and steel in which he had expiated a particularly atrocious swindle by several years' hard labor, and now lingered irresolute in a state painfully aware of his past and unwilling to be the scene of his future. For the Yellow Kid, despite the slip that had landed him in jail, was a swindler of parts, a confidence man par excellence, an aristocrat in the dubious caste system of city slickers.

West of the Yellow Kid was a wet and impassive ocean. Eastward from this hostile and suspicious Western land was the broad midland territory of the nation, where farms are many and cities are large and where his name was not so well known. He went east, scrupulously avoiding no man knows how many farms and villages on the way, and settled down in one of the largest of the Corn Belt cities. He grew whiskers. He cultivated a German accent. He bestowed upon himself the title of count and, thus equipped, contrived to meet numerous citizens of importance and affluence.

To one of these, a lawyer whose abilities were almost as large as his estimate thereof, the Yellow Kid confided in carefully chosen Teutonic gutturals. He spun his tale of a heritage in the Fatherland and the vast profits that would accrue to him if he could obtain working capital. Under the warmth of the German dialect soughing through the Kid's whiskers the lawyer ripened like a peach in a balmy south wind.

Where Eloquence Was Golden

ONE day the matter of the heritage came suddenly to a crisis. Here was the noble count, unable to grasp opportunity because of a lack of funds; and there was his friend the lawyer, a sophisticated city dweller who fondly imagined himself particularly wary and experienced and who had money to throw away. Under the spell of the count's eloquence the lawyer threw. It was a notable cast—twenty thousand dollars. There was no formality about the matter. No note was drawn, no receipt taken. The attorney simply wrote his check for his friend the count; and the Yellow Kid, after cashing it equally simply, faded out rapidly like the Cheshire cat, leaving his whiskers behind him instead of a smile. In all his years of unprincipled suavity, the Yellow Kid had never worked more smoothly. He upheld his reputation as a slicker of the first water. Having such a reputation to maintain, he swindled not the so-called guileless farmer, the hick, but the supposedly canny resident of a great city.

The Chief Game of the Old-Time Sharper Was the Hick, the Rube

The farmer's lot is hard. He admits it himself. Bitterness is his portion. Injustice springs up about him with all the rank alacrity of weeds in a potato patch. Surrounded by so many major woes, he has no time whatever to protest against the minor. The space he can snatch out of every twenty-four hours for morbid contemplation is not enough wherein to express adequately his rancor toward Congress and the middleman. He is so busy grieving over what the rest of the world in general does to him that he has no time whatever to waste in worry over what the city dweller thinks of him.

So the legend has grown, unpruned by the farmer himself, nurtured by the complacent urbanite: The farmer is a hick. He is the story that always ends badly; or else, if there is a comic twist to its conclusion, the joke is always on the speech-twanging, carpetbag-carrying, lamentably fat-headed agriculturist and all his tribe. In American folk lore, it is always the farmer who falls, and it is the city dweller who places a well-polished English brogue upon his weather-beaten neck.

The girl who leaves the old hip-roofed homestead to go on the stage is destined for tragedy from the moment she passes the R. F. D. box at the front gate. The youngster who wearies of feeding the stock and fares to the big city can expect nothing brighter in the future than a lamp in the front window for the wandering boy who is sure to return, beaten and broken.

As for the long-whiskered owner of broad acres himself, rural solitude has been no protection for him. He has bought enough oil-less oil stock to paper the front parlor with certificates. The gold bricks he has purchased are sufficient in their number to build an auriferous wall about his premises; and there the old goop sits on the front porch, ready to welcome the city slicker who is coming up the walk with a money-making machine under one arm.

The Farmer of Legendary Fame

SUCH is the burden of the legend. The farmer bears it patiently. Blights and droughts, cutworms and Congress, Japanese beetles and other pests and misfortunes keep him numb and oblivious of so small a grievance as mere misrepresentation. Probably it would do no good if he did protest. City people created these legends, because city people get sustaining, heart-warming comfort out of believing that there are infinitely more gullible, even more

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Contrary to the Fiction Formula, the Girl Who Leaves the Old Homestead Usually Returns, Not Through the Howling Blizzard, But Merely for a Summer Vacation Each Year

In the Land of Eight Per Cent

"The Man Who Writes This Column"—He Pointed to the Column in Question—"Gives People Advice About Balancing and Diversifying Their Investments"

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

I WAS plodding through one of the cañons of lower Manhattan where the scenery is perpendicular and consists for the most part of bank buildings. Just above these a ribbon of gray clouds was visible, and between the rows of buildings flowed a mill race of bobbing straw hats. Presently one gray felt hat appeared among the strawa.

Being from the Southwest myself, I peered under the brim and then said, "Hello! What are you doing up here?"

"Slumming," was the prompt reply, and gray eyes twinkled merrily. "I come up here two or three times a year," he continued. "We country bankers like to look at the big pillars in front of these buildings. There's one that must be five feet thick. They've got a restaurant in that bank too. New York is a great town for restaurants; find 'em everywhere. Let's go to lunch." So we walked between massive pillars, then descended into the basement and ordered lunch.

"Here's something I don't understand," my banker friend remarked, opening the pages of a reputable publication devoted to finance and investment. "The man who writes this column"—he pointed to the column in question—"gives people advice about balancing and diversifying their investments. He gives no advice on speculation or the trend of the market, but confines himself to solid seasoned issues. Well, I notice that he recommends quite a number of foreign bonds. So do most of the writers on finance and investment. Now those foreign bonds may be all right—as a matter of fact, I don't know much about them—but very few of them strike me as being the sort of things a fellow would buy and then just forget, like we do with United States Government bonds. I'm not pessimistic about world affairs; that isn't my point at all. What astounds me is that so many foreign issues are well regarded in ultraconservative circles in such a short time after a World War. Considering the present state of world affairs, I am amazed to find these bonds classed with solid seasoned issues, suitable for the strong box."

"Well," I said, "it is one thing to put them in that classification and quite another thing to put them in the strong box. In other words, how are they selling?"

"By the millions," he replied. "I have here the tabulations of a reliable commercial agency, showing that $387,231,000 worth of foreign bonds were sold in the New York investment market during the first six months of 1925. The number and amount of foreign issues have been growing steadily month by month until in June they exceeded every other group and constituted a little more than one-third of all the bonds offered. In dollars and cents this amounted to $162,188,000 for the month of June alone. Canadian bonds are not grouped as foreign in the New York market and are, therefore, not included in this total. I don't consider Canadian bonds foreign and have no objection to their being grouped with domestic issues, but if anyone wants to draw the line strictly, then the exact figures will show that 36.89 per cent of all the bonds offered in New York during June were foreign.

"While foreign countries, exclusive of Canada, were selling us $162,188,000 worth of bonds, our railroads offered only $32,927,000 worth and, according to all the information I have, the railroads are in real need of new capital. The public utilities, during that month, offered $70,875,500 worth of bonds and they are face to face with a tremendous demand for extension of service to make up for time lost during the World War. They have not yet caught up with demand and the principal obstacle has been the need for capital. They, like the railroads, operate under strict regulation of prices, and don't dare sell securities bearing a higher rate than they are permitted to earn. Industrial corporations offered during June only $12,350,000 worth of bonds; municipal issues totaled $78,672,000; and real estate $89,290,000. Foreign countries offered us, in the aggregate, nearly $100,000,000 more of their paper than any single domestic group.

"As world affairs stand at present this country will naturally become a creditor nation, but I can't avoid wondering a little about the psychological change in our largest investment market. What I mean is that the South and the Southwest, and the Northwest too, for that matter, have struggled for half a century for recognition in Eastern financial markets without making headway that you could call sensational, but foreign bonds seem to have won an amazingly respectable place for themselves in a very short time. The newer sections of our country had a lot to overcome, no doubt about that; and from time to time some of our brushwood financiers have given the East an awful raw deal, I admit all that. But Europe, if I remember correctly, pulled off a disastrous war not so very long ago and has not since then distinguished itself for good behavior. Strange that its paper should already be so eagerly accepted. And it is still more remarkable to me in view of the numerous high-class domestic investments available since the World War at unprecedented rates of return.

"What I am driving at is simply this: Most of the foreign bonds pay very attractive rates, so attractive in fact that if I came up here with Texas or Arizona or Oklahoma bonds yielding the same returns, conservative investors would be prejudiced against them. And yet I could do that very thing, not with state or municipal issues, of course, but with excellent mortgages and industrial securities. So could the Northwestern states. In the one case the high rates are due to dissipation of capital by war; in the other case the high rates are due to extremely profitable and rapid development of a comparatively new country that has not yet been able to accumulate its own capital reserves. It seems strange to me that heavy requirements to repair damage should rank above heavy requirements for new construction. I'm biased, of course; I admit that in the first place. Why shouldn't I be biased when I have made

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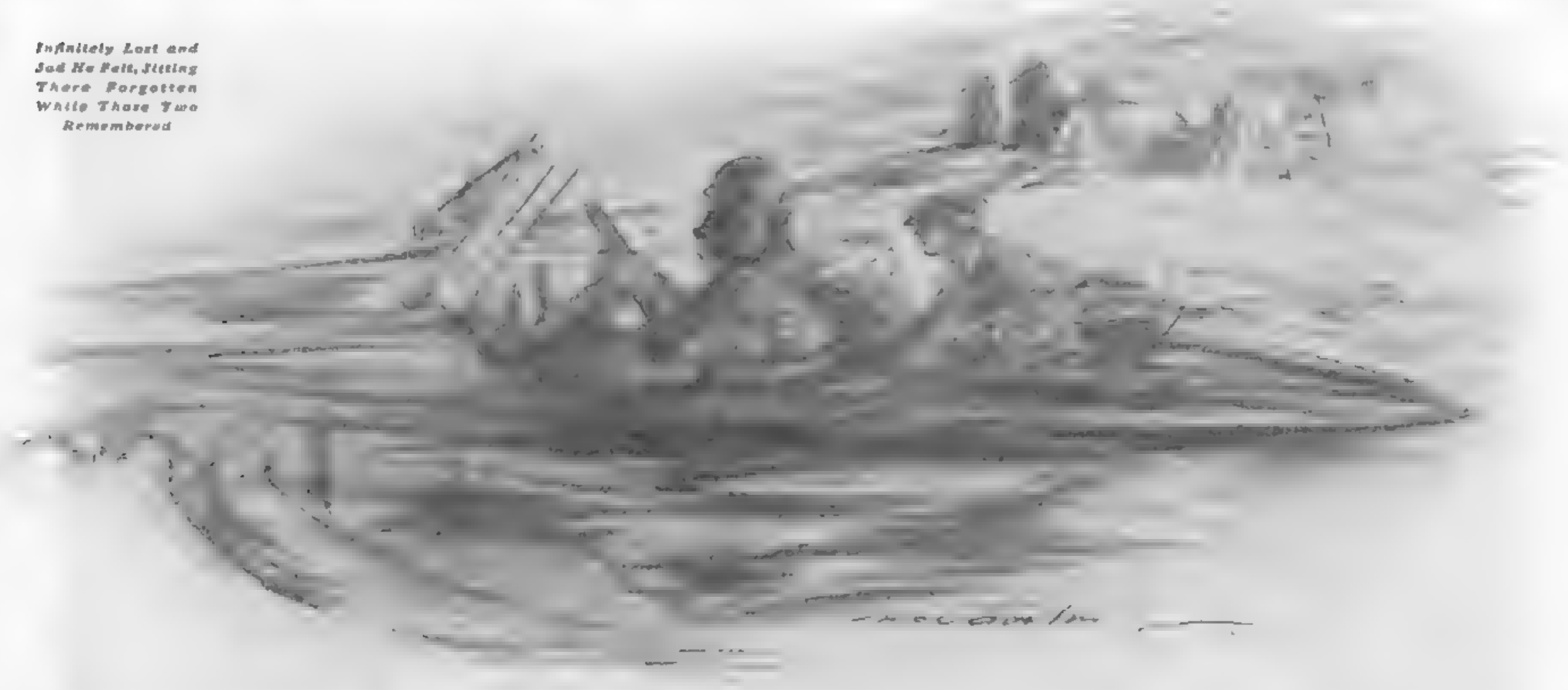
A TRIAL RUN

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY



Infinitely Lost and Sad He Felt, Sitting There Forgotten While Those Two Remembered

IT ALL came about through Moyra Swift being crossed in love. The crossing was not so rough as some, but in Moyra's opinion it was the worst of its kind.

Moyra had the soul of a democrat, and a rich father. Dick had the soul of an aristocrat, and an even richer father. You will find Dick in the telephone book under the letter B—Blayney, Hon. Richard.

The Hon. Richard Blayney and Moyra Swift started by kissing each other, and passed by rapid synthesis to a state of war. The *casus belli* was the obligation of both sexes to justify their existence by work. Moyra insisted that it was Dick's obvious duty to work. Dick insisted that she was all wrong about it.

"Why am I wrong?" demanded Moyra. "Because I know I am not wrong."

Dick paused to admire the Dorothy Perkins coloring wooed to her cheeks by the emotion of anger, and said, "Because, sweetest heart of all, I've pots of cash and it would be a low trick to take a job when there are scores of beggars who are broke."

"They're only broke because they refuse to work," said Moyra. It was the kind of remark her father collected from leading articles and broadcast as original. Moyra was suffering from a political complex.

"Oh, stodge," said Dick. "That's awful stodge, darling."

"It's not stodge and I'm not darling—at least to you I'm not. I adore the proletariat, but the idle proletariat deserves no pity whatever. Life is a battle ——"

"Half a minute while I roll in the tub," Dick interrupted.

"How dare you make me angry?"

"'Life is a battle,'" he quoted.

"It is," she countered, "and I believe in the survival of the fittest."

But the only philosophy with which Dick concerned himself was natural selection.

"Let's get married first and see which of us survives," he suggested.

"Marry—you!" said Moyra with scorn.

Dick assured her he would not dream of proposing for anyone else.

"Marry a mollusk? Never!"

"I didn't mention a mollusk, beautiful one couldn't even spell it. Let's get married and have a good time."

Moyra Swift

Said Moyra, "A good time is all you think about or are fit for. I want a man who is not afraid of suffering."

"Tell you what then, I'll go out and sprain my ankle and we'll be married before it gets better. That do?"

"I hate you with a horrible contempt!"

"Darling!"

"I loathe the very ground you stand upon!" It was a genuine Aubusson carpet. "If you loved me as you pretend, you'd do what I ask. You'd buckle on a sword and look for a job."

"Opening tins?" he suggested.

"You're detestable!" cried Moyra. "When I think I ever let you kiss me I could die of shame." There was an interval while tears were shed, which, submissively, she allowed Dick to dry with kisses. "Oh, Dick, I am fond of you, but promise you'll do what I ask."

Dick put his hands in his pockets.

"But, pretty heart, it's all against my principles. Besides, if I give in to you now, what hope is there for me after marriage?"

"You refuse?" Her eyes blazed challengingly.

"It's all such rot."

"Then I never want to see you again. If you won't work, I will! I will!"

"Oh, come, Moyra!" Dick exclaimed.

"Come! I'm going—for good!" And she went, and no one could stop her.

On the day of departure her father read her a letter from one of the daily papers with the caption, What Are Our Daughters Coming To? It would have been more to the point to ask where his particular daughter was going to. She left no address. Moyra was a girl of determination. What she said she meant.

After she had gone the Hon. Richard experienced the sensations of blight. It dawned upon him that he had acted like a crashing fool and that it might be as well to do something about it—which he did.

Meanwhile Moyra bought a blue serge frock with no sleeves and went to look for work. And the manager of Denver, Wallis & Carboy, Ltd., pinched the dimple above the elbow of her right arm and gave her a distaste for the quest. Further experiences of a similar kind finally discouraged her from seeking employment in the City and caused her to accept the post of secretary to Mr. Franklin Venables, late of Mincing Lane, E. C., now retired to the seclusion of a small estate near Woking.

Mr. Venables had sound commercial principles and sound views of life. Everything about him was sound—heart, lungs, banking account and wife. His voice also was sound, if a little too much so. He had one sound son at a sound public school. The family from which he was derived was the least sound of his possessions. He had risen superior to his surroundings, on which account he desired his surroundings to adopt an appropriate superiority. Moyra being a Swift—and who has not heard of the Swifts of Suffolk!—supplied that air of superiority his ménage demanded. Her qualifications as secretary weighed less with him than her ancestry. In capturing her he felt he had captured a bit of country stock.

In actual fact, since his retirement Mr. Venables had little need of a secretary, but the habits of a lifetime are not easily put aside. After breakfast he liked to retire to his study for a couple of hours and dictate letters. Most of these letters never found their way to the post but, regardless of wasted stationery, were secretly destroyed. Sometimes he wrote to the press on matters of national or urban importance. A pithy note from his pen on the dangerous practice of dropping peel on pavements actually appeared in the Daily Mail. On the heels of this journalistic triumph he engaged Moyra.

Moyra's inability to use a typewriter or to take down in shorthand did not affect his choice. She was exceedingly pretty and very well bred, which more than compensated for her lack of skill as a stenographer.

The hours spent in the study passed the more pleasantly for her society. He would tell her all the clever things he had done in Mincing Lane; and she would listen, a grave expression on her face, hands folded in lap, eyes fixed on the lime trees outside the window. It was awfully nice.

Mr. Venables thought she was the most intelligent listener he had ever met. He was unaware, of course, that she was not listening at all, but was thinking of her hunters, her dogs, and that bad, bad Hon. Richard, who was spending a life in ease and idleness while she worked her fingers to the bone.

Every half hour or so Mrs. Venables popped her head round the door to satisfy herself they had everything they wanted. It is sometimes difficult to explain such constant visits, but Mrs. Venables was never at a loss.

"Plenty of ink and paper?" she would ask—little sentences to prove how genuinely disinterested she was.

Mrs. Venables knew she could trust her husband, and that he was not like other men; but this did not prevent her from behaving like other women. Apart from that, she liked Moyra Swift and was never tired of praising her prettiness.

"Such a plucky girl to go out and make her way in the world," she would say to callers; "yet so sensible and quiet with it all."

No one realized that Moyra had a secret sorrow and was eating her heart out because she had been crossed in love.

Then one day Tony Venables came back from the sound public school and the car went down to the station to meet him. The car returned without him and with the announcement that rather than travel in a car with four doors and glass sides he preferred to walk.

Tony Venables, aged sixteen, held very resolute opinions on the matter of motor cars. They were his subject—a subject which inflamed him to Parnassian heights of admiration or depths of withering contempt. Limousines, saloons, covered coupés, voiturettes de ville, all-weather bodies, and even cars with side curtains, were to him anathema. Such vehicles as these were only fit to die in. His parents' choice of a limousine induced a state of melancholy in Tony's mind that a whole park of three-liter high-efficiency racers would have failed to banish.

Fuggy brutes, to go along the road with a roof over their heads! For the money they had spent on this glass palace, this drawing-room on wheels, a fleet of little sports busses might have been theirs. Gosh! It was unpardonable; degrading, as he had said to his father.

He thanked heaven for the possession of a three and a half horse power stink wheel that would make knots and you could get dirty on.

Tony Venables walked from the station, having bought at the bookstall copies of The Motor Cycle, The Motor, The Light Car, The Speedster, The Motor Manual, Brooklands Gazette, Ignition Troubles and How to Cure Them, and several journals on the subject of wireless. He had planned for himself a thoroughly mechanical holiday. He was going to fit an aluminum piston to the stink wheel and was going to make a three-valve receiving set. Every hour of every day was accounted for in advance. It would be useless for his parents to attempt to take him anywhere or offer diversions. This he would explain at once that they might thus avoid disappointment. While daylight lasted he would be in his workshop. The evening would be spent writing to various motor agents for catalogues. Yes, yes, a hectic time awaited him. Within half an hour he would have donned dungarees and be at work stripping down the motor bike, preparatory to hotting her up. It would be a great convenience if his mother would consent to serve his meals in the workshop. Perhaps it could be arranged. He must see.

A resonant roar intruded upon his meditations. A yellow tornado bulleted past at the speed of a falling star. It had tilted wings, a knife-edged rad, no running boards, no screen, a wind deflector, an asbestos-bound outside exhaust and a stream-line, canoe-shaped body.

"Golly!" said Tony Venables. "It's the new Gaston-Potin 36–98 sports. What a peach! What a daisy!"

The monster vanished beyond its own dust. Tony continued on his way, gravely considering the science of speed. "I'll do it," he said. "I'll risk it. I'll drill holes in the con rod. Dashed if I don't."

Up the gravel drive to the house he marched, and through the open front door. Standing in the hall was a girl—the most exquisite girl ever beheld of mortal eye.

"Mr. and Mrs. Venables have gone to attend a sale," said Moyra; "but they'll be back at one punctually, they said I was to say."

She smiled sadly and disappeared. The Light Car, The Motor Cycle, Radio in the Home slipped from Tony's arms

"Num!" he gasped, and never before had he applied that superlative of praise to any creation that was not wrought of steel or iron.

Instead of hastening into his dungarees and hiking off to the workshop, Tony Venables made tracks for the bathroom, where he washed himself with a thoroughness and attention to detail unrivaled by previous effort. Also he anointed his hair with pink brilliantine, bagged one of his father's ties and put on a clean collar.

Having regard to the fact that these elaborate preparations were conducted with the minimum expenditure of time, the metamorphosis in his appearance was remarkable. It is true his hair was better brushed in front than behind, but this is an oversight common even among persons of mature years. The frontal effect was excellent, as the cheval glass in his mother's room flatteringly revealed.

While at the work of grooming Tony abandoned himself to speculation. The vision of loveliness in the hall below could be none other than his father's new secretary. She was the Swift of Suffolk, referred to in his mother's letters as "a-quiet young lady with such nice ways."

"Golly," thought Tony, "she's something better than that!"

Romance, until now a stranger, rapidly invaded Tony's enthusiastic soul. With the ready acquiescence of youth, he admitted to himself that he was in love at first sight and for the first and last time. It was pretty swift work, but Tony was not embarrassed by the discovery. One need not be ashamed of falling in love. It was a highly enviable state. Of course, it would involve severe changes in his habit of living. His plans for spending the holiday would have to be jettisoned. It was doubtful if the workshop would see him at all. It was certain that the aluminum piston would never be fitted. But no matter; personal considerations take precedence of mechanical. Tony Venables gave his shoes a swift burnish with his mother's nightdress case and went downstairs. He found Moyra in the drawing-room. She was staring thoughtfully at the lime trees. Her expression was grave and sad and beautiful

A glorious conviction smote Tony that she, too, was love's victim and that in their brief encounter in the hall Cupid's dart had smitten her as surely as it had smitten him. There was no other explanation. Tony stared and trembled. Moyra continued to look at the lime trees and to think of the Hon. Richard. The silence was too sacred to be broken.

Tony searched his brain for poetry—a fragile and beautiful line wherewith to make his presence known. Alas, his knowledge of poetry was restricted to limericks. It would not be effective to declaim, "There was an old maid of South Shields." The references to love in this particular verse were rather to its disparagement than otherwise.

Quite suddenly he sneezed—a loud reverberant "hatashoo!"

Moyra jumped and laughed in a startled way and said, "You are a brute to do that."

Tony colored "Sorry," he replied. "Didn't mean to. I often sneeze at this time of year. It's the grass. Pollen, you know. Hay fever. I get hay fever."

He had a vague hope that her sympathies might be aroused in beholding the victim of a dreaded disease.

"Oh, I thought you were trying to make me jump."

"No fear," said Tony; and for want of a supplementary thought repeated, "No fear."

His courtship was proceeding none too well. Of course it was possible she might detect an underlying tenderness in his resolve not to make her jump, but the chances were remote. On the whole it might be better to make a fresh start from a more conventional basis and work up to a closer understanding.

"Do you like closed cars?" he asked.

"Not much," said Moyra. "Why? Do you?"

"Me? I loathe 'em. I loathe 'em. Ever been in a racing bus?" Moyra started. Racing cars had been rather a stunt of Richard's. The question revived thoughts of him. With an expression of infinite longing she gazed at the lime trees, and biting her lower lip, nodded. Tony felt encouraged. "What sort, I say?"

Moyra named about six mile-devouring monsters. Tony's eyes goggled.

"Coo! Have you really? By jing! Do you still go in any of those?" Moyra shook her head and sighed. With astonishing agility Tony interpreted the sigh. "Bad luck," he said. "Must be pretty foul for you, missing all that"

"How clever of you to realize it," she said, and her eyes brightened.

A terrific idea stirred in Tony's brain; a plot almost too wild to contemplate but for the fact that where love is nothing is impossible. With amazing luck, in half a dozen sentences he had discovered the cause of her melancholy.

He Would Tell Her All the Clever Things He Had Done in Mincing Lane) and She Would Listen, a Grave Expression on Her Face, Hands Folded in Lap, Eyes Fixed on the Lime Trees Outside the Window

(Continued on Page 209)

THE IMPOSSIBLE PRATTS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

A LITTLE Paradise for Commuters is what the advertisements call Mertonia, New Jersey; and not without reason. Come to Mertonia, the Homy Suburb, invite the signs. Good Schools, Good Sewers, Good Neighbors.

The families who lived on the Elbow were enthusiastic Mertonians, and they looked upon themselves as old inhabitants, for they had lived there all of five years. They were proud of the schools and the sewers and the neighbors. The Elbow's right name was Maple Lane, but those who lived there affectionately called it the Elbow, because it was shaped like an elbow. It was up a little hill and away from the rest of the suburb, a distinct small community in itself, five neat Dutch colonial houses, with a square of lawn in front of each and a garden in back large enough to support one tin garage, one clothesline and several rows of peas or beans and a zinnia or two.

A census of the population of the Elbow revealed the following facts.

House No. 1: The Fosters. Arthur T., male, white, thirty-one, slightly bald, civil engineer. Leora, his wife; blond, noted for her homemade dandelion wine. Katrina, their first fruit; teething. Clementina Gould, of the Lynchburg, Virginia, Goulds—colored.

House No 2: The Hummells. Chester, just a real good husband, in the wholesale pajama game. Flo, who could play the piano a little. Nora and Dora, twins; nineteen months and seven days old at time of census. Hulda or Hilda, last name unknown, probably a Lett or a Finn.

House No. 3: Empty.

House No. 4: The Cusacks. Leonard, who had played on the lacrosse team at Cornell and who now did something in an advertising agency. Mabel, who had once been told she looked like Gloria Swanson, but who had recovered and lived simply.

House No. 5: The Bentleys. Frank, who was in coffee or roofing or drop forgings; and Clare, who played the best game of bridge on the Elbow. A child known as Junior. A cook-nurse who never stayed long enough to become generally known.

"This Knife," Said Mr. Bentley, "Figured in an Amusing Small Murder in Poughkeepsie Five Years Ago"

They liked to say that the Elbow was a sort of little Arcady. They were all the best of friends. Leonard Cusack had gone to Cornell with Arthur Foster. Clare Bentley and Flo Hummell had been girl friends in Peekskill. All four families had much in common, and life on the Elbow was placid and pleasant.

"Quiet, but a lot of fun," was the way the Elbowians described it.

Once or twice a week they got together to play bridge. Saturday they went to dance at the country club. Sunday—like as not—four automobiles of a certain make might be seen leaving four tin garages, loaded with adults, infants, sandwiches and milk in trick bottles, and bound for a beach or a lake.

It was too bad, they all agreed, that George and Olive Snyder, who had lived in House No. 3, had been called to Seattle by George's business and had been forced to put the house on the market. George and Olive had belonged. They would be missed. When, after a series of farewell parties, George and Olive finally had gone, the Elbow began to speculate, not without real apprehension, about who would move into the vacant Snyder house.

When, one day, the real-estate man brought around prospective buyers, it was a crucial moment. At their respective windows watched Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Hummell, Mrs. Cusack and Mrs. Bentley. Afterward they met to compare notes.

"Her hat wasn't bad, if you like big hats on stylish stouts," said Mrs. Foster.

"He looked clean, though a bit stiff," said Mrs. Hummell. "Did I or did I not see that his eyeglasses were on a leash?"

"I'm afraid you did," said Mrs. Cusack. "Anyhow, their little girl looks well behaved, though overdressed, to my way of thinking."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Bentley. "I hope they're nice, whoever they are. It would be terrible to have a family of prunes right in the middle of us."

"We wouldn't have to play with them," suggested Mrs. Cusack.

"Oh, yes we would," said Mrs. Hummell. "You can't very well high-hat a family that practically lives in your pocket. Oh, I do so hope they'll be a sensible, congenial young couple."

"We're apt to find out very soon," said Mrs. Foster.

At four dinner tables in the Elbow that evening there was one single topic of talk. For the Elbow had found out that House No. 3 had been rented—with an option to buy at the end of three months—to the Pratts: Willis G. and Harriet, and their child, Mildred.

"I hear," said Chester Hummell, who had been engaged in detective work, "that they are from the West. He is secretary of some society for the prevention of something, and she is very refined. Briggs, the real-estate man, told me."

"Did he say 'refined'?" asked Mrs. Hummell.

"That was his very word."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Hummell.

"You'll call on her, won't you?"

"Of course," Then, hopefully—"Maybe she won't be too refined."

It was decided at a conference held in the living room of the Bentleys one afternoon some days later—when the Pratts had had time to get their furniture in place—that the four old settlers—feminine—should call on their new neighbor. So Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Hummell, Mrs. Cusack and Mrs. Bentley, in their best afternoon dresses, presented themselves at the Pratt door. Mrs. Pratt herself answered the bell. She was a stately lady, with a strong club-woman's face, a sizable chin and an air of refined authority.

"I," announced Mrs. Hummell, "am Mrs. Hummell, from next door, you know."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Pratt.

"And these ladies," said Mrs. Hummell, flustered she knew not why, "are Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Cusack and Mrs. Bentley."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Pratt. With a cool, appraising eye she surveyed the four ladies in front of her. They felt conscious of their cosmetics.

"We came to call," explained Mrs. Hummell.

"Yes?"

Mrs. Hummell felt uncomfortable.

"We came to call," she repeated.

"Very nice of you," articulated Mrs. Pratt. "Pray be seated."

She arranged four chairs in a straight row for them. Mrs. Pratt sat facing them. Some seconds ticked by.

"You're from the West?" ventured Mrs. Bentley.

"The Middle West," said Mrs. Pratt.

That seemed to end that.

"Des Moines?" queried Mrs. Cusack, just for something to say.

"Fairview," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Nice city, I've heard," said Mrs. Foster. "I've a cousin there—married to a man in the harness business—Minna Hubbard."

"Never heard of her," said Mrs. Pratt.

The conversation lay dormant for a moment.

"We hope you'll like it here," said Mrs. Hummell

"I expect to find much to occupy me here," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Gardening?" asked Mrs. Hummell.

"Civic betterment," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hummell. Also Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Cusack and Mrs. Bentley.

"You have a Women's Town Betterment Association here, I presume," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Hummell, feeling unaccountably guilty, "we haven't."

"Tch-tch!" said Mrs. Pratt. "Indeed?"

As she continued to look accusingly at Mrs. Hummell, that lady felt some explanation of this lack was necessary.

"Not much to better in Mertonia," said Mrs. Hummell

"Ah, I wonder," said Mrs. Pratt. "I think we'll form one. Great good was accomplished by our association in Fairview. We were able to awaken community consciousness. No doubt you have read about our Beautify Fairview Week?"

"Well, no," confessed Mrs. Hummell; "I didn't see the paper this morning."

"It occurred two months ago," said Mrs. Pratt. She turned to Mrs. Foster. "We women should keep abreast of the news, don't you think?" she said.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Foster. Then, proudly—"I read the paper this morning. Did you see the story about the girl from Tuckahoe who shot the man in the Bronx Zoo—right in front of the zebra cage—because ——"

"Please!" said Mrs. Pratt sweetly, holding up her hand like a traffic policeman. Mrs. Foster put on her four-wheel brakes. "One of the things we women in Fairview are proudest of," said Mrs. Pratt, "is the success of our movement to segregate crime news. We kept after the newspapers till they agreed to keep all the crime news on one page."

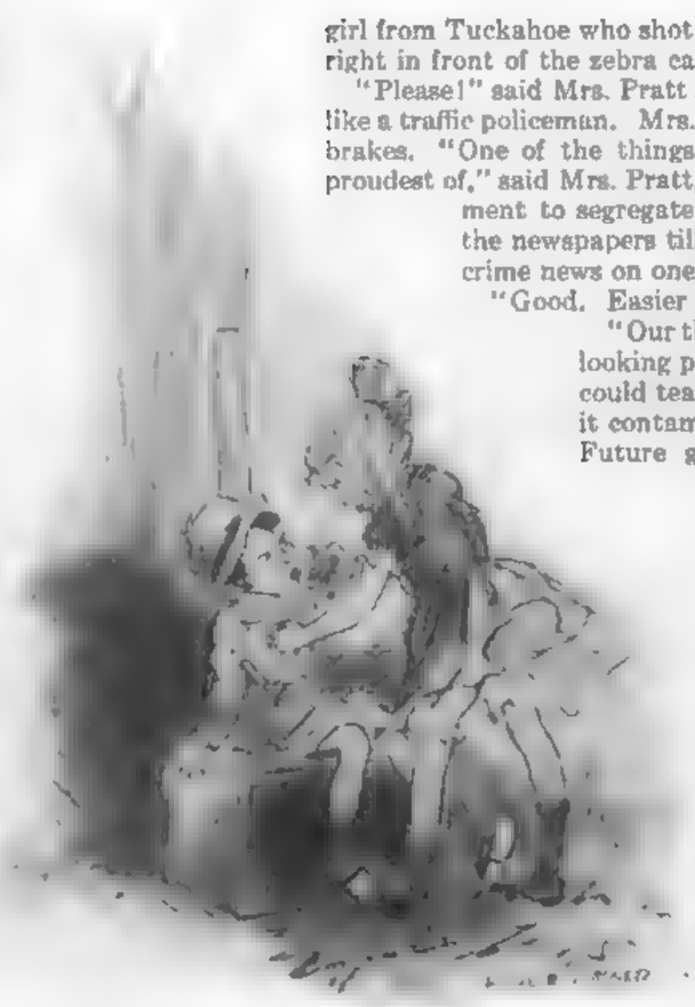
"Good. Easier to find it," said Mrs. Foster.

"Our thought was," said Mrs. Pratt, looking pained but tolerant, "that one could tear the sheet out and so not let it contaminate one's young or oneself. Future generations, in Fairview, at any rate, will grow up, I venture to hope, without knowing there is such a thing as crime in the world."

Mrs. Foster's face felt red, and it was.

"Yes, yes, of course," she said. "I suppose everybody will tear out the sheet and throw it away. It's a clever idea. Who thought of it?"

"I was chairman of the committee," said Mrs. Pratt. "Our little group was charged with the duty of watching the press, the motion pictures and the dancing. We were on the point of establishing a really efficient screen censorship when Mr. Pratt's work called him East, and I couldn't stay to see our program through."



"That Awful Child Tried to Feed Junior Poison Ivy," Said Mrs. Bentley

"That was too bad," said Mrs. Foster, and grew red again.

"My last official act was to approve the six-inch law."

"The what?" asked Mrs. Cusack.

"You never heard of it?"

Mrs. Cusack was sorry, but she never had.

"I am constantly surprised," said Mrs. Pratt. "I find that the East is far behind the Middle West in matters of civic uplift. The six-inch law has done much to improve the moral tone of some of the more forward-looking Western states. It provides that partners, while dancing, must keep at least six inches from each other."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Cusack. The three other ladies said "Oh!" too.

"What we did in Fairview can be done here," said Mrs. Pratt. "It is simply a question of organization and propaganda. I, for one, am willing to give myself to the work. Our first endeavor must be to quicken the civic pulse of Mertonia."

"We had a Swat the Fly Week here in July," spoke up Mrs. Bentley.

"Good—in its limited way," approved Mrs. Pratt. "But I venture to say there is still plenty of work to be done here. I am told that at the country club the dancing often lasts till three or four in the morning and that many of the dancers never seem to have heard of the six-inch law. Also, I have heard that cards are played for money and I'm reluctant to believe this, of course—the law of our country against intoxicating beverages is more or less openly flouted."

The four ladies hung their heads. Into Mrs. Foster's ear Mrs. Hummell murmured a single word—"Flouter."

"But," went on Mrs. Pratt, "the situation is not hopeless, I think."

The ladies sighed, relieved.

"Before Mr. Pratt and I decided to make Mertonia our home," continued Mrs. Pratt, "we investigated it carefully. We wished to be sure it was the sort of place where we and our child could settle permanently."

The four ladies looked at one another.

"We found," pursued Mrs. Pratt, "that in general the civic health is well above the average here."

"The mosquitoes are terrible," said Mrs. Bentley. "Lot of children get fevers and all sorts of things here."

"I was using 'health' in the broader sense," said Mrs. Pratt. "I meant the moral tone of the community—the health of the civic soul. As to physical ills, like fevers, of course I believe they are due entirely to lowered soul vitality."

"Oh, do you?" said Mrs. Cusack.

"You see," explained Mrs. Pratt, "I am a member of the new cult of Soul Vitalists—a lay reader in fact. I'll be very glad to loan you ladies some of our literature and to instruct you in our principles."

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"I Never Coerce Her," She Explained. "I Want Her Always to Express Her Own Little Individuality"

TRAILIN' ALONG

Loveland Pass, Colorado,
a Crumbling Monument to a Departed Gold Rush

The Roof of the World—Old Rollins Pass,
Continental Divide, Colorado

A LETTER came for me the other day from the vice president of an oil company up in Wyoming, apologizing for the fact that he hadn't been able to answer sooner a communication which I had addressed to him a couple of months before. He'd felt the confines of his work and his office, he said, and so he'd gathered himself a couple of cow-punchers, a bunch of pack saddles and a string of horses and hit the trail. Naturally, when one is pounding the hurricane deck of a mountain horse along a filmy line which appears and disappears in the piny stretches of the mountains, when one is away from telegraph and telephone and lines of mail communication, one cannot very well answer letters. So he apologized, and I wrote back to him and told him that it was quite all right. I knew the situation exactly—because I'd just got through doing the same thing myself.

Time was, out in the Rocky Mountains where I call my home, when folks went from place to place by pack outfit because they couldn't go any other way. Now they're beginning to do the same thing again, but for an entirely different purpose. The mountain plug, neglected for years, is again assuming something that faintly resembles a position of importance, for the reason that persons are thinking of him as a mode of travel and not merely a beast to be turned out on free range to take care of himself as best he can. Pack saddles that have lain around livery stables for years, robbed of their breechings, of their rings and ropes and breast straps—of everything, in fact, except the trees themselves—are slowly becoming refurnished with the habiliments which once adorned them

Seeing the country by pack train is becoming a bit more popular than it was when persons stampeded to the automobiles, with their cushions and their speed. The thrill of hitting the trail is becoming more of a sport than it was, especially to those who like to take their outdoors without the immediate juxtaposition of the corner drug store, the movie house, the tourist hotel and the sight-seeing bus, or without eating the dust of California tourists who tear up the road in a wild dash to see how quickly they can make it to New York, and New York tourists who are spending their vacations in burning up rubber in an endeavor to break the record to Los Angeles. Trailin' is exactly the opposite.

Hide and Seek With Nature

NOT that everybody's doing it, nor that everybody ever will do it. There are persons who can take a trip by horseback and enjoy every minute of it. There are others who would fare a great deal better with a dish of tea and a lecture on how to know the wild flowers. Hitting the trail with a pack outfit is a strenuous sport, and that is what endears it to one who grows tired sometimes of paved streets and whirring motor cars, and longs for the wide silent places where a man can eat off the limb of a tree until a protesting body has finally inured itself to the gentle torture of eight hours a day in the saddle.

But, after all, what are a few aches and pains when one has seen an automobile road with its monotony of steady smoothness gradually become more and more rutty, until the possibility of a roaring motor has finally faded? When one has watched the resultant wagon highway become less

The Smoothness of an Auto Highway is Daily Monotonous to a Pack Train

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

well defined with every passing ranch house, at last to converge into only one mark of travel instead of two? When the last habitation melts in the distance as his outfit plods doggedly onward, and the trail itself becomes an uncertain affair, well marked and smooth where the protection of the spruce and pines have sheltered it year after year, as elusive as a coquettish woman, where a voracious creek has found it a better mode of travel than its previous bed and the ever-industrious beavers have elected to erect a dam where once ran a lane of travel?

For then it is that he who travels the hills by pack train feels the thrill for which he has left civilization. The thrill of the primeval, of the unknown, the pitting of himself against the possibilities of being lost, with resultant hours of back-tracking, the thrill of playing a game of hide and seek with Nature; and greatest of all, the selfish knowledge that at last he is in a place where the other fellow doesn't go—and it is the seeking of this thrill that is gradually, year by year, putting more hoof prints upon trails which have lain long unused in the Rocky Mountains: a seeking always of the primeval, of a place where a man can call the world his own.

In it all there is also another ingredient—that of necessity. The outdoors, in its true sense, is rapidly reaching a condition where it soon will have its back to the wall. This article, for instance, is being written in a little log cabin beside a blue-green lake which glistens at timber line, while about it are the eternal drifts and glowering crags of the continental divide. Over on a tremendous rock slide, the old watchman of the ground-hog family which inhabits the crevices is piping his announcement that smoke is coming from my chimney and that it might be well for every self-respecting ground hog to keep a weather eye out for humans. Here and there upon the lake there is the splash and instantaneous glint of silver as a trout rises for a fly. The wind moans along the edges of the ancient building, still sheltering at its north end the remainder of the drift which covered it from October until June. The bent, misshapen trees along the water edge twist and writhe with the whining wind, sweeping ceaselessly from the pinnacles above. It is a place of wildness, of aloofness. Off in the deadfalls, the horses which panted and frothed with the ardors of the climb to this place of heights are making their daily assault upon the succulent bunches of timber-line grasses, their chain hobbles rattling eerily with their every movement. A place away from the world, at the top of the world.

The Sensations of a Pack Trip

BUT the wind carries with it from over the range the sound of blasting; boom after boom and shot after shot, as a road gang fights steadily at its rock work, traveling onward, steadily onward into virgin territory, that another frontier may fall and more automobiles go where automobiles never before have been.

That is why, for the cow-puncher, for the mountaineer, for the genuine sportsman, and even for the tourist who likes to take his outdoors straight, the automobile is losing a bit of its popularity out in the West. Far better the horse, and a pack animal dragging back on the halter rope, while ahead runs the dim trail, leading the way into places where the trees bear only the welcomed notch and slash of some forest ranger, and an equally welcome lack of the carved names and addresses of visitors from Alabama or Kansas or Kalamazoo, together with the date of the visit, to say nothing of the garage signs, gasoline signs, tire signs, clothing signs.

There's nothing like that upon the trail, whether it be one of the forest service, carefully swamped out, trimmed of brush and with tiny bridges at the creek crossings, or the faded thing where your future is a gamble from the time you hit it until you've reached your destination. There are trails and trails, just as there are roads and roads, and for him who seeks the different sensations of a pack trip there awaits about anything one may desire. But given the necessary maps—and one can be flooded with them by a mere application at the nearest forest-service office—a general knowledge of mountains and how to respect them, a bunch of good horses, a compass and a large consignment of common sense, one can do almost inconceivable things in getting from place to place—even when one has never been within hailing distance of the country he is to go through.

For instance, my camping partner, Jack Nankervis, and myself talked things over the other night. Our horses had just gone to pasture after a journey of 1000 miles in the

high country, and we were taking stock of what had happened. In that 1000 miles we had crossed the continental divide fourteen times by trail, by disused wagon road and by main strength and awkwardness where there was no other means of passage; we had hit blizzards and snow-drifted passes where we had shoveled trenches for forty—even fifty feet that our horses might flounder through; we had roped horses out of creeks and picked them up after sickening plunges down rock slides and mountainsides; we had fought the slimy uncertainties of quicksand, the cross-logged puzzles of deadfall stretches that seemingly would never end; we had floundered through bogs and called our compass a liar a thousand times upon sagebrush mesas which stretched for leagues without a landmark; we had followed the twistings and writhings of the backbone of the continent as it squirmed like a wounded serpent from east to west and from north and south to east and west again; we had even been lost a baker's dozen times; but out of the entire trip of 1000 miles, we had not backtracked a total of more than a mile and a half! We had continued to progress, even when we were lost; for the man who can use common sense, there seems always a way around if he'll only take the time to think it out.

In fact, being lost in the mountains amounts to about what one wants to make of it. For the man who can look upon it in nothing but a tragic and excitable light, the best thing to do is to stay on the beaten track where there are signs and smooth highways and filling stations and hotels. Either that or hang only to government trails, in the protection of a seasoned guide who has been that way before and who can be depended upon to know what he's doing. For when one strikes out upon strange trails, often not even shown upon the maps, something's going to happen that isn't in the schedule. And it's usually a halt in the pack train, a survey of the country, a consultation and the announcement:

"Well, we've gone and done it again! Lost!"

When You're Lost

WHEREUPON, to the initiated, there is no excitement, no panic, no hasty skirmishing here and there. Instead there are usually a few cuss words, a survey for a camping spot, a half holiday for the horses and a fishing spree for the members of the party that wasn't down on the books. For the main idea when one is lost in the mountains is thoroughly and effectually to forget the fact until a later hour when things can be considered calmly. And about then, one finds that he isn't lost at all! But if one takes the other course ——

In the Eternal Snows on the Trail to Rainbow Lake

We were pounding the hills a couple of weeks ago on the last lap of a slowly ending journey. Higher and higher we climbed along the last of the ridges; another 1000 yards and we struck the down grade that would bring tired men and tired horses to the comfort and rest of home. Behind us glowered the continental divide, vicious and snowy and ominous, bearing with it the memories of shivering blasts, of twisted lodgepoles, tangled across the rutty grades of ancient Rollins Pass, and giving way before the blows of our axes only that the free stretches beyond might lead to more mazes, seemingly insurmountable; of tumbling streams where once a trail had been, or rocky stretches where the horses had scrambled like maddened things against the terrific handicaps of grade and insecure footing; of bogs and beaver dams and marsh holes; the usual penalties of crossing a mountain barrier by anything except an established road.

Homeward Bound

TO THE right frowned the terrific stretches of James Peak, and a thin line across one end where in ancient days the Utes had traveled from one side of the Rockies to the other, a trail even more difficult than the one which we had traversed, and we glanced toward it with relief that we'd had enough sense to take another course. After that, the matter was forgotten; the last tough pull was over, and we were homeward bound.

Not so with the horses. Tired they were, moving with steps which seemed to disjoint their bodies, to say nothing of having the same effect upon their riders. Loggy, with the fatigue of deadened muscles; no longer did a touch of the spurs bring the old cow-pony walk to Spot, my pinto, usually mounted on the fly and with an obsession for breaking speed records. The pack horses dragged on their halter ropes, even on the down grade; now and then they groaned with the agony of heavy loads pressing cruelly upon sore backs. Tired, dog-tired, from the steady piling up of hundreds upon hundreds of miles of continued effort. But suddenly their heads raised, ears pointed. Their eyes turned from the trail, and Jack and I reached for our side arms.

Perhaps a welcome attack from a black bear—one with hams just the right size for frying. Perhaps —— We were in lion country and there were evidences of a sheep herd having passed through recently. We raised in our saddles, hands on our holsters, watching, hopeful. But nothing appeared. Only the withered arms of the writhing junipers, twisted from unceasing winds; only the lichen-speckled rocks and the screaming of a ptarmigan, hurrying from its protection in a rock slide that it might live up to its name of fool hen and bring itself into plain relief. At last Jack's gun slid back into its usual position under his left arm. He nodded.

"Men," he announced as he reached for his glasses and raised them to his eyes; "over there on Twin Flats. They're picking up something."

That night in town we met them, Bill Harvey, the sheriff of Clear Creek County, and Dick Pearce, the undertaker. They'd been up on Twin Flats that afternoon gathering the coyote-cleaned bones of an Eastern man who two years before had looked upon the condition of being lost as something to

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The Pack Train Hits Everything From Bog Marsh to Rock Slide

Loveland Pass, in the Distance, After a June Snowstorm

Above—Through the Sagebrush

SAND IN THE SHOES

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

AS THE saying goes, many a good salesman never hoists the mainsail, but while I may not always do so it's not for lack of trying. And sometimes I sure get a client that's hard to hold, such as that Mr. Pike.

"Yes, Mr. Pike," I says to him, "when I first come down to Florida I thought a subdivision was a kinda arithmetic. But now, I hope to tell you, I know as much about real estate as any lady real-estate operator between Jacksonville and Key West. See that corner lot over there—the one right at Fig Street and Oklahoma?"

Mr. Pike give a look. That was about all he seemed willing to give that morning, he being one of them tourist types that their home is where they park their jitney. However, with such birds you never can tell; more often than not they will pay cash for property where a millionaire can't hardly scrape up the price of the option.

"Yeh?" he says. "What about it?"

"Well," I says, "that lot is what you might call right in the heart of our city, ain't it? But four years ago there was a Barbecue and Brunswick stew shack on it. It was way out in the country, and I bought it for three hundred dollars. Day before yesterday I sold it for eight thousand five hundred, and before I could even deliver the deed, the feller who bought it had turned it over at fifteen hundred profit. This time next year it'll be worth double. That's the way this town's developing. And if you buy that acreage out to Piny Homes, the same will be true with your money, Mr. Pike—you can't go wrong on that property."

"No, it's located pretty far from temptation," Mr. Pike says, taking off his wide-brimmed black felt hat and fanning himself with it a little. "However, I'm thinking about it."

"What was you thinking of doing with it?" I says. Sixty thousand I was asking, having been told I could get it at thirty.

"What I was thinking, exactly," says Mr. Pike, "was how come a pretty young woman like yourself to be in this business."

"I was trained for it," I says. "Pop owned that corner lot over there, the one I was speaking of. He paid sixty dollars for it. It was him run the Barbecue stand. But I give him three hundred for it, on account I knew the Wonder Bargain Store was prepared to offer six hundred, and pop hadn't heard the same news."

"Young woman," says he, "that's highway robbery."

"I told you I knew my trade," I says. "But I divvied up with pop as good as I could when I sold the land last week. I bought him a monument with half the cash. Nobody can't say I ain't been fair towards pop."

"Well, suffering fish cakes!" says Mr. Pike. "What does your ma think of that?"

"Heaven knows," I says sadly. "She registered there when I was born."

"Lookit here, young woman," says Mr. Pike, playing soft music on his long beard, "I wish I had time to sit right here and find out just how you come to land on such a job. Remarkable things has certainly happened in Florida real estate, and you are one of them, I guess."

"Well," I says, "seeing you are probably the only man in Florida that ain't in the real-estate business, I will tell you the secret of my success."

"Hello, Sweetness!" He Says. "I Know Who You Are. You are a Hibiscus Disguised as a Pretty Girl"

Mr. Pike leaned back in the Spanish-type chair which I had bought out of a old extinct, prehistoric German beer garden when I furnished my office, the Alcazar Realty Corp.

"Shoot!" says Mr. Pike. And he did so, almost immediate. But we ladies get used to pretty near anything in real estate, and for once I felt like talking about myself. There was something about this old bird I liked. He was one of them types that comes to Florida every annum by the thousands. They got their life's work done, their life's savings in their pocket, their wife in the flivver, their heart in the right place, and they are out for a little sunshine and adventure.

Well, doc, I says, I commenced my business career down to the offices of Partridge & Peckham, the big real-estate operators in Miami. I was the filing clerk, but my girl friend who got me in there was steno to the boss. Some bird, Mr. Partridge, and strong for Helen West; that was my girl friend, see? She always could get the boys walking the plank; she had a wonderful line. I and her was in high school back home in Connecticut, and her brother George was too. They come down here ahead of us, and he got a job as a cop. That was his speed every time—the straight and honest. Then pop lugged me down on account the cold winters was too much for his liquor supply, and he set up the Barbecue, but I got this filing job at P. & P.'s.

It was some office, too, handling only the biggest type of development, and I sure did enjoy even the looks of it. Pretty near everything in the place was Spanish-type except the type on the typewriters. I done my best at the job, and Lord knows, I was proud to hold it. It was class compared to what I had been used to, home, and maybe I didn't think a lot of Helen for getting me in. Why, I just about worshiped that girl.

Although Partridge was so crazy over Helen, she never paid no attention to him. He had a wife somewheres up North for one thing, and then besides, Helen had a boy friend in the office.

"Ed Ainslee is the eel's hips," she would tell me. "He'd slip through a person's fingers just that easy. I'm crazy over him, but if I ever let him see it, he'd be gone. I got him where he'd gimme the Flamingo Hotel and throw in most of Flagler Street, if he could get ahold of it."

Which remark was correct as a adding machine. Say, Mr. Pike, you know the Rio Passeo development over near the bridge? Well, Ed had bought one of them lots for two hundred, and he give the receipt for the deed to Helen. And, man, do you know what those lots are selling for today? Twelve thousand! That's the way this town is booming.

Well, anyways, as I was telling, them two was my idols, just about. Of course they stood way above me socially, Ed being a salesman with a drawing account of seventy-five a week against a two and a half per cent commission, and turning over more stuff than any other three boys in the office. And when I and Ed and Helen went anywheres together, there was only one thing blocking traffic on the road to perfect happiness as far as I was concerned, and that was not having Mr. James Kason along.

He was a young feller, very high hat, indeed, that used to come into our office oneet in a while. We was in P. & P.'s old building then—the one sold to J. C. Seligman the other day for two million. We paid three thousand, I believe. Well, anyways, we was there, and this Mr. Kason used to breeze in looking for a big estate, the Derringer place, he wanted. He had all the sheiks of Araby biting their finger nails, I'm telling you. Some scenery he used to wear! He never bothered much talking with anybody but the heads, and as for little me, say, boy, he noticed the door mat more'n he ever did me, on account he once tripped over that. But nobody seemed able to sell him. And I never got no nearer him than the sound of his pleasant, kind of Harvard-like voice—you know, the brand of accent that increases with every million dollars. Every girl has her bureau ideal, as the French say, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Kason was mine.

Well, just about the third or fourth time Mr. Kason come in to turn down some swell home or another—I think the last one was the Jelkus place, which we offered him at seventy-five thousand; you know, the one that brought three million the other day, which certainly shows how the money grows if you plant it down in Florida—well, as I was telling, it was after Mr. Kason's fourth visit, the time when he wore the white pants, gray coat and coral tie, that the Ownahome trouble come up.

You see, the city decided where it would extend its limits out there, saving any developer the usual trouble about lights, pavings and water.

Of course I knew some about this, on account of the filing, but I wouldn't never dreamed of mentioning it, only for Helen speaking quite frank, she having of course taken Partridge's letters.

"Say, Ed," she says one day when the three of us was to lunch, "remember you asking me if the boss was gonner buy that Ownahome tract?"

"Huh?" says he, with a shake of his head.

"Sure you do," she says. "Well, I guess the old bird is gonner try and steal that land O. K. He's writ about the price."

"And the question of taking Ownahome into the city will come up right after he gets his option at a low figure," says Ed.

"I'll tell the world Partridge is no dim-wit," says Helen, "but he thinks that while walls may have ears, Nature didn't provide 'em for stenographers."

"Oh, well, he needn't of been afraid to talk in front of you, Helen," I says, "what with you being his confidence secretary." And that made both Ed and Helen laugh.

"Well, babies, I got to pull my freight," says Ed then. "I have to run over to J. W. Tommins Company a few minutes before I go back to work. Ta-ta, girls, see you later."

Say, Mr. Pike, I guess you know who J. W. Tommins Company are, dontcha? Sure you do! Why, they are the boys which put over Grafton-by-the-Sea. They spent three million last year on the place, over twenty-five hundred of it in actual cash. And naturally they was our biggest rivals in the real-estate game.

I thought at the time it was kinda funny for Ed to be rushing over there. But I left him and the fact drop until several days later.

After the talk about the Ownahome property I couldn't help but notice a particular letter. It was from Mr. Partridge to them people Helen had been talking about, and it says, "Inclosed please find check in payment of binder." And the way I found out it had traveled wasn't exactly through a message with love and kisses; no, it was a case of say it with lemons. And by the way, that reminds me, Mr. Pike, if you decide against that piece at Piny Homes, I can show you the grandest lemon lands. Sure to net you a thousand a acre per annum.

Well, as I was telling, first thing I knew about any letter being missing was when one morning Mr. Partridge sent for me and asked for the carbon, see? Naturally, of course, I says yes, sir, certainly, and went to hook it, but look as I might, there wasn't no such letter. When I come back into his office with the bad news, Helen was there, too, her head up in the air, and she sure give me a dirty look as I come in. What about, I couldn't guess.

"I don't find any letter like you describe, Mr. Partridge," I says.

"You got to find it!" he roared at me. "This is of vital importance. I know the letter was written. I gave it to Miss West here myself."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Partridge," says Helen, "I remember it perfectly. Why, I sven gave the original to Miss Rockwell to mail."

This kinda floored me, see, on account I knew she had done just that. But Ed, who happened to be going out, had mailed it for me his own self. Before I could mention this, the boss was hitting me hard.

"Miss Rockwell," he says, "your carelessness or whatever you choose to call it—has cost this concern one of the biggest deals in the history of Florida real estate. J. W. Tommins and ourselves were neck and neck after that acreage. It appears that our check, mailed a whole day before theirs, never reached the owners, and that the Tommins people have closed. And now you dare to tell me that our only proof of priority, the carbon of that letter, has been lost or destroyed. Miss Rockwell, you are through here, without any reference from us. I had rather wondered where you got your pretty clothes. Now it seems quite simple. Everyone knows that the Tommins people were ready to pay well for being enabled to beat us on this deal."

Well, Mr. Pike, can you believe it, for a minute, I simply couldn't say a word. I just stood there looking at Helen and waiting for her to tell Mr. Partridge where she had give me the fancy clothes I was wearing, on account her uncle, who run a department store, would always leave her have newer ones, free. But did Helen do it? And how? She walks up to Mr. P. and put a soft, restraining hand on his arm.

"Aw, please, Mr. Partridge, dear," she says, "don't you be hard on poor Kitty. Probably she didn't realize what she was doing," she says.

"But I didn't do it!" I burst out wildly. "I swear to heaven, Mr. Partridge, I never done no such thing! Please, please believe me! Why, if you only knew what I think of this firm, of workin' here and all! Why, you can't imagine!" But Helen wouldn't let me finish, the fuzzy caterpillar.

"Don't have her pinched, Mr. Partridge," she says; "just leave her go quiet without the reference, for my sake, wontcha?"

And after a few minutes' sulking, he give in. To me he simply turned a tin ear, and I was that dumfounded by what had happened, I wasn't able to defend myself no more then a sleepy man against a mosquito. Finally I went and got my hat, threw it away when I realized Helen had give it to me, took my vanity, which was about all I had there that really belonged to me, and beat it out of that office.

Three blocks away I stopped on the corner, waiting for a jitney bus, and before it come Helen had overtook me, and begun talking fast.

You know that corner, I guess, Mr. Pike. It is where Schulter's Drug Company is now. I could of bought that two years ago at seventy-five grand, but like a fool I turned it down.

Well, anyways, Helen come up to me, and the first thing I noticed she had something in her hand beside her palm.

"Say, dear, don't be sore," she says. "Of course, you know how it is in business; somebody generally has to be the goat. And we both knew you wouldn't never help of your own accord. But Ed is terrible honest, really he is. He says to me only last evening, 'Hon,' he says, 'I got a big piece of acreage out to Ownahome free, and a drawing account with Tommins twicet as good as I had over to Partridge's, and I want to make it right with Kitty,' he says to me. 'You'll see her sooner than I will on account of me resigning over there, and will you just slip her this from me?' And I says, 'Sure, sweetie.' And here it is, Kitty, five hundred iron paving stones."

"Helen!" I says, like something had hit me. "How dare you try that? So Ed did it! You give me back my good name and a reference or I'll get the both of you some day." Helen laughed.

"Don't be a fool!" she says. "You ain't got a scrap of evidence on us, and you know it. But if you really ain't going to use this jack, why I can put up with a gold mesh-bag, myself. Darling, I guess as a real-estate operator you'd make a grand patient on the nut farm."

"Beat it, Helen!" I says. "You get out of here before I—I slap your face good and plenty."

Well, Helen may of liked publicity even then, but she preferred to choose her brand. So she accepted my invitation at once, and left me to climb onto the jitney, the tears that wouldn't stay in my heart burning the corners of my eyes. And then I headed back home to pop. I was pretty near crazy in my head, but knowing I was innocent, why I thought I would be able to let the fact prove itself. And the first person I had to work that on was my parent. Seeing me coming home before noon, he give me a funny look over the top of them half-shell specs of his.

"Whatcha done, retired?" he says. "You ain't sick, are you? Because, if you are, you can get along down to the free hospital. I ain't got no desire for any doctors a-snoopin' around this place."

"No, pop," I says, "I ain't sick except at heart. I'm tired without a reference." A awful queer look come into his face. He didn't seem mad, like I had expected he would, but more as if he was figuring on something.

"Whatcha do?" he asked.

"I didn't do," I says, "but I got about as much chance of another job in this town as a snake has of growing feathers."

"Humph!" says pop. "That bein' the case, you better peel that fancy dress and get down to your new job, which is right here to home with your poor old father. Matt quit this morning, and the barbecue is on the pit. You get busy now, and tend to it. And, say," he hollered after me, "wash up them dishes over to the house—the stack is full and the rush'll be coming any minute."

Well, you can imagine, Mr. Pike, how I felt, turning in and doing that colored man's work, and then some. Pop had to be decent to a feller that he hired, because the feller could quit on him. But a husky daughter that had got fired for stealing—and I'm telling you I could see first off pop thought I was guilty—well, he was in a position to ride

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"Oh, Madame!" She Says. "The Cops Says There is a Feller Ducked in Here Some Place." "Is That So?" I Says Languidly, Sitting Up a Little Ways

THE EXCELLENT CLERK

"Mrs. Tuson," He Suggested, "I Ask You to Lift This Pistol and Cock It and Pull the Trigger"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THIS man Makin was a towering figure, not only physically but in other ways. He dominated the particular field which he had made his own, dominated it in a fashion hardly admitting of dispute. He was a trial lawyer, and particularly a criminal-trial lawyer; and although in the legal profession this is not usually one of the more lucrative specialties, Makin's income had kept pace with his reputation. The fees which he commanded were enormous, but it was generally admitted that he earned them. The fact that he was as willing to accept the case of a poor man as a rich one cleared him of any accusation of dollar grabbing; but if he sometimes worked for very little, the price of his services at other times was high indeed. His renown, slowly built, was become so wide that any case in which he appeared was certain to become celebrated. The reporters followed him through the courts and hung upon his words, sure of a story, and the bailiffs had always difficulty in keeping the court-room crowds in order when Makin would appear. A colossus of a man, upon whom every eye was fastened.

He was one of those men who become the heroes of anecdotes. Tales of his exploits, some of them true, some of them perfected by a process of accretion, some of them wholly imaginary, were told and retold, always growing. The old classics of the profession were each in turn attributed to him. The one about the witness who testified that since the accident he could only raise his arm as high as his shoulder.

"And Makin asked him," ran the tale, "how high could he raise it before the accident; and the man stuck his hand straight up in the air."

And the one about the expert witness whom he led into professing familiarity with an authority which did not exist. Even the tale of the flagman with the lantern was perfected for his benefit. Makin, it was said, was the only attorney with wit enough to ask whether the lantern was lighted. Not only were the old tradjtions thus twisted to his credit but whenever in everyday practice another lawyer performed an adroit piece of cross-examination, someone was sure to say, "That was like Makin!" The story needed only to be repeated a time or two before all the credit went to him. Thus his reputation grew like a snowball, picking up whatever would add to its impressive bulk, and day by day acquiring new momentum.

It should be said to Makin's credit that this renown was built upon a sound foundation of his own successes. The man had brains, a certain ponderous ruthlessness, and a quick ability to read the truth behind the words of a witness and force the man by subtlety or violence to its revelation. Nor did he ever seek to gather to himself laurels, either deserved or otherwise. He went his weighty way, keeping a habitual silence, never professing, but never denying; and his deeds spoke for him as loudly as did the tongues of his colleagues. He was, aside from his abilities, a picturesque and eye-trapping figure of a man; better than six feet tall, he was heavy of shoulder and body, with a great head and a profusion of lank iron-gray hair never properly barbered. As a result of his habit of running his fingers through it, this was usually in somewhat of a tangle; and his shoulders were apt to be dusted with dandruff.

In dress he was likewise careless. His long frock coat had been familiar for years and its cut was so voluminous that it compassed even his stout body. Also its skirts were so long that they served to palliate if not to conceal the undeniable fact that from the waist down the man was almost spindling. His legs were thin and flabby; but most people who saw him were so absorbed by the cold glow in his fine black eye, and by the persuasive eloquence which issued from his wide loose mouth, that they failed to remark this fundamental weakness in his bodily structure. Certainly no one had ever suggested that there was in this defect anything symbolic; that there was any parallel between his physical and his mental constitution. He was a man wellnigh universally acclaimed; and there was no one who admired him more completely than his assistant, his office man, Ned True.

This True, usually to be seen at his chief's elbow, was completely in contrast with Makin in every visible respect. Makin must have been almost a foot the taller, and twice the weight; and Makin had the uncouth majesty of an elephant, which remains majestic even while it blows dust upon its own head: True was little and dapper and quick of movement, much more like a chipmunk than a mastodon. Makin's eye was dark and clouded, masking a slumbering fire; True's was as blue as a kitten's, and as bright. Makin's mouth was the mouth of an orator, with wide loose lips, flexible and articulate; True's was small and precise beneath his careful little mustache. And where Makin's manner was heavily indifferent to the world, True was an ingratiating little man, eager to be friendly, eager to find someone to listen to his praise of Makin. True had been attached to the other's fortunes for a dozen years, carrying his books, making his notes, listening to his examinations and his arguments, performing the functions of a third hand; and he was content and happy in this humble service.

When Mrs. Tuson was arrested for murder, it was immediately obvious that the trial would attract wide attention, and no one was surprised at the announcement that Makin had been engaged for her defense.

This Mrs. Tuson was, on her own account, a woman of note; a woman already used to seeing herself in the news. There hung about her the double charms of mystery and money. She was a woman of whom not much was known. She had come, some years before, from the West; come with a dying husband to seek certain expert medical attention not to be had elsewhere. Tuson was one of those men who spring from the deepest valley to the highest pinnacle. It was said that he had begun life as a chore boy about a Nevada saloon; that he had become a bartender; and that through the casual kindliness involved in grubstaking an old desert rat of a prospector he had abruptly found a small fortune pouring into his lap. The taste of wealth whetted his appetite for more, and either luck or ability made it possible for him to gratify that passion. Men all about him were becoming rich overnight; he did the same. But many of the others found themselves paupers the next morning. Tuson differed from them in this; he kept what he got until he died.

About Mrs. Tuson not so much was known. She first attracted the attention of the newspapers at the time of her husband's illness, his journey across the continent and his soon-ensuing death. Those who saw her at that time found her a robust woman whose countenance was hardened and seamed by a rigorous life, and who displayed no particular capacity except one for a sort of silent attention which gave an impression of wisdom. One reporter said she

was like the sphinx; but the sphinx has a certain majestic beauty, and Mrs. Tuson was not beautiful. Not even the newspapers called her so, and that should be proof enough.

She was again in the news when it became known that she had bought a house in one of the wealthier suburbs and intended to make her residence in the East. A year or two later word leaked out that she had made a stock-market deal which either by luck or skill proved profitable, and the old clippings were resurrected and rewritten. Thereafter she was consistently in the market, and so far as public knowledge went, consistently successful.

Her private life at this and later times came under scrutiny; and it was spread at large before the public, not so much because it was interesting as because it was not. She must have been a wealthy woman; yet she lived simply, in a fashion almost niggardly. The house she had bought was not particularly large, and was definitely unattractive; a three-story frame affair built some forty years before, with a hump-backed roof lurching down over the third-floor windows. The weatherboarding was painted a utilitarian brown, somber and depressing, and the interior was as sordid as the outward aspect of the place. There was a hot-air furnace, antiquated plumbing, gaslights and painted floors of old pine.

Here Mrs. Tuson lived with a cook and another woman, who seemed to fill the place of a companion; a woman named Cassie Bird. Mrs. Tuson and Cassie Bird were inseparable; they became familiar figures to the public eye. Mrs. Tuson had put on weight since coming East; she was become so large as almost to be unwieldy, yet you would not have called her a fat woman. She had a physical hardness about her; might have been a stout antagonist for any man in a rough-and-tumble affray. Cassie, on the other hand, was smaller, and very thin, and she spoke in a high, hollow voice; and she had a fashion of turning her head forever this way and that, watching everyone about her with alert black eyes so sharp they were sometimes disquieting. In the fact that they were both attached like shadows to more commanding figures, and in some of their physical aspects, there was a resemblance between Cassie and Ned True; and out of this may have arisen that sympathetic understanding without words which in the end developed between them.

The dead man was a painter named Findle; a man without relatives, alone in the world. He had, during a period of two years, been doing odd jobs about the Tuson house. It appeared at the trial—Makin was careful to establish this fact—that he was notoriously awkward and clumsy, forever the victim of little mishaps arising from his own ineptitudes. This and a certain omnivorousness toward women, ridiculous in view of the man's lack of attractions, were his outstanding characteristics. He was found one day, in Mrs. Tuson's bedroom, dead.

He had, it appeared, been painting the floor of Mrs. Tuson's room, putting on a coat of heavy deck paint calculated to stand wear. He was killed by a shot from a heavy-caliber revolver of an ancient model, which had belonged to Mr. Tuson, and which Mrs. Tuson always kept in the small upper drawer of her bureau. The shot had entered his neck just under the point of the chin and plunged upward between the eye and the ear into the brain, emerging at a point rather toward the back of the man's head.

Mrs. Tuson, when questioned, said that she and Cassie Bird were in the attic, putting away blankets for the summer, when the shot was fired; she said they came down and found the man lying on the floor quite dead. Cassie's story was identical, an echo of that of the other woman. Mrs. Tuson expressed the belief that Findle had been inspecting her bureau drawers, had found the pistol, taken it out and accidentally had shot himself. But the medical examiner pointed out that the muzzle had been at least three feet from the dead man's chin when the weapon was fired. Hence, it was argued, he could not have shot himself.

Upon this fact and upon the further circumstance that the dead man had sometimes pressed his attentions upon women, and upon the rumor that Mrs. Tuson sometimes permitted herself an outbreak of unbridled anger, the case against her was founded. It was fairly demonstrable that there had been no one in the house except the painter, the cook and these two women. The event was that Mrs. Tuson was arrested; and her brokers, acting as her representatives, engaged Makin to prepare her defense.

Makin accepted the case in his usual calm fashion; but the fact that he had been retained added the last touch necessary to focus public interest. Any cause involving Mrs. Tuson must have been notable, and likewise any case in which Makin appeared.

Mrs. Tuson's acquittal was taken for granted. Most people thought her innocent; but even if this had not been so, Makin would have been relied upon to convince the jury. Yet though the result was thus a foregone conclusion, the manner in which it would be accomplished provoked conjecture and engaged the public mind. It became obvious that not even Makin had ever before appeared in a cause which would be so widely followed as this one; and True, who knew the great man better than most, was able to see that Makin was impressed by this aspect of the case, by the disastrous possibility of failure. He became faintly irritable; and the phlegmatic man, who usually seemed half asleep, now and then by his demeanor confessed the possession of twitching nerves.

There was, after all, a prima-facie case against Mrs. Tuson; a case that would take some breaking. That Makin would free her was expected. But if he should fail to do so, the result would be to blunt the keen edge of his reputation. He was in the position of a man with everything to lose and nothing to gain.

And True, watching him day by day, saw that Makin appreciated this fact; he was too loyal to feel any misgiving of his own, but he could see that as the trial date approached Makin was not free from fear.

Mrs. Tuson's trial was one of those modern spectacles which occupy the place in the public mind anciently held by gladiatorial combats. There is this difference: In the past the warriors staked their own lives; today the combatants fight for the life of a third person. It is true that in this particular case no one seriously supposed that Mrs. Tuson was in peril of the death penalty. Her crime, if crime it had been, was certainly of the sort which juries condone; her punishment at the worst would be a prison term. Nevertheless, she was on trial for murder, on trial for her life; and the newspapers did not fail repeatedly to emphasize this fact in headlines piling high.

The usual weary business of selecting a jury took on this occasion a tedious time; but when this skirmish was done, the matter proceeded with a rather disappointing celerity. The state's case was presented with a crisp brevity and directness; and True, watching his chief, listening to Makin's cross-examinations, perceived that the great man was disturbed by the tactics of his opponent. The district attorney seemed to seek to prove little more than the admitted facts; he permitted Makin to cross-examine at a length and with a latitude out of all reason; and when Makin, trying to drive the other into objections, passed all bounds, the district attorney merely smiled in a kindly and condescending way which Makin—True could see this more plainly than others—found vastly disquieting.

The early evidence was little more than a formal presentation of admitted facts. The medical examiner and a police officer described the wound and the location of the body when found, and withstood Makin's cross-examination with an unbroken front. Then a grocer, an expressman and a traffic officer testified that Findle had boasted to them that he was "making a hit" with Mrs. Tuson. Makin, who could coo like a dove when he chose, roared like a bull at these men; but the unsuccessful violence of his own efforts damaged his case more than their answers helped him.

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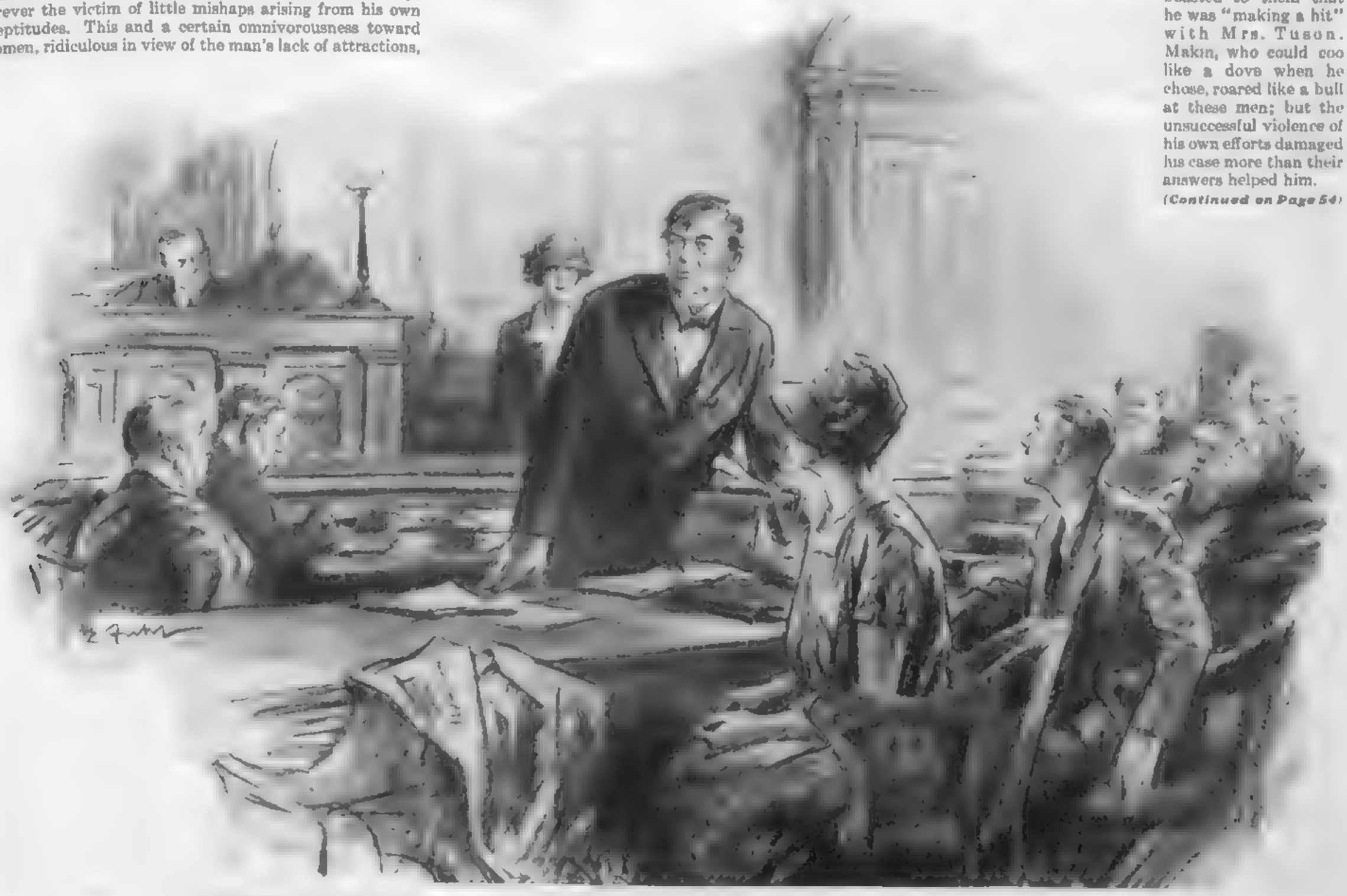

He Turned His Back Upon Cassie, Pretending to Fumble With His Papers, Interposing His Bulk Between Her and Her Mistress

The Great American Scandal

Crime and Our Police—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

"The Police System is the Least to Blame"

CRIME, say the experts and statisticians, costs the people of the United States much more than public education.

Crime, as the figures show, goes merrily on increasing. Now, as in the past, a comparison of our murder, robbery, burglary, fraud and lawlessness record with that of other civilized countries shows us as standing head and shoulders above the rest of the world in breakdown of law enforcement.

It has been computed that in several cities of the United States the cost of law enforcement is between eight and ten dollars a year for every man, woman and child.

Dr. Frank Moore, a student of penal methods in New Jersey, says that it costs $2200 to find, prosecute and punish the average criminal in that state.

We not only spend more money on our criminals than on education; we spend ten times more money in costs of crime and its prevention and punishment than we spend on our army and navy. We spend three times more money on our crime than the Government raises from its customs and internal revenue. The operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission has figured that the direct financial loss of crime to the people of Chicago averaged about thirty-three dollars apiece every year.

But lawlessness increases; it does not diminish. Crimes of violence are commoner every year. The streets and highways are like a wild-west show, with real bullets substituted for blanks. The recruits for the new criminal population are not the old-fashioned, unshaven, bulldog-jawed burglars; the recruits are well-dressed, dapper boys and girls—from the youth of the nation. A great percentage of our criminals are under twenty-three; and the average age of criminals has been reduced ten years during the last two decades.

Facing this situation the citizen is in a blank amazement. Nothing done so far—not even the devotion of large public expenditure—appears to have the slightest effect in stopping the rising crime tide. Our largest cities go on becoming more and more like old-fashioned lawless mining camps. Twenty years ago I remember that in a new settlement in the Far West I was impressed by the drama of the holdup of a restaurant in a round-up town; today such holdups of stores and restaurants in most of our cities are a commonplace. One bandit on a horse out in the sagebrush used to be a sufficient subject for ten books and as many motion-picture reels; today squads of them in fast motor cars terrorize whole sections. It used to be said that yellow newspapers gave too much space to every sordid murder. Now murders, unless attended by extraordinary circumstances, have less notice than dog bites in the press. We have 10,000 or 11,000 of them a year in the United States, and only one in ten of them is even punished. Enthusiasts for citizen activity in crime prevention in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and most of our American cities throw up their hands and say, probably with foolish haste, "Oh, the law has broken down. Let honest citizens buy guns and put up their own defense."

Placing the Responsibility

IT IS natural, perhaps, that in the course of our slow drifting toward lawlessness the public should look for some dog to kick. Who is to blame for our disorder, our crime, our looseness of rein? Who is to blame if our daughters are held up, our house or store or bank looted, our motor cars stolen and our family assaulted? We had supposed that we not only could enforce those normal laws that govern the safety of life and property but, proudly beating the drums of reform, we had marched on toward enforcing other laws not concerning the infringement of others' rights, but designed to provide standards of personal conduct. And now we discover that we cannot even make a respectable showing at enforcing the normal laws—the laws which are a normal function of government rather than what may be called our goose-stepping legislation. Responsible judges and leaders of the American bar have frankly stated that our failure to enforce our criminal laws, our indulgence of the wrongdoer and the breaking down of our law-enforcement system are a disgrace to our civilization.

What dog shall we kick? The average man or woman knows nothing about the inadequacy or absurdity of many laws or the superabundance of our law itself; knows little about the antiquated, slow-moving and inefficient machinery of our criminal prosecutions; knows only vaguely of the three-cornered contest between ignorant brutality, enlightened science and mushy sentimental nonsense which goes on in the administration of our penal institutions. Therefore the average mind turns on the only force which in childhood we felt was the natural opponent of the criminal. That force is the police.

He Leaves Behind Him His Crime, His Record, His Identification

When the governor of a state or the new mayor of a city or an investigating body of citizens finds that the crime scandal has become too much to tolerate in silence and inaction, there is a childish and simple course to follow—blame the police! There is nothing easier to say than the phrase, "The police are inefficient and corrupt." When I undertook to find out why America is crime ridden and what can be done about it, I confess that I began at once, like numberless others who have written about our crime tide, to investigate our police, our detective methods, and all the machinery directed at watchdogging, sleuthing and arresting.

Undermanned Forces

IT TOOK some months of a wide investigation to get me out of that habit of mind. It took me some time to realize that other dogs to kick may be selected first by the indignant citizen who wants America to return to some decent measure of law-abiding spirit and practice. The laws themselves and their multiplicity and pretensions make up one. The creaking court machinery which deals with the wrongdoer after his arrest is another. Our system of punishment, which fails to uncriminalize the prisoner or else so coddles him that being a prisoner is so much of a special privilege that it encourages young recruits in lawlessness, is a third.

Today if anyone asked me which department of law enforcement was the least to blame for our criminals' paradise—law, police courts or prisons—I should answer without a moment's hesitation, "The police system is the least to blame." After going as far as I can in an extended investigation, I have the evidence, not to show that our police systems are anywhere near perfect, but to show that if they were each as perfect as they can be under present conditions, crime would still go merrily on in its climb toward a menacing place in our national life.

When I was serving abroad as ambassador in Italy one of the high officials in the Italian secret-police service told me that he marveled that our police were half as effective as they are. Because he has been in America and has investigated our police systems he has understood what difficulties are presented by the conditions in this country. Few of our own citizens and critics do understand.

I have discovered that all over the United States one of the great troubles in our fight against the criminal lies in the fact that failure of law enforcement is blamed by one limb of the law upon the weakness of some other limb. The police blame the prisons and the courts; the prosecuting attorneys and the courts blame the prison system and the police; the prison officials blame the police and the courts, and so it goes. However, now and then one finds a judge of prominence who gives the police their due. One such man with a long experience in criminal-court work has written to me:

"It is absurd to compare the efficiency of American police with that of police in European countries. The figures show that our forces are undermanned."

That is true. London has a population of over 7,000,000. New York, with its transient visitors, has about the same population, but the number of police on the London force is nearly double the number on the New York force.

In New York there is one policeman for every 500 or 600 persons. But in Rome there is one for every 130; in Berlin one for 225; in Paris one for every 276. Rome, with about one-tenth the population of New York, has nearly one-half the number of police in New York.

In Chicago the Crime Commission estimates that the professional criminal population is over 10,000. But the number of patrolmen is only half the number of those criminals classified as professional.

It is true, undoubtedly, that if statistics were available as to the extent of territory patrolled in American and in foreign cities it would be found that the patrol work of policemen in American cities covered about four times the patrol territory of patrolmen in cities abroad—even allowing for the fact that in many European cities patrolling is done by police officers in pairs. The plain truth is that though we spend more on crime than on education, we probably spend too little on both education and our police.

On the undermanned police forces of America there have been thrown—indeed, as this country has not yet realized—tremendous new loads. One of these is traffic—the coming of the internal-combustion engine which has almost made the pedestrian an extinct species, treated with contempt and called a jay-walker when dead. The other is the staggering load of regulating personal conduct.

"The part played by traffic," said one chief of police to me, "is unreckoned by the average citizen. He expects us to reduce the robberies, the burglaries, and all the folly and vice of mankind with the same force we used to have. But he wants us to devote half that force to the traffic squad."

The traffic in foreign countries is not one of such staggering burdens as it is in the United States. In New York City, for instance, there are more than 500 more men in the traffic division than there are available for ordinary patrol duty. This condition never grows better. Take the arrests and summonses in New York for traffic and motor-vehicle violations; it is a good picture of conditions in the rest of the country. In 1915 the number of offenses was over 10,000; in 1916 over 30,000; and after 1918, when the war was over, they went up to 50,000; in 1920 to 100,000, and in 1923 to 120,000. The traffic work of the police forces of the United States has almost doubled the policing job, and no one would contend for a moment that we have doubled our number of police.

Coincident with the growth of the traffic problem there has come the thrusting upon the police forces of the United States the attempt to enforce the newer regulations. It so happens that laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages are now the most prominent examples, but I do not refer to them specifically, but to all the laws, dead or alive, which are less concerned with protecting the life, property, liberty and peace of society from infringement by criminals and more concerned with attempting to create individual character, virtue, conduct and self-restraint by writing laws on the statute books.

It is not my business as a reporter of conditions to examine the wisdom of such laws. But no one can examine the police systems of the United States today without knowing that the attempt to enforce them has seriously diminished our effective policing against crime and the fundamental kinds of lawlessness. The average police chief, I have found, is reluctant to be quoted as to the real condition.

Writing in 1920, Raymond B. Fosdick, in his book, American Police Systems, points out that one great disadvantage of our police is the presence of laws interfering with practices or customs regarded as innocent. "These laws," says Mr. Fosdick, "are fundamentally unenforceable." And he adds, with truth which I can confirm, that our willingness to undertake regulation of the personal habits of citizens astounds Europeans.

Real Work

EXCEPT for Germany, no country, under pressure of what in local fields may be only a minority, tries to bring a particular code of behavior within the scope of criminal legislation. He quotes J. C. Carter, once leader of the American bar, as saying: "Nothing is more attractive to the benevolent vanity of men than the notion that they can effect great improvement in society by the simple process of forbidding all wrong personal conduct, or conduct which they think is wrong, by law."

"There are plenty of people," one police chief wrote me, "who are more anxious to prevent a burglar from buying a cigarette on Sunday than they are to prevent him from beating a housewife into insensibility. They want us to arrest the Sunday golfer and the man and his wife who play solitaire on the train, and after that is done, spend our spare time in slapping the automobile bandit on his naughty wrist."

We Have Become a Nation of Arab Transients, and That in Itself is a Great Police Problem

"The Ignorant and Vicious are Becoming Capitalists"

The hypocrisy of the police as to the enforcement of the goose-stepping laws is repellent, but to me it is also pathetic. It is pathetic because the real social will—the only force which makes the laws more than printed words on a printed page—is silent or incoherent in counseling the police to tackle the real work first—the suppression of real crime. At the same time that the police fail to have the support of citizens in the battle against the real criminal, they are terrified and bullied by a small organized pressure to give great efforts to some crusade against individual conduct. Sometimes such crusades are to enforce the laws of personal behavior passed by rural dwellers to restrict the freedom of play, enjoyment or conduct of city men and women; sometimes prohibitory laws are passed by one section which enjoys the vanity of benevolence in foisting a regulation on the people of another district or locality. The worst of it all is that the effort demanded of the police to enforce such goose-stepping laws is usually wasted. This is the truth which the police know and seldom dare to tell. They know that men cannot be made over by law, that some laws cannot be enforced. They know, as statesmen, lawyers, judges and sensible men all know, that the phrase "The law is the law," taken literally, is a piece of hypocrisy.

They know that the law is what the people willingly and freely will back up. It is pathetic to find so many police officials in America today who are afraid to say publicly, as they will to me privately, how much damage to all law enforcement has been caused, how much attention has been distracted from real crime, real violence, fraud, disorder and even killings, by goose-step laws and the clamor for their enforcement.

Law and Its Enforcement

MY INVESTIGATION has not aimed toward any conclusions as to the ultimate enforcement of laws against alcoholic beverages. Nevertheless, no matter where one stands on the so-called prohibition question, it is folly when one is confronted with facts bearing on the crime tide to suppress them merely because they are bad news to partisan opinion. The fact is that prohibition has confronted our police forces with a tremendous new problem.

One police commissioner, who is above the suspicions sometimes directed at a mere political officeholder, said to me: "You and I both stand for the enforcement of law. Certainly I have no right to say at this stage that I will not enforce the laws against alcoholic drink. But I would have to be a fool and the police of America would have to be blind if we could not see the costs of prohibition. The innocent may think it is being enforced. All the agencies of enforcement send up such smoke screens. We hear of blockades and clean-ups, but the prices of liquor have not changed. The police may have to say the law is being enforced, but the real truth is that it has produced a new crime ring unequaled in any past experience of a civilized country. It is organizing more and more. It is rich and powerful. The breeding of a new criminal population enjoying a fairyland of profit is going on like wildfire. The ignorant and vicious are becoming capitalists."

Charles R. Holden, the president of the Crime Commission in Chicago, has described with sophisticated insight the kind of hireling criminal, the most dangerous and permanent of professionals, who is being trained, patronized and nourished by the bootleg ring:

"You all recall, as you have read back in history, how the mercenary, the man of violence, has always been a particular source of danger to any community. He is the man whose occupation is that of bandit or soldier, depending on whether a state revolution exists or not; as is the case in Mexico, where that type of man is the source of the present unrest. It was the mercenary—the soldier in time of war and the bandit in time of peace in Continental Europe—who brought about the

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HOLE IN ONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT'S surprisin'," said Mr. Weevil, one of the Three Musketeers of the Appletree Golf Club, "how little you know about folks you know a lot about."

"As for instance?" asked Mr. Wills.

"I was thinking about Old Man Arkwright," Weevil said. "Here we see him around this place dog-gone nearly every day, and twice Saturdays and Sundays, but I don't know if he's a widower or was just too mean to try it even once."

"Widower," said McWhinney succinctly.

"Did he tell you?"

"No."

"Then what do you know about it?"

"No man," said McWhinney, "was ever married—even for twenty-four hours—who ever got rid of the marks of it."

"Huh! Didn't know you thought so highly of matrimony."

"Mrs. McWhinney and I," said Mac, "have been married for twenty-four years. We've been into bunkers and out of 'em. We've sunk long putts and missed short ones. We've run into streaks where we sliced our drive and pulled our irons; but take it for the whole stretch and we've averaged shooting the matrimonial course in about ninety, which is good enough for anybody. No, I got nothin' special against marriage; but all the same, it marks you, and you can't get rid of it any more'n you can of an anchor tattooed on your arm."

"Good speech," said Wills.

"All the same," said Weevil, "I bet Arkwright's an old maid."

"Then," said President Olney from his chair over in the corner, "you'd lose."

"Now," said Weevil, "we got the authentic stuff."

"The old man," said Olney, "was married, and he has a daughter."

"Never heard him speak of her," said Wills.

"He hasn't spoken to her in seventeen years or so."

"I get you," said Wills; "his daughter's a prodigal son."

"Not even that. Fine girl, she used to be, and pretty as a new hickory shaft. But she married a man Arkwright didn't like. Ran off with him, and the old man's cut her out of the books ever since. And him with enough money to retire and live honest too."

"I've heard he has a snag of it," Wills admitted.

"While his daughter works for a living and supports a boy," said Olney.

"The old wampus!" McWhinney observed. "Where's the girl?"

"Lives in the city. Public-school teacher."

"The old burglar," said Wills with conviction, "never deserved to make that hole in one. Here he lives a life of glory while his offspring starves. Dog-gone if I ever let him tell me that story again."

McWhinney cleared his throat, and the three other men in the room looked at him with quickened interest. When Mac cleared his throat it usually meant something.

"How old's the kid?" he asked.

"Fifteen—sixteen."

"Um—got his address?"

"Can get it. Why?"

"Just thought of something," said Mac.

"I'll underwrite it up to a thousand," said Olney.

"No expenses," said Mac; "but no dividends either."

"Are we in?" Wills asked for himself and Weevil

"The man," said McWhinney, "who invents a fence that'll keep you out's a bigger genius than Edison. . . . Now let's play golf."

II

THE caddie master was instructing a new boy in his intricate duties: First, that the one high object of his life was to keep his eye on the ball; second, that only one caddie was allowed on a green; third, to hold out the bag so the member might select his club and not to venture on a selection of his own; fourth, to strangle rather than hiccup when anybody was putting; fifth, never to swing a member's club; sixth, to replace those blocks of sod which duffers call divots; seventh, that the Appletree Golf Club did not approve a caddie who improved his man's lie in the rough, no matter how generously that member tipped; eighth, not to take it as personal when a member cussed him out after dubbing a short approach, because the member had to cuss out somebody and the caddie was paid for it; ninth, not to stand behind or at an angle from nervous members, of whom there were many; and tenth, if a member asked his advice on club or distance or anything else connected with the game, to give it promptly, briskly, with authority—whether he knew anything about it or not.

These were the caddie master's ten commandments, and the new boy listened to them with what seemed almost to be intelligence. Then he turned him loose in the pen with the other caddies, there to receive his real technical education, which would consist of a swift, accurate and just appraisal of the faults and virtues of every member, and how to conduct himself with each in order to keep woe absent from his young life and to acquire the maximum in tips. Also he learned that the deuce is opposite Phœbe on an ivory cube.

Now it is a well-known fact that every caddie has a perfect golf swing. How he gets it nobody knows, but it is certain he does not do so by watching the men whose bags he carries. Also every caddie owns a strange assortment of clubs, acquired by swapping or by the gift of some member who royal-heartedly passes on some weapon so cracked and rusted and out of date that nobody but a caddie can use it. The new boy, whose name became Spotty because of his equipment of freckles, acquired the first without effort, and the second mysteriously; and he practiced assiduously. When he was not eating jumbo peanut bars or those more dreadful lumps of whitish glue covered with chocolate which are the chief food of a caddie, he was swinging his clubs. Apple cores, cigarette stubs, dandelion blossoms—all suffered by his prowess; and on the caddies' putting green, a dozen square yards of skinned and bumpy earth, he putted with determination. It seemed that golf had got into his blood.

Spotty started out as a Class B caddie, which meant that his remuneration was eighty-five cents instead of a dollar a round; but on the third day he was promoted. Though he had not mentioned it to the caddie master on the occasion of his initial instruction, Spotty had caddied before. To be exact, he had caddied for two years with great success in that, his chosen profession.

"Alex," Weevil said one afternoon to Alex Gay the professional, "have you noticed the caddie the kids call Spotty?"

"Not particular."

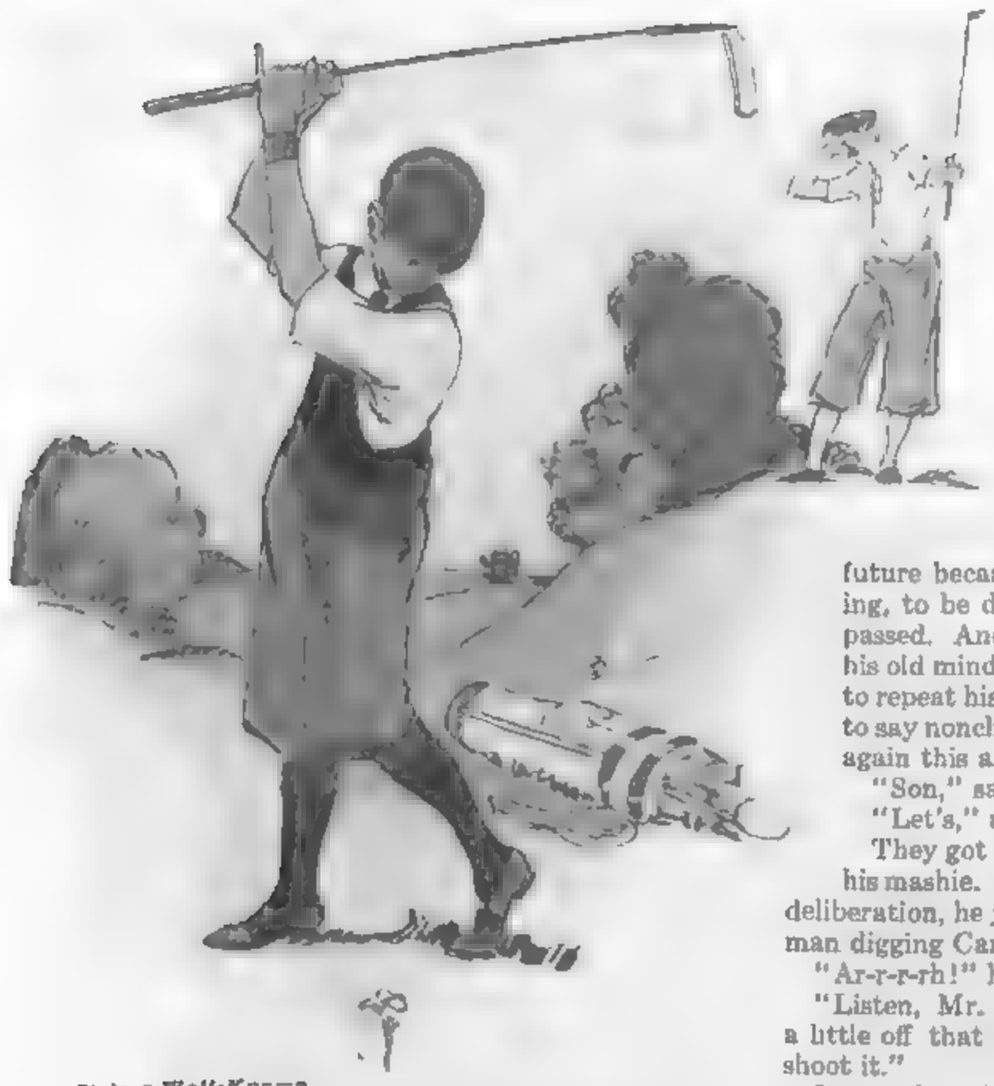
"Notice him," said Weevil.

Alex noticed and reported.

"The lad's the makin's of a gran' golfer in him," he reported. "He don't guess his shots; he knows 'em And that's what's the matter with a lot of you fellows. Ye play by ear."

McWhinney developed a new peculiarity at that time, which was to play one afternoon a week at some other

Boys Had Been Known to Hide Under the Bushes Until Mr. Arkwright Was Out of the Way



It Is a Well-Known Fact That Every Caddie Has a Perfect Golf Swing

club—he who before had disdained any course but the Appletree's famed and beautiful set of fairways and greens. But it seemed he did not trust strange caddies, for he always drove up to the locker house and took Spotty away with him. Neither Spotty nor McWhinney mentioned where they went nor what occurred at their destination; but the fact was they did not play golf. They took lessons—or rather Spotty took them—and with the foundation the boy already owned, he made rapid strides.

Just how Old Man Arkwright became interested is unknown. Perhaps McWhinney and Wills and Weevil could hazard a guess, but they never did. The old man played alone frequently, not from volition, but because members broke for cover when he appeared in the place. They could endure his golf, which was terrible, but not his conversation, which was an abomination. It all led to one point. You could start talking about the Reparations Commission, and before you were along more than a paragraph, Old Man Arkwright would have worked in his hole in one. He could work it into a sermon and could introduce it into the middle of a humorous story. There was no line of talk so tight but that he could find some crack or cranny into which to drive that famous episode.

Now a hole in one is interesting, especially when it happens to a golfer who never before nor since made one in less than seven. It is interesting on the first, even the second, possibly on the third hearing; but when, embroidered by twenty years' recollections, it has been listened to literally tens of thousands of times, it begins to pall, to lose its keen edge, and to be about as welcome in society as a polecat that lives under a pesthouse.

Even the caddies dreaded it. Boys had been known to hide under the bushes until Mr. Arkwright was out of the way, and other urchins came back from a round with the old man pop-eyed and panting with the effort which he put upon their self-restraint. Also he tipped in a manner which was not lavish. Once he broke a hundred and celebrated the day by giving his caddie fifty cents.

Now every respectable golf club has a rule that there may be no preferential caddies or players. Caddies must be assigned in turn to members as they arrive; but, strangely enough, Spotty was always next in line when Old Man Arkwright appeared. Nobody protested, not even Spotty. It was all wrong, and Absalom Parker would have made a lengthy written protest to the green committee if he had noted it; but that is the way it was. A word from President Olney to the caddie master fixed it.

They were a strange pair, the cantankerous old man who loved golf as he loved nothing else on earth, and the freckled boy whose patience seemed inexhaustible, and whose hunger to hear about that hole in one was nothing short of insatiable.

"Mister," said Spotty one day when they were approaching the famous seventh hole, "why don't you make it in one again?"

Arkwright snorted and was about to tear the caddie limb from limb, until he looked at the boy's face and saw no malice there, nor mischief, but earnestness and a serious purpose.

"Huh!" he snorted again.

"If you did it once, you can do it again," said Spotty. "That would be somethin'."

The idea never had occurred to Old Man Arkwright. He had lived in the past; now ambition blossomed and the future became something more than a time of waiting, to be disposed of as easily as old years may be passed. Another hole in one! The thought tinkled in his old mind like the ringing of silver bells. To be able to repeat his feat! To walk into the men's lounge and to say nonchalantly, "Well, I made the seventh in one again this afternoon." Something to live for!

"Son," said the old man, "we'll go after it."

"Let's," agreed Spotty.

They got to the seventh and Arkwright unlimbered his mashie. Having sighted for the hole with profound deliberation, he jabbed at the ball as if he were a husbandman digging Canada thistles, and sliced it out of bounds.

"Ar-r-r-rh!" he growled, and his lust was to slay.

"Listen, Mr. Arkwright," said the boy, "you're just a little off that shot. That ain't the way you used to shoot it."

It was, but the old man was ready to believe anything solacing.

"H'm—am off my game," he said. "Can't figger just what's wrong. Notice my swing, did ye?"

He had no swing to notice; what he called a swing was a combination of a heave and a jab; but Spotty nodded and looked about cautiously.

"Lemme show you," he suggested; "nobody'll see." He dropped a ball on the turf. "Now watch," he said. "Wrists firm—so. Bring your club back well behind you, and when you hit, try to hit a man behind you. Just cut the legs from under it. Watch!"

Mr. Arkwright watched. Spotty made his shot. The ball lifted beautifully, dropped ten feet short of the pin, in a line, jumped ahead a couple of feet and stopped dead.

"There," said Spotty, "that's the shot you got to get if you're goin' to make her in one again. Never mind any other shots. Just kind of stick to that one. I'll, now, keep my eye on you right along. Better try another one now—like I showed you."

Old Man Arkwright tried another and achieved a miracle. The ball dropped inside Spotty's, nearer the cup.

"By heck!" the old fellow puffed. "Take a look at that! Huh! I always knew them professional pros were a lot of robbers. Lookit the lessons I've took offn 'em. Not a mite of good, and here comes a kid and gits me results. Say, tell you what, s'posin' we play together, eh?"

"Against the rules," said Spotty.

"Got any clubs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put 'em in my bag when we git back. Then when we git out of sight of the house, we'll play. I kin kind of watch your swing."

"Yes, sir," said Spotty. "But if I was you, now, for a month, say, I wouldn't use any club but a mashie and a putter. Stick to the mashie till you get it down fine. Then we'll go after that seventh in one."

"You," said Old Man Arkwright, "are the first kid I ever see with sense."

Spotty, it seems, was a caddie with conscience. He stated Old Man Arkwright's proposition to the caddie master and asked his advice. That official winked.

"I dunno what's up, but it's somethin' McWhinney and them is mixin' in. They fixed it so you got to caddie for the old man always, and President Olney he kind of let on 'most anything goes. So shoot her, kid, and see if you kin drag more'n a dime tip out of the old woggler."

Next day Spotty and Old Man Arkwright played a full eighteen together; the old man used his mashie throughout, while the caddie utilized his full assortment of clubs.

At the end, Arkwright asked almost genially, "What'd you shoot, son?"

"Eighty," said Spotty modestly.

And so it came about that, during the next ten days, Old Man Arkwright became almost as much interested in Spotty's game as he did in his own.

"You got the makin' of a fine pro in you," he said, "if you jest stick to it. Good business too. Yes, sir, a pro makes a darn slick livin' these days."

He took to droning the boy's praises in the men's lounge; and McWhinney, who had made an exhaustive study of the old man's character and disposition, took steps to cement him in the course he seemed to have chosen. Mac listened for a while to Mr. Arkwright, his face a picture of disgust.

"Huh!" he snorted. "Things are comin' to a pretty pass when a member takes to chummin' with a caddie."

"Chummin', did ye say?" Here Old Man Arkwright aired his grievance for the first and last time; for, after all, he had his qualities and was no whiner. "Anyhow, I kin hire somebody to play with me. My dues don't include the priv'lege of playin' with members when they kin dodge me. And more'n that, I druther go round with a smart, p'lite kid like Spotty than with a lot of the dumb-headed grouches that sneaked past the membership committee into this club. And as for playin' golf—say, Spotty kin

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"I'm Goin' After 'Em, I Don't Care Where They Be. I'm Goin' on the Jump"

PLUMES AND SABLE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE harsh impact of a shoe against his spinal column conveyed to Mr. Slinky Morgan the information that day was about to dawn. Accompanying the kick came the sound of a voice which angrily slurred the English language:

"Hey, you leetla bum, you getta up! What you theenka you good for anyhow?"

Mr. Morgan stirred, moaned and pulled the ancient and malodorous blanket over his head. He answered his tormentor in a sleepy whine:

"Aw, git away, Nick! Git away an' leave me be."

The retort of Nick was highly picturesque, but by no means courteous. Vituperation poured from his lips in a frantic mixture of his native and adopted tongues. He requested to know who Slinky Morgan was, anyhow, and how did he getta thataway.

The cascade of words drove the last trace of sleep from the eyes of the little man on the floor and he struggled to a sitting posture.

For a few seconds Slinky sat motionless, staring at the swarthy and excited gentleman with mild disapproval in his watery eyes, and then Mr. Morgan remembered that in the past twenty-four hours a great change had come over him. He recalled that last night he had determined upon a bold and soul-stirring act of knight-errantry. Whereupon Slinky scrambled to his feet and very nearly succeeded in looking Nick straight in the eye.

"I guess you don't know whatcher sayin'," said Slinky.

Nick proceeded to make it quite clear that he knew perfectly well what he was saying. He said it again, more forcibly than before. He threatened Slinky with immediate and complete dismemberment in the event that gentleman did not immediately make the fire, sweep the place and getta himself outa here. Then Nick whirled regally and strode into the back room, from which emanated violent odors in a combat from which it was evident that garlic would emerge triumphant.

Left in momentary peace, Mr. Slinky Morgan gave his quarters a disdainful survey. One could see by the vague half light of early November morning that the place which Slinky used as a bedroom gave possibilities of being converted, during the daytime, into a mercantile establishment.

Scattered about the place were baskets of coal, bundles of wood, shelves of miscellaneous and somewhat dirty groceries, boxes of spaghetti and macaroni and ravioli, and under the glass of a battered show case, antiquated Bolognas, spiced meats, pickles and other comestibles which are classified comprehensively as delicatessen.

There was a single window in the room, just to the left of the door. It was high up near the ceiling, and through its unwashed panes one could glimpse the sidewalk of West Street. But at this chill hour that artery of trucking was deathly silent, and across the broad expanse of paving the magnificent Chelsea piers loomed like great gray wraiths in the leaden light.

Slinky wasted no time in the process of dressing. He slipped feet into his shoes and pulled a tattered coat over his narrow shoulders. Mr. Morgan was no stickler for style, nor a slave to the gods of personal appearance. He moved reluctantly into the rear room, which served Nick as sleeping and living quarters, and a few minutes later had a fire roaring in the rusty range.

During the process of this labor, the irascible Nick maintained a steady torrent of verbal abuse; but on this particular morning his opinion of Slinky Morgan's superb uselessness affected that person not at all. Mr. Morgan was remembering with growing vividity that the current of his life had been shifted into nobler channels. Even when he returned to the front of the store and commenced dabbing at the floor with an old broom, the idea did not desert him. He was trembling with eagerness and thrilled by the knowledge that he was upon the threshold of a very great adventure.

Slinky Morgan, Forty Feet Away, Watched Pop-Eyed. He Had No Intention Whatsoever of Mixing Up in Any Encounter

Slinky was an unimportant member of that legion which is generally reputed to be without visible means of support. By night he slept wherever he could; in summer, on clear nights, it was usually under some deserted pier or in an abandoned wagon. When the weather grew more chill, Slinky was forced into menial occupation such as that which now occupied—but did not engross—him. It was quite necessary that from October to May he should slumber under a roof, and so his services were proffered as general cleaner-up in such establishments as Nick's. In return for his labors he was allowed the privilege of sleeping on the floor under such coverings as Nick did not need. Also he was given a bit of breakfast occasionally, before being shooed into the cold and cruel world until night should have settled once again.

Slinky's home was the extreme west side of New York City, on that lengthy thoroughfare which extends northward from the Battery and is bounded on the east by row on row of warehouses and wholesale establishments and on the west by the great piers which line the North River

By profession, Slinky was a wharf rat. Like hundreds of others of his kind, he eked out a precarious and unloved existence by such minor pilferage as happened to come his way. Not for him was the glory of a big water-front haul such as the longshoremen engineered occasionally, or even the modest graft of the shenangoes. Slinky hung around the piers, edging occasionally by a gateman and snooping around in search of some trifling bit of neglected cargo which he might convert into cash; some trinket or bit of junk for which Nick might pay a quarter.

And yet even so humble a bit of human flotsam as Slinky had not been neglected by Kid Cupid. Within the past few days that diabolical little archer had poisoned the

heart of Slinky Morgan and filled him with love and ambition. He had caused Slinky to consider a theft which would be worth while. He was grimly determined to steal for his lady love a gift which would dazzle her into complaisance.

The beneficiary of Slinky's passion was not particularly gifted with personality, nor was she of noble estate. She was, frankly, chambermaid in a West Street flop house, which position rates rather low in the social scale. If life had not treated her royally, she certainly did not possess the courage to grumble. Besides, she was too busy. She had little enough time for work, goodness knows, without bothering herself with thinking. And she had responded timidly to Slinky's advances chiefly because he was the first male creature to pay her the slightest attention.

Slinky was perhaps the first man whom she had ever regarded from the personal angle. The commencement of their affair will forever remain a dark and unfathomable mystery, but it certainly did begin, and it moved along in rather uneventful fashion. The young lady, who was known in the flop house as Nan, indicated to the world that things were picking up when she invested a few cents in a bow of pink ribbon with which she decorated her hair. Slinky was sincere in his praise.

"Gee, that looks swell!"

"You like it?"

"Uh-huh." Slinky's brain commenced the laborious process of functioning. "You'd look real good if you was dolled up."

"Aw, Slinky."

"'Struth." Then, after careful deliberation, "I'm gonna getcha somethin'."

"What?"

"Dunno. Somethin' pretty."

A faint light of interest shone through her eyes.

"Y'mean it?"

"Cross my heart."

"Where y' gonna get it, Slinky?"

"Swipe it off one of the piers," he responded candidly. "Where y' reckon?"

"Oh, Lawdy, Slinky, don't you go gettin' yerself in atir fer me!"

"Huh! Guess I can take care of meself."

By the time Mr. Morgan departed that night the magic finger of romance had touched two drab lives with gold. No plumed knight with gleaming armor and tilting lance ever received so unqualified a send-off from his lady fair. Nan thought Slinky was a real swell feller and she told him so. To Slinky it was absolutely amazing that any woman should look upon him with eyes which failed to blaze disfavorably. Sleep came late that night, which explains why he was tardy in performing his matutinal functions in Nick's basement store.

Today was the great day. On this cold morning, Slinky planned to commit a bit of petty pilferage which would delight the heart of his charlady friend. No definite procedure presented itself; it was his plan to make himself as conspicuous as possible around the pier entrances in hopes that some truck driver might mistake him for a shenango and employ him to assist in loading. Once by the gateman, the rest was easy; Slinky would desert his truck, hide himself, and then nose around until he located some bit of cargo which had been damaged in the unloading process. After that it was merely a question of watching his opportunity, sneaking the coveted bauble from the broken case, putting it under his threadbare jacket and then walking boldly from the pier. Slinky knew his technic well enough; his real task was getting foot beyond the pier entrance.

Watchmen are not overly friendly toward wharf rats or particular in their method of ejection. But such danger of bodily mishap as Mr. Morgan faced was more than atoned for in contemplation of the rewards which would be his when he presented his trophy to Nan. He shambled into the rear room and ate hungrily, scarcely hearing the torrent of abuse which Nick heaped upon him. Love was working wonders with Slinky Morgan; he felt that for two copper cents he'd just about tell Nick where he could git off at.

At seven o'clock Nick opened his store for the day and shoved his lodger up the steps to the street. It was a gray day and unusually cold. Clouds hung low over the river and were banked in grim gray masses. Across from Nick's shop were the forbidding fronts of the Chelsea piers. Slinky surveyed them speculatively, then shook his head and wandered northward. The Chelsea piers were unquestionably handsome, but they looked too much like traps, and as Slinky himself expressed it, "They got too damn many watchmen around them docks."

West Street was beginning to hum. It was midweek; huge express liners just in from abroad were furiously discharging cargo preparatory to taking on another load for the Saturday sailing. Smaller ships of lesser speed and greater cargo capacity were loading or unloading in more leisurely fashion. In front of all the piers where ships were docked great lines of trucks were forming. Some of the trucks were loaded with cargo to be delivered on the piers; others stood empty, drivers awaiting their turns at getting the cargo which was standing on the piers consigned to their firms.

Outside each pier, the assistant boss stevedores were noisily conducting the morning shape-ups; the selection of longshoremen for a day's work on their particular job. The longshoremen stood in straggling arcs, two applicants for each job. Nearer the piers the shenangoes were grouped; men a step lower in the water-front social scale. Their means of livelihood was even more precarious—it was their hope that some truck driver would select them to go on the pier and assist with the loading or unloading. And here and there one could discern a squint-eyed, furtive individual who appeared to be going nowhere at all; a man ragged and unkempt who shied away from contact with other men and for whom there was never a kindly look. These men were the wharf rats.

Slinky Morgan continued northward. He wanted to find one of the less prominent piers where an incoming ship was discharging cargo. More chance of damaged cases there; the longshoremen were always smashing something, either through carelessness or design. He edged apologetically through crowds of uncouth laborers and did not pause until he came to the pier of the X Y Z Navigation Company.

Moored at that pier was a combination passenger-and-freight liner from some Scandinavian port. She was a hulking ship, snub-nosed, and ample of beam. Outside, the shape-up was proceeding merrily and the long line of empty trucks betokened that cargo was being discharged. Slinky knew that the ship had docked only the day before. He had seen the pier empty yesterday morning.

He edged inconspicuously into the crowd of shenangoes. One of them shoved him aside and he moved toward the truck line. His watery eyes scanned the faces of the drivers. There was one who appealed to Slinky; a large, broad-shouldered man whose eyes twinkled. Slinky sidled up to him.

"Say, mister"—his voice was whiny—"need a loader?"

"Naw!" The brawny truck driver turned amused eyes on the thin figure. Then he roared with laughter, "What'd I be takin' somebody like you for if I did? Hey?"

Slinky smiled in brave agreement.

"That's right, ain't it, mister?" He sighed. "I just gotta git onto that pier."

"You ain't no shenango."

"No. . . . Say, listen, mister, if you'll take me through I'll help you load an' I won't charge you a cent."

The idea appealed to the humorous sense of the massive truck driver.

"Kinda hopin' to pick up a little somethin', huh?"

"Mister, I just gotta git on that pier."

A heavy hand came down on Slinky's shoulder.

"Done with you. But if somebody kicks your pants off it ain't no lookout of mine."

"No, that ain't no lookout of yourn."

And so Slinky Morgan negotiated entrance to the big pier. Meanwhile he marked time while the truck driver handed his credentials to the delivery clerk and waited his signal to drive under the great steel shed.

Slinky and his brawny friend waited. The truck driver was vastly amused and Slinky felt that more than half the battle had been won. He slouched against the truck and gave ear to the buzz and clangor of the water front. His heart pounded occasionally as he contemplated his own intrepidity, and he wondered whether in all the world there was a man so hardy as himself.

After all, Slinky was small fry and his horizon not far distant. It mattered not at all to him that on the Baltic pier that morning another theft was being attempted, a theft which, should it be successful, would most certainly be heard of for months. It was a bit of magnificent robbery and it had been planned with scrupulous attention to detail.

The first move had been made the previous afternoon, when a longshoreman pleaded illness and left his work. But once across West Street, all symptoms of indisposition left this man as by magic. He hustled through the big freight yards and eventually presented

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Slinky's Brain Commenced the Laborious Process of Functioning. "You'd Look Real Good if You Was Dolled Up"

BIG LITTLE MEN

By Earl Sande and James R. Crowell

THE newspapers some years ago carried accounts of an important horse race won by the mount of an exceptionally small jockey. As I recall it, one turf writer said in the course of his description of the contest, "The winning jockey is one of the smallest riders in the game; against the vastness of the infield background he looked like a mere speck as he and the horse his tiny legs straddled sailed under the wire in front of the field."

The name of the rider has slipped my mind. I recall merely that it was some much-desired stake and had a cash value to the winning owner of some thousands of dollars. In fact those points are merely incidental, for every confirmed racegoer at some time or other has been an interested witness to the spectacle of some diminutive youngster steering a horse to victory in a race worth more than the average worker earns in four or five years of hard application, or perhaps ten or fifteen years, since the sum occasionally runs past the $50,000 mark.

Sir Barton, Sande Up, Nosing Out Gnome at Saratoga, August, 1920

Though I was nothing more than a kid myself, I recall that the emphasis laid on the size of this particular jockey left a distinct impression in my mind. It was simply this: Here was a boy still in his teens the pivotal figure in a business transaction which no captain of industry or leader of finance could regard as unworthy of special attention. In not just the terms I am now using, but with the same thought predominant, it occurred to me that the value of this prize, which turf people so complacently intrusted to the skill and judgment of an immature youth, was something which in ordinary business would bring about executive conferences, strategic action by sales managers and the dispatching of battle-scarred veterans to perform the errand.

"There's an old legend," I thought in a juvenile interpretation I gave to the incident, which was not as I express it now, "which advises against sending a boy on a *man's* errand. But then maybe that doesn't apply to horse racing."

In the seven years I have spent in the jockey room and the thirteen years I have been around race horses, the thought has come to me that it is only on the race track that boys are constantly being sent on errands designed for full-grown men; and I no longer marvel at this condition which once seemed so amazing to me. It could not be otherwise.

The Weight Limit

OUR system of conducting horse races requires that riders be of small stature, perhaps I should say of light weight. In height, many of us are not conspicuously diminutive, and there is no limit to how tall we may be. It is the scales which tell us when we have passed beyond the realm of little men and must seek a means of livelihood in some other occupation.

The jockey who sees the beam tipped at 118 pounds or so is reading the swan song of his riding life. The call for his services has almost reached the zero point when he touches that weight, for it means that with his riding togs and tackle he will be well past the 120-pound mark. Look over the entries for any racing day and see how many horses, or how few, carry imposts as high as that. Out of fifty or sixty horses on the average card there will be perhaps not more than two or three, except possibly on Saturdays and holidays, when the handicaps are run.

The paradox of racing is that jockeys have always been spoken of as boys and thought of as men. "Boy" is the term you will hear the regular turf patron invariably using, but if you will analyze his actual conception of us you will find he certainly has no idea we are actually boys in the sense of being immature youngsters. He proves this by reposing in us a confidence he could scarcely have if he really thought we were boys. He doesn't know how old we are and doesn't care; we may be sixteen or we may be forty—it makes no difference to him as long as we perform our appointed tasks properly. Which fact adds to the paradox; for while he speaks of us as boys and thinks of us as men, the truth is that most of us who step forth from the jockey room in our gay toggery are still on the sunny side of our majority. That, however, does not apply to me. I shall be twenty-seven on November thirteenth next; and I may say right here that the hoodoo of thirteen has never bothered me. I am not superstitious, as most turf people are. If anything, I get a little fun out of the date of my birth because of its defiance of superstition.

Natural Horsemen

AGE has little bearing on the skill of a jockey. Natural horsemanship is his greatest stock in trade. It is true that it takes experience to round out this valuable possession, but once it has started to assert itself it more than offsets any advantage of age. The jockey nearing the forty-year mark, and there are some in that category, may have the older and wiser head; but if he lacks instinctive riding ability I should still lean to the lesser experienced youth with it. The natural horseman, young or old, is the one who wins the greatest measure of success and finds his calling most lucrative. It is he who reaches the crest of his career most rapidly, for the eye of the trainer is quick to detect the talent Nature has bestowed. How long he remains at the top of his form depends upon two things—his mode of living and the increasing poundage which usually comes with years. Weight is our bugaboo. The constant battle of most little men of the jockey world is to be even littler than Nature would have them.

You cannot account for instinctive riding ability any more than you can explain the genius of a musician or an artist. The natural horseman comes from no particular sphere of life. The crowded districts of the large city are as likely to produce him as are the broad expanses of the Western plains. He may come from the mechanic's bench or the farmer's plow, the business office or the cattle ranch, the abode of luxury or the home of poverty. Some of our most brilliant race pilots were products of the metropolis and knew nothing of horses until chance revealed their skill; others were raised among cow-punchers and literally grew up in the saddle. If the country boy is in the preponderance, it is only because his environment has furnished him a better opportunity to discover his natural riding bent.

Perhaps you have wondered how the boys who make up this little world of ours, around which so much romance has been written, get their start. I shall tell my own experience, since it is the one I know best. With me it was a love of horseflesh which led me into these paths, more than a craving for excitement. This devotion is among my first recollections. When we lived in the small Western towns where I spent my childhood I would haunt the camps of the cow-punchers and idle away hours listening to their horsy talk and envying them their ability to sit in a saddle as though they had been born to riding. Everything else in life seemed worthless; I yearned only for this atmosphere.

Man o' War, Sande Up, Winning "The Miller" at Saratoga, August, 1920

When I was nine years old my family moved from Groton, South Dakota, my birthplace, to American Falls, Idaho, where my father, a native of Norway, worked on a railroad. My two sisters, my brother and I attended a school built by the farmers about three miles distant from our home, and to reach it we had to walk on cow paths through the sagebrush, using a swinging bridge suspended from wires to cross the canal which connected the irrigation laterals. Often I would run the full three miles at a dog trot, for I had it in mind then that the way to keep in good physical trim was through exercise. And back in my mind was the thought that if I kept my muscles hard and my body lean I should be better fitted for race riding when the chance came. It did come when I was fourteen years old, as I have already told, but it was not until several years later that the fascination of the game had so fastened itself on me that I could think of little else. Every time I rode a match race for Burr Scott, a burly Western fellow, the thought took deeper root that I would become a jockey, haunting me in my spare moments and school hours.

I must confess I was actually thinking horse in the schoolroom one day when one of the younger children scribbled a note and covertly passed it to me. It read, "Earl, they's a man outside what wants to see you." I invented some pretext for leaving the room. Outside, I found Burr Scott seated in a ramshackle sheep wagon, to which was tied his entire string of race horses—two cold-bloods. I had often ridden these half-bred horses for Scott and knew they could run as fast as any in the vicinity.

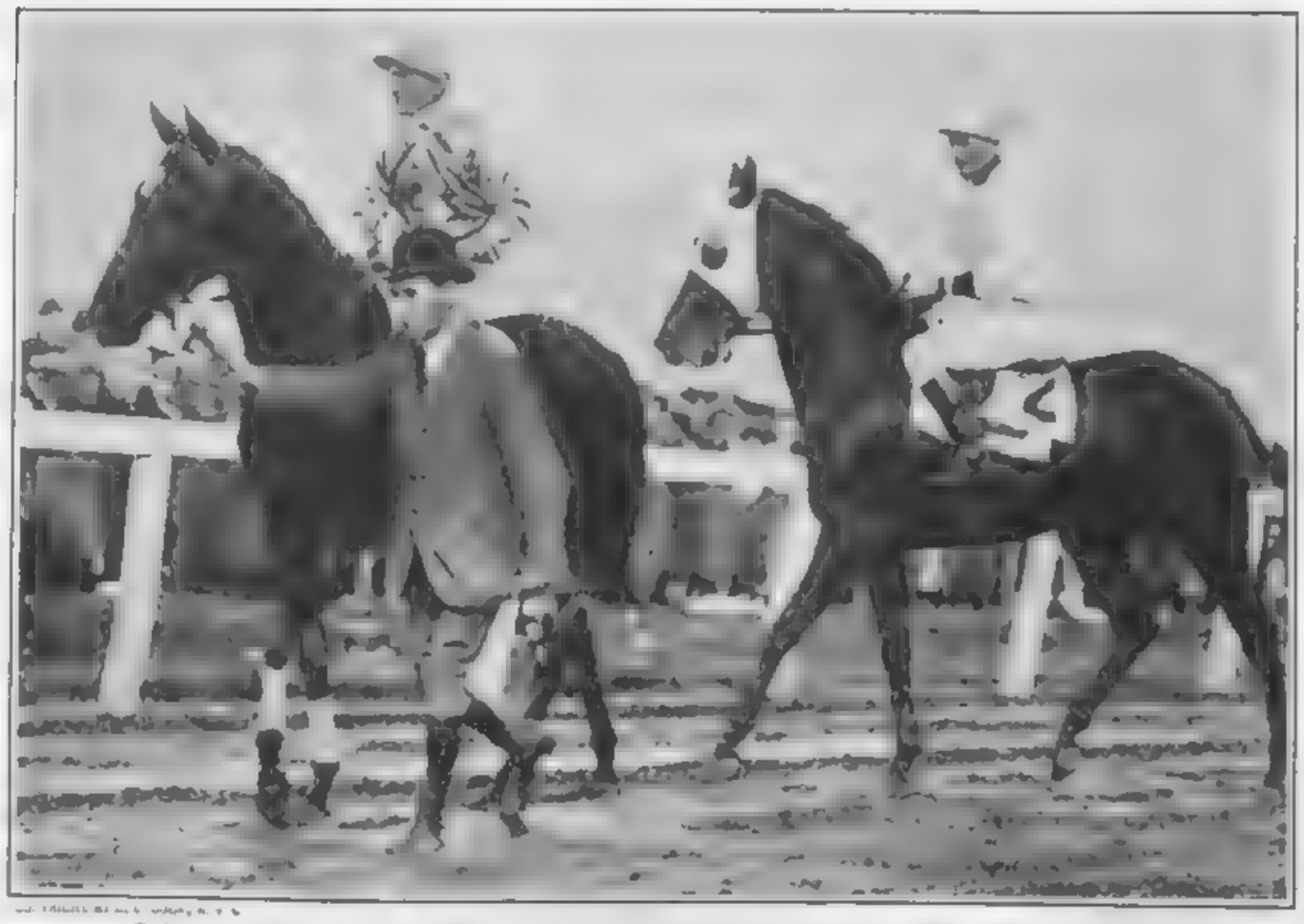
The Voice of the Tempter

"EARL, I'm going upcountry on a little trip and I thought as how I'd stop and see you before I left," said Scott. "I'm taking the two cold-bloods with me."

"Going to race them?" I asked.

"Yes, if I can get any matches. They're in pretty good shape now and I thought as how I might make a nice little clean-up."

"Good luck to you, Mr. Scott; wish I could go with you."



Going to the Post for the $100,000 International, in Which Sande Rode Exo to an Easy Victory Over the English Papyrus, Donoghue Up

"Well, that's just what I wanted to see you about. Why not come along with me?"

Scott's suggestion sent the blood tingling through my veins. Here was the chance I had so often dreamed about, reposing right at my doorstep. But there were insurmountable obstacles. My mother was not in sympathy with all these foolish notions I had about race riding; she would never consent to my quitting school.

"'Tain't possible, Mr. Scott," I grudgingly admitted, after some meditation. "The family would never stand for it."

Burr Scott was a strapping man who tipped the beam at 210 pounds, and his powers of persuasion were as powerful as his massive frame. His voice almost purred as he said:

"You see, Earl, I was figuring they ain't nothing around this neck of the woods what can beat these race hosses, and I says to myself that if I can get Earl Sande to do the riding we might make a pretty good clean-up, you and me."

It was the spring of the year, and there was a mellow touch to the air that made you long for the outdoors. My emotions were confused; on one side a sense of duty to my family and on the other a love of this horse game which wouldn't die. Scott, seeing what was going on in my mind, busied himself with the harness while I fought out the battle with myself.

"How long you expect to be gone?" I asked.

"Oh, two weeks, maybe three, maybe more and maybe less; ain't no telling. Just thought I'd mosey around and make a nice little clean-up for you and me."

"Wait here a minute, Mr. Scott," I instructed him, as I reentered the school. In a moment I had returned, with my cap stuffed down deep in my pocket to keep it from being seen. I sprang into the front seat of the sheep wagon.

"It's a bet, let's go," I told him.

"Put it there," boomed Scott's hearty voice. "We're going to make a nice little clean-up, you and me." And we shook hands.

Boom Times

SO, YOU will see, I embarked on my riding career by running away from school and home. Not a very good example to set for other boys who have the riding notion in their heads, I must admit, and I certainly do not advise them to do anything of the sort. But there is a freedom to the life of the West that makes such an act not so bad as it seems; a spirit of self-reliance inbred in youngsters that enables them to care for themselves. And Burr Scott was a fine type of man, even though some may condemn him for being accessory to a runaway. Within a year and a half I was riding on the big tracks.

These are boom times for racing; the value of purses distributed yearly in America is approaching the $15,000,000 mark. Trainers and jockeys are the key human element in the disposition of this huge sum. It would be hard to say upon which the burden of responsibility falls heavier. It works both ways—a horse can win in spite of his jockey and a jockey can win in spite of his horse. On one score there is no question—certainly it is the art of the trainer which forges the first link in the chain, for there is no greater joy on the race track than a thoroughly conditioned horse. And yet all his diligent, painstaking labor to prepare a horse which cost the owner a king's ransom may be lost in a twinkling through some blunder of the rider. The trainer's long-drawn-out burden has been shifted to him

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PHOTO. BY C. C. COOK, N. Y. C.

A Driving Finish at Belmont, Sande Leading on Stromboli

THE PAINTED STALLION

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Conway Was Training White Blanket to Rope Work and the Girl's Eyes Followed Him as He Flashed Through the Bottoms on the Big Painted Stallion, Overtaking and Roping Any Horse He Selected

XI

THE girl's resolution lasted four days, and on each succeeding one her desire to see Conway mounted. She set out for a ride, intending to keep well away from the field of his operations, but some force impelled her to visit various spots that he frequented. A mounting sense of disappointment urged her on, a tinge of resentment, as if he were deliberately avoiding her. She visited his former base camp, but he had moved. It was by sheer accident that she rode out onto the rims of the sandrock gorge on her homeward way. The whistling snort of a wild stallion arrested her attention.

There, on the floor of the pocket, a magnificent picture met her eye. White Blanket in all his splendor raced about the bottom, his blue-black coat glistening in the sun, his plumed white tail and mane spread upon the breeze.

"Oh, you beauty!" she breathed. "He's caught you for me!"

She was unaccountably glad that Conway had succeeded where all others had failed. Every rider on the Solaro range had tried to capture White Blanket since the word that she wanted him had been spread by her father.

The next day she met Conway, but before she could mention the fact that she had seen White Blanket, he announced that he had a surprise in store for her. She did not speak of having seen the captured stallion, electing to let Conway bring it about in his own good time. They sat on a high point of ground, their horses, reins trailing, cropping about close at hand, as they watched several Mexicans conveying some twenty-odd mustangs across the range.

"I've been missing you something frightful," he said.

"Yes?" she returned. "Why, it's only five days since you saw me last!"

"Five by the calendar—fifty according to how long the time has seemed to drag out," he said.

She experienced a lifting current of elation over the fact that he had missed her, but she laughed and shook a reproving head.

"But I can't come every day," she explained. "Surely you don't expect that."

"I don't expect it," he said. "But I'm always hoping. I go riding round these days with my eyes in the horizon, waiting for you to come filtering onto the sky line. I was getting all upset and frantic."

"But you mustn't," she insisted.

He twisted a cigarette, gazing off across the hills.

"They'll be starting to gather the cows now and shoving them south to throw them up on the Cusillas for the summer," he said.

"Yes," she agreed.

Presently he turned to her and spoke in a reflective vein.

"One time years back I invested six months' wages in a string of horses. It turned out bad. I most certainly rode on the improper side of a sagebrush when I took up with those horses," he said.

"The wrong side of a sagebrush?" she queried. "Has sagebrush a right and wrong side like dress goods and pancakes?"

"I was speaking figurative, addressing that remark to old Pete Challoner, who's been dead these few years, but who told me one time when he was still living a bit of philosophy that hit the nail on the head. Anyway, since that unprofitable venture, whenever I've had a few months' wages ahead I've invested in a stack of reds, whites and blues and set out to break some faro bank or roulette layout or to investigate other folks' hole cards; but it mainly ended up by the bank breaking me. A spell back a good part of what I'd invested thataway came home to roost, and this time I kept it. It's no great stake, but a start after a fashion. I had right at four thousand dollars laid by before I set out to trap mustangs. I've been at that five weeks and have netted close to a thousand wheels more."

"Why, you're downright affluent!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea you were such a magnate."

In common with all women, she was quite well aware of the direction in which a conversation might lead when it assumed a financial trend and a man spoke in detail of his circumstances and prospects. She had deflected many such issues. But now, someway, she was conscious of a sudden wish to hear this declaration through to the end. Again that little specter of apprehension sought to rear its head, only to be submerged by a tingling wave of anticipation. She essayed a laugh and dropped a word of encouragement as he hesitated.

"And what are you going to do with all that wealth?" she asked.

"Over south of the Cusillas there's a little pocket at the foot of the hills. There's a little singing stream tumbling through it to croon a man to sleep of night, and there's pines at the head of it, willows and cottonwoods further down. It opens out into a flat and there's a water right out of the creek to irrigate a hundred and twenty acres. Back up in the pines, right alongside the creek, there's a little three-room log house that's right attractive. Old man Ewing owns eight hundred acres there. It can be bought for eight thousand dollars—three thousand down and the rest on time."

"I know the place," she said. "Some Box 8 cows drifted down the south slope of the Cusillas and dad went after them. He took me along. That was ten years ago. It's a dream of a little pocket."

"How would you like to live there?" he asked.

"I'd love it," she said.

"Then, girl dear, will you be going over to live with me?" he asked. "Because that's where all that wealth is going to be invested. And the reason that I'm investing it that way is because I've been picturing you moving round that cabin among the pines and alongside that little singing creek, and with me right at your elbow every second."

"But you couldn't get any work done that way."

He took her hand. She let him retain it.

"Will you? Tell me," he insisted. "You've grown to be a part of me, sort of, and the second you're out of sight, I'm just marking time until you come riding into view again. There's a plumb void when you're not with me."

"I've been with you a lot," she pointed out.

"For an hour or two, on and off. I'm trying to fix it so that you'll be with me all day, seven days out of seven, every week in the year. Couldn't you be riding down to that little cabin with me when I can get it all shaped up?"

That little hovering sense of apprehension was as thoroughly dissipated as a tatter of fog is dispersed by the rays of the sun. For ten seconds she leaned against his shoulder, all else forgotten save the fact that she was with him and wanted never again to leave the circle of his arm. Then she drew away.

"Let's wait a while," she urged. "Everything is so nice the way it is. Let's leave it this way until we're both sure."

"I'm sure now—dead sure," he said; "surer than I've ever been of anything in my life up till now. But I'll be waiting."

Again they were silent for a time, loath to descend too swiftly from the heights and speak of the commonplace things of life.

"You see," he said presently, "I can make that payment on Ewing's place and still have enough to buy a little bunch of cows; not many—not a very affluent outfit on the start, but one that will grow, give it time and attention.

If this mustang business keeps up for another few months, I'll be sitting on the moon."

She straightened suddenly.

"It won't keep up," she said.

"No?" he queried. "And for why?"

"Dad swears that he'll have that drive and kill off every mustang on the Solaro range as soon as the cows are thrown up on the mountain," she explained, "even if Carson does feel that he can't let any T Bar Z riders participate."

Conway nodded without comment.

"I've been wondering how you would take it if he did—and he will," she said.

"How could I take it?" he asked. "Any man is entitled to kill mustangs on the open range."

"I know; and they really have been a pest to dad, eating good feed and ruining the range," she declared, impelled to defend her well-beloved parent. "He's well within his rights; but I was wondering, someway, since you and dad have had words, if you wouldn't take it that he was directing it at you personally."

He laughed and dropped a reassuring hand on her arm.

"They're a nuisance to him. In his boots, I'd do that very thing—rid the range of them. I don't blame any man for doing what I'd do myself if I was standing in his place. Now we'll just assume that there's nothing personal in it and that his sole object is to clean the range of mustangs."

"Yes," she said; "that's a square view for you to take."

"I'll maybe spring a little surprise on him," he said, "similar, in a way, to what I sprung on Carson. But it won't upset his plans a bit if his only object is to rid his range of fuzz-tails. All I ask is that you give my play, if I make one, as unbiased a view as I'm taking of his."

"I will," she promised. "I must go now."

"Don't stay away so long again," he urged. "Honest, it just wears on me when I don't get sight of you."

"I'll come," she said. "Good-by."

He sat looking after her until a fold of the low rolling hills obscured her from view.

XII

POWERS saw Conway skimming across the country at a tremendous pace and wondered what he was pursuing. The rider was hurtling down rocky sidehills, across flats and soaring over washes with reckless abandon. Then Powers recognized the horse as White Blanket and swore roundly.

"Now why couldn't it have been someone else to catch that horse instead of this Conway pest?" he inquired morosely of the world at large.

He waited until Conway veered back toward him, then angled to intercept the rider.

"Fine!" he complimented Conway.

"This is his first run outside the inclosure where I've been holding him," Conway said. "He handles as easy out here as he did inside."

And indeed White Blanket, although he had been eager to stretch his muscles and let out his magnificent speed after two weeks of confinement in the somewhat restricted area of his recent quarters, had responded readily to Conway's wishes, wheeling instantly at the least pressure of a rein against his neck, slowing or halting when he felt the slightest restraining pull upon his hackamore.

"And I can sit up in his middle and run right over anything that ranges this man's desert, wild or tame," Conway proudly asserted.

"Fine!" Powers said. "I'll be sending over after him in a few days now."

"Come again with that one," Conway suggested. "I don't seem to follow your drift."

"Nothing devious about it," Powers retorted. "You've caught my horse and broke him. I'll pay you for your time."

"My hearing is deserting me rapid," Conway mourned. "My ears just won't behave. Now it actually sounded to me like you spoke of White Blanket as your horse, which, of course, you couldn't have made any such reference. Please repeat."

"That's what I said," Powers affirmed.

Conway patted his ears affectionately.

"You're still working, after all," he said to those members. "And to think I suspected you of playing tricks on me when it was only Mr. Powers' imagination and no fault of yours at all. Did you have a horse that anyways resembled White Blanket, Mr. Powers?"

"None that resembled him, but White Blanket himself," Powers asserted.

"And how come you to imagine that you owned him when he's belonging to me?" Conway inquired affably. "I didn't want to run an iron on him, but if you'll look careful you'll see that I picked a hair brand on him with the point of my knife—which brand is mine. So you're thinking of some other horse."

"No such a thing," Powers rumbled. "This horse is out of a mare that wore my brand, and I just haven't troubled to catch him up and run the Box 8 brand onto him."

"So that's it," Conway said. "Now wouldn't you surmise that your claim was outlawed years past? White Blanket has been a slick, free to any man that would put a rope on him, for upwards of three years."

"Technically, maybe," Powers agreed. "But every rider in the Solaro country knows he's out of my mare and any one of 'em that happened to catch him would have turned him over to me."

"Um," Conway murmured doubtfully. "Now I'd do anything within the bounds of reason to get along peaceful, but in the case of White Blanket I'm going to have to stand pat. I'm right sorry to lock horns with you, but your claim is void. Mine sticks."

"It does if you're going to stand on it. That's range law," Powers admitted. "Your claim will hold. Name your price, I'll buy him."

"There's no price. White Blanket just ain't for sale," Conway declined.

"I knew it would be stiff," Powers declared tartly. "Name it."

"This ain't any holdup. He's not for sale," Conway said again. "One day soon I'll have an outfit of my own. White Blanket has every quality that an all-around range horse should have—just what they've been breeding toward for years. If he can hand even a part of those good points down when he's bred to good mares, I'll be raising horses that is horses. That's why there's no price on him."

"If you intend to stand on range law, that lets me out," Powers confessed. "Legally, he's been yours since you dabbed your twine on him."

"Prior even to that," Conway said. His mind had traveled back to his first meeting with White Blanket. "His life was forfeit to me as a colt when I run up on him in

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"Why, It's Only Five Days Since You Saw Me Last!" "Five by the Calendar—Fifty According to How Long the Time Has Seemed to Drag Out," He Said

The German in South America

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Puerto Montt, the Capital of the Province of Llanquihue, South Chile

THROUGHOUT the preceding articles of this series has run a definite German strain. Whether the narrative dealt with business or immigration in Peru, Chile, Argentina or Brazil, frequent allusion has been made to the force exerted by the presence of native-born Teutons or their descendants. This is notably true of Brazil, where three southern states are more German than otherwise. Until the World War they were really outposts of the Hohenzollern empire that was. So important is this German penetration throughout South America to our commercial interests, and so wide and significant are its ramifications, that this article will be devoted to it.

There are many reasons why the German in South America is a world factor. To begin with, Germany, together with Russia, and to a lesser degree China, as the present upheaval shows, still holds the balance of power for economic and political peace or war. In the second place, under the Dawes Plan she must pay reparations largely with merchandise. The republics south of Panama constitute one of the best markets for a considerable portion of these goods. Hence part of the reconstruction of France, Belgium and Britain depends on how successful the Germans are in their efforts to recapture one of their old stamping grounds.

Third, South America, as the German comeback indicates, is a vital contribution to the prosperity of the nation that brought on the war. A prosperous Germany, in turn, means economic stabilization for all Europe. Whatever your point of view, you cannot get away from the fact that the German balance sheet is inseparably linked with that of nearly every other land.

Fourth, and coming closer to home, the Germans are becoming our strongest trade rivals.

The Itch for World Power

TO APPRAISE any domain where the Germans have exerted powerful economic influence has always meant a consideration of political possibilities as well. Prior to 1914, William Hohenzollern was the prize international meddler. The varieties of trouble that he and his emissaries stirred up were rivaled only by the number and splendor of the uniforms he wore. From Vienna and Rome to Tangier and Constantinople, and on to Bagdad and Buenos Aires, you found the impress of his ambition.

It means that to analyze and to understand what the German had done and is doing in South America, we must first deal with that desire for *Weltmacht*—world power—which swept the old empire to the peak of its power and was also its tragic undoing. Control of Mittel Europe and mastery of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway were merely cogs in a larger scheme for universal dominion that stretched to the shores of East and West Africa and reached down to a part of the New World beyond the equator. In this kindling dream of conquest, trade and politics went hand in hand.

Perhaps the best illustration of the German method, because some of it was reproduced in South America, was in the stewardship of Turkey. In this penetration the head and front was the former Kaiser himself, who made a spectacular journey to Constantinople, Damascus and Jerusalem which launched the campaign. You would have thought he was a born disciple of the Prophet to read his pro-Islamic speeches. Nor did his subordinates fail in a similar attitude. Right here you have one reason why the Germans have put themselves over so successfully in many foreign lands. To paraphrase a well-known expression, in Rome they not only do what the Romans do, but are Romans.

The Berlin-to-Bagdad railway was the strategic system to enforce commercial command of the Balkans and the whole Near East, and likewise a spearhead aimed at British rule in India. Troops could be rushed over it much more quickly than by the all-water route. The vital matter was that Germany set out to Germanize Turkey, the key to the situation. The first step, as always, was to show how Germany did the military thing. In 1883 Von der Goltz Pasha headed the mission that reorganized the Turkish army.

With her hooks in the army, it was possible to follow up with a kindred hold on trade. Every German diplomat, consul, officer, as well as banking institution, was a first aid to business. A Board of Trade for Turkey, in Berlin, ran regular trade excursions to the Turkish capital. It reached the point where Berlin, and not the Sublime Porte, dictated national policies. Now you can understand why Turkey went into the war on the side of the Central Powers.

Port of Corral, Near Valdivia, Where the First Germans Landed

I cite this incident because it was what Germany did on a smaller scale in some parts of South America. The Von der Goltz of Chile, for example, was General Korner, who, though not in the same class as the field marshal who molded the Islamic troops into a first-class fighting machine, represented the same Prussian school. Today both the Chilean and Argentine armies show the effects of German training not only in uniforms, but in nearly every other detail, including the goose step. The Buenos Aires police wear the *Pickelhauber*, the Prussian helmet. The Peruvian army has followed the French influence, largely perhaps because the Chileans adopted the German. Such is the hostility between these neighboring republics.

A Main Asset

ON MY first day in Buenos Aires I was walking down the Florida, the smart shopping street, when I saw a man ahead who seemed to have stepped out of the prewar picture of Germany, for he looked like one of the old Prussian Guards. He wore a tight-fitting blue uniform whose coat tails flapped about his knees. He was so erect and stiff that he might have had a ramrod down his back. I hurried alongside and discovered that facially he also looked the part, for his mustaches were turned up in that fierce Prussian fashion inaugurated by the ex-Kaiser. He was an officer in the Argentine army, which shows that the Teutonic lesson is not forgotten.

While the Germans planted their military ideals in the Chilean and Brazilian armies, their general policy of penetration for South America differed from that employed in Europe, Asia and Africa. Instead of linking politics with trade and seeking to influence national affairs, they bore down hard on business, with the propagation of their culture as an incidental diversion. Hence the steady stream of German professors to all the southern republics, and in consequence, a real impress upon education, particularly in Chile. Here the church, too, came under their influence.

Just how Germany regarded South America is evident in an extract from a statement put out before the war by the German-South American Institute at Aix-la-Chapelle:

"Germany's main asset is the German in South America. Every German abroad means the investment of interest-bearing capital for German cultural expansion. . . . Two things are required of him: to win esteem by good works, and to place his personal influence at the disposal of German national ends. . . . He must equip himself by assimilating Latin culture, must use his knowledge of French culture, and oppose French culture by encouraging Spanish culture."

All this before-the-war imperialistic and other adventuring had to be financed and it was largely done through overseas trade. On the day that hostilities started in 1914, Germany's foreign business aggregated $5,000,000,000. Of course, the major impulse behind this expansion was, as with England, that Germany had to have a big alien trade. Without it she would have perished economically. The universe had to be her field.

Not only did Germany run England a close second in South America and elsewhere, but she adopted the true policy for permanent business penetration. England acquired

A German Department Store at Valdivia

dominions and left their development mainly to individual enterprise and initiative. Germany, on the other hand, colonized and did the developing herself.

Nowhere did she observe the basic rules for the capture of foreign trade so consistently or so assiduously as in Brazil and Argentina. Though she had no actual colonies in South America that is, colonies that were part of the imperial possessions – the Brazilian states of Paranà, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul were almost strictly German settlements. They became replicas of the fatherland transplanted across the seas, as you shall presently see.

Any estimate of the German in South America must include a brief summary of what happened down there during the World War. The havoc wrought to Teutonic trade—with shipping it was another story—was not nearly so extensive as you might believe. One of the reasons discloses the now well-known fact that Germany was preparing for the war. For at least six months before the crash came nearly every German exporter to Brazil and Argentina tripled or quadrupled his shipments.

South American War Alignments

LARGE stocks would tide over the war period and cause no dislocation. No German believed that once the red gods were let loose, they would hold forth for long. A German-made war meant a short war.

Hence it came about that until well into 1916 German merchants in Rio, São Paulo and Buenos Aires carried on without much difficulty.

Just as the duration of the struggle was a big shock to its fomenters, so was the attitude of many South American countries equally disturbing. The strongest wallop was administered by Brazil, the country with the largest German population and the one upon which Berlin leaned the heaviest.

Brazil started out as a neutral nation, but when a German submarine sank the Brazilian steamer, Paraná, off the coast of France in April, 1917, diplomatic relations were broken off. In October of the same year another Brazilian vessel was sunk and the republic promptly declared war. Brazil at once faced a problem somewhat akin to ours, because she had to contend with a great mass of German sympathizers in her midst. The German flag was raised in the southern states, civil war impended and the federal authorities had all they could do to keep peace. Brazil's only contribution to the conduct of the war was the dispatch of two cruisers and four destroyers to coöperate with the Allied fleet in European waters, and to send a group of physicians and a well-equipped hospital to France. She was also invaluable as a source of foodstuffs which were all-essential to the fighting armies.

Although Brazil went to war, the German nationals, and especially those engaged in trade, suffered little real hardship. The general attitude of Brazil was very much like the feeling in Italy, where the Germans had always maintained a powerful economic grip, and where segregation of interests during the war was almost a farce.

The Plaza Independencia, Montevideo

Italy had something of an alibi, because her real hostility was toward a hereditary enemy which was Austria. She had no quarrel with Germany.

Chile, which was strongly pro-German, because of the Teutonic influence in the army and a considerable body of German clergy, remained neutral throughout the war; but Peru, Uruguay, Bolivia and Ecuador severed relations. Their alignment on the side of the Allies was due to what has been well termed a belief in the principles of American or continental solidarity.

The attitude of Argentina deserves a separate paragraph. Although the country announced and maintained a policy of neutrality, the people were divided, with the majority, both of the press and the public, decidedly pro-Ally. When three Argentine ships were sunk by submarines, the Argentine government not only obtained compensation, but received an assurance that its ships would be spared henceforth. It is interesting to note that Argentina was the only neutral power to receive this concession from Germany.

A characteristic phase of German war politics was disclosed in Argentina in 1917. Our secret service obtained possession of some dispatches sent by Count Luxburg, German Minister at Buenos Aires, to the Foreign Office at Berlin. In them he advised his government to have Argentine ships in the submarine zone ignored or *Sparlos versenkt*—that is, sunk without trace. He also referred to Doctor Drago, Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, as "an ass and an Anglophile." These disclosures precipitated a fine little row and Luxburg was handed his passports. The revelations served to increase sentiment for the Allies throughout Argentina.

If Germany Had Won the War

WHAT Germany would have done in South America had she won the war is purely speculative. There is a wide belief that, among other things, she would have tried to annex those three southernmost Brazilian states. For many years prior to 1914, Pan-Germans counted them among the spoils of the conflict that was bound to come. In this ambition Germany would have run afoul of the Monroe Doctrine, and Uncle Sam would have had to take a hand in the game. Happily this matter is in the realm of speculation and is likely to stay there.

We can now take up German commercial operations in South America, because, when all is said and done, this is the phase that concerns us. Most people do not realize that they began as long ago as 1528, when Charles V of Spain pledged Venezuela to the Augsburg banking firm of the Welsers. They were authorized to

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The River Front at Valdivia

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

She Proudly Exhibited the Shoes to the Two Podfern Children That Sometimes Came to Play With Her in a Grassy Nook Below the Orchard. The Little Girl Thought They Were Sweet

VIII

IT OCCURRED to Jane that Cousin Marcy was always—quite gracefully—washing his hands of something; his beautiful white hands that fluttered so weakly aloft from perplexities. He washed his hands of the money with a shrug of his dapper shoulders and a little relieved grimace of disdain, saying only, "We may as well keep on running true to form."

He said this to Sarah, who at once washed her own hands of the money, though with a desperate harshness unrelieved by any note of the graceful. It was all a rather joyous confusion to Jane, but she was able to gather that the hand-washing—Seth Hacker was bluntly disgusted over his own—began promptly upon the discovery that Cousin Wiley was going to do something with the money that would cause it to increase at least a hundred times; a multiplication greatly desirable, because there wasn't at first enough of it.

Three thousand dollars simply wouldn't permit something shining to happen to everyone. But Cousin Wiley would see to that. This was why Jane's own hands were loyally not washed of the money. Wasn't luck to play a part in Wiley's operation, and didn't he still have his wonderful lucky piece?

Jane multiplied three thousand by one hundred as confidently as Chong did; and even that staggering sum of dollars, she was excited to learn, would be no more than a modest base for the process of making everyone's fortune come true. Cousin Wiley said so, explaining that it would only enable him to take advantage of opportunities denied him since his affairs became involved.

She was aware, too, that in spite of all the hands so defiantly washed, their owners were later displaying a revived interest in the money. This was after Cousin Wiley had taken pains to have his clock set precisely right so that he could know the exact minute the stock exchange opened, and after he had measurably increased his capital by a necromancy beyond Jane's comprehension, but the potency of which she doubted as little as did Wiley himself. It wasn't long—as Jane felt time—before the three thousand dollars had been multiplied by five, making—as Jane could do without having, this time, to put down the figures—fifteen thousand.

It was at this interesting juncture that Sarah grew haggard with impatience and would savagely reproach Cousin Marcy for not compelling his brother to quit trusting his luck. To this Marcy did little more than animate his shoulders and utter a weary "What's the use?" Although once he varied this to "If it's written in the book we'll read it all in good time, won't we? If it isn't written—does it matter if we're blind?"

Sarah was never appeased by such speeches. She continued to look feverish. Cousin Wiley explained to Jane that the girl's notions were all so petty. She was a materialist, incapable of vision.

Jane wasn't sure about "materialist," but she thought Sarah did have visions, especially when she stood with that far-off look at some place she knew to be waiting for her. She felt, though, that this was nothing to bother Cousin Wiley with, when he was so much more than ever like a king directing his difficult realm. She recalled how Marcy had said he surpassed Napoleon, and now thought it only Cousin Wiley's due to tell him of the praise.

"Cousin Marcy says you're even greater than Napoleon," she affably remarked, and was happy to note Wiley's surprise and delight.

"Really? Good for the old boy! He's coming around. He didn't always think so. I don't mind telling you we had a pretty fierce row when he first came back and found things had seemed to go against us for the time being—through no fault of mine, as I proved to him over and over by plain figures. I guess he sees now that I'm able to get out of Pauper Alley. . . . Greater than Napoleon, eh?"

"Greater than Napoleon, because, you see, he had only one Waterloo," she helpfully explained.

"Oh!" His delighted smile was still there, yet something alive had gone from it. Jane thought he looked funny, as if he had used the smile enough and then forgotten to take it away. "Oh!" he repeated. Then he seemed to remember the smile and erase it. "The old boy can be a wasp when he wants to—a regular wasp. But we'll show him yet."

"We'll show him," said Jane stoutly. Then, believing she ought to divert his mind from something it had perhaps been as well not to repeat, she brought to his bed quite all the photographs of beautiful ladies that smiled from the mantelshelf and had him tell her of their witcheries—they had all been charming, though in differing ways—and, as he seemed very soon to forget about Marcy's gift for being a wasp when he wished to, she left him communing with these beauties who had so cordially inscribed themselves his own.

As she went she was wondering why Marcy should be thought waspish. She had watched wasps. Every morning she awoke to their doings on her ceiling. They floated in at her window to find the flies clinging up there still sluggish with the dawn chill. They seized these, bit their wings off and carried them away—to their young, Jane supposed. The poor severed wings floated down on her bed, but she had never liked flies, and rather approved the wasp cunning. She doubted that Cousin Marcy would wish to make anyone wingless. It was probably one of Wiley's jokes. He was always so ready with these.

One of the most enjoyable of them—to Jane—he uttered late that autumn on a day when things happened at the stock exchange that, it appeared, everyone had told everyone else were simply bound to happen. But Wiley wasn't dismayed. He laughed largely and made his joke that sent Jane away in ecstatic repetitions of it—"Even a monkey falls out of a tree sometimes."

She was astonished and hurt to find herself alone in the enjoyment of so good a joke. The others, it seemed, had no relish for the drollery. Jane thought it would help if she could only incite them to picture a monkey actually falling from a tree. She described the monkey and the tree and painted the monkey's chagrin, but she flatly failed to persuade anyone. Cousin Marcy listened to her, but displayed a bored patience, not the interest she hoped for.

"Yes, yes," he murmured; "though some fall oftener and harder than others."

She wondered if this could be waspish. Anyway, it was something she would remember not to repeat to Cousin Wiley

Sarah was the most discouraging recipient of her joke, listening with eyes that blazed and a set mouth that said nothing and revealed only a hard stubbornness. But Sarah thought too much about money; her notions were

petty and she couldn't see visions like Cousin Wiley's only the one that would send her off some springtime.

She had hoped for applause from Seth Hacker, at least. But he, too, was disappointing.

"So I heard before this," he said; and said it so grimly, with so dark a look, that Jane wasted no more time on him.

She went to Chong then, and he was different. He readily got the picture she tried to project, and he repeated the joke, but not in a mirthful fashion. He seemed not to know it for a joke. Jane labored with pidgin English to assure him that it wasn't a tall tree, that the monkey incurred no more than a public display of its awkwardness. She had to abandon him to his unreason. He persisted in regarding the fall of any monkey from any tree as calamitous.

Anyway, Cousin Wiley simply hadn't lost all the money, as Jane heard it crudely put. Hadn't there been nearly a hundred-odd dollars that weren't required for whatever one did on a stock exchange? Jane had a pair of new shoes as a result of this happy chance—stout, rugged-looking shoes that promised to last a long time. And both she and Sarah had some warm things for winter from the shop where the post office was—lovely things, Jane thought, though Sarah protested that they were hideous.

But no one, assuredly, could find any fault with Cousin Wiley's splendid new hat—another fruit of the odd balance—which came to him by express from the city. His old hat, it seemed, even lying on the table, had lost much of its luster, perhaps from being brushed too often by Chong; and anyway, the shape was outmoded, the current style having a narrower brim, as Wiley explained to Jane when he tried it on as a treat to her. It became him wonderfully, and Jane held a mirror so that he could enjoy the effect with her. He told her the brim with its closer curl was much smarter than the old brim. When they had done admiring it, Jane placed the new hat on the table where the old one had been, and where the owner could often glance at it. She thought it would make him get out of bed very soon, even if the waiting clothes didn't.

When they had done with the hat she held up her new shoes, each in turn, for Wiley's inspection. He thought them serviceable, though he candidly said they were not the shoes he would have chosen for a young lady. He believed the feminine foot—even the foot of a little girl—was something to be clad in a daintier gear. Jane had a chilling suspicion that he preferred not to look at her new shoes. She was certain, at least, that he would have been content with a view of but one; and he was quick in talking of something else, shifting his glance from her feet to her head and telling her that her hair was really pretty. But he went back to the shoes before she left, saying they would give her feet room to grow, and this restored to her a pride of possession his other speech had a little damped.

Later that day she proudly exhibited the shoes to the two Pedfern children that sometimes came to play with her in a grassy nook below the orchard. The little girl thought they were sweet; but her brother, a lumpish boy—Jane had never cared much for him because he wouldn't play pretend games, but only plain, rough ones—actually sneered at the shoes. He said they were clodhoppers, and seemed proud of the word.

Jane said she guessed he would talk differently if he could see her Cousin Wiley's new hat, which she glowingly described; but her critic was found to be in a mood of brutal jeering to which no object was sacred. He offered to wager an immense sum with Jane that his father owned a much superior hat that could be seen at any moment Jane wished. Jane retorted that this was silly; Cousin Wiley had the best hat in the world, because he always had the best of everything. No one could deny that.

The critic of shoes and doubter of hats knew a stone wall when he came against it; he now meanly went around this one.

"Ho! I bet you don't know what they call that old house you have to live in!"

This had Jane at a disadvantage. So she ignored the challenge and began a little dance that would cause her new shoes to be noticed. But the lumpish boy was single of purpose.

"They call that old house Tedmon's Folly, that's what they call it."

He had grossly miscalculated if Jane were expected to wither under this information.

"Why, I think that's a lovely name for a house! Isn't it a lovely name?" she demanded of the sister, who only nodded her head.

"Yah! Tedmon's Folly, Tedmon's Folly!" jeered the boy, though not with his full power of jeer. He had begun to wonder himself if the name might not be lovely, since Jane's own sincerity was not to be questioned.

"It's a fine and beautiful name," she insisted, finding it full of flattering suggestions. It was already making her like the old house better.

"Yah! Tedmon's Folly!" repeated the boy. "That's what everyone calls it. That's what my father calls it. You ask him." He was persisting, but only as a matter of principle now. His defeat was clear in his own mind.

"Pooh!" Jane's scorn was whole-hearted. "I don't know your father. Is he the funny little man with a big stomach that walks like this?"

She bent backward—for the stomach effect—in a walk that curiously partook of both the strut and the waddle. The imitation was informing, but apparently not edifying to the audience.

"That's all right about my father. You let my father alone!" the boy admonished. He moved off, glaring back at the artist. His sister, following, was overcome at a distance by some belated loyalty.

She turned to call back, "That's all right about our father. You let our father alone!"

"Pooh!" Jane was pretending again to be engrossed with a dance that brought out all the points of her new shoes.

But she was presently running to Marcy Tedmon's room with her freshly gleaned item. She found him busy with a dust cloth. For a long time he had let Jane attend to his rooms, and not the least pleasant hour of her days was spent at this task. But in the sitting room there were fragile objects she was forbidden—after the mishap with a treacherous bit of Venetian glass—ever to touch. Only the owner could dust these, and he was doing it now, frowning intently, solicitous about dust in the crannied surface of a wood carving. He stood with the cloth poised above it while she spoke.

Did he know that everyone, including the father of Alpharetta and Augustus Pedfern, called their house Tedmon's Folly?

Cousin Marcy was aware of it.

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Wiley's Cry, a Strange, Hoarse Cry, Made Her Spine Tingle and Drew at the Roots of Her Hair

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The Blot on the Scutcheon

LAW, in the abstract, is a noble profession. Very few laymen and by no means all lawyers quite realize how noble it may be made or how closely its higher aspirations approach the spiritual and the divine. And yet, despite its possibilities, despite the lofty character of a considerable portion of its practitioners, it has failed to maintain its standards at as high a level as have the other learned professions. Sometimes we hear of a black sheep in the church, and his delinquencies are headlined from one end of the country to the other simply because he is a clergyman. In somewhat lesser degree the same is true of physicians, scientists and educators; and yet, by and large, men in these callings, whether rich or poor, dedicate their lives to the service of society. They live for it and work for it. They do not work against it for the sake of a bigger income.

The legal profession cannot, as a whole, make a like boast. The antisocial lawyer always has his old defense, his inherited excuses and his tiresome sophistries whereby to justify himself. And yet when he has talked himself to a standstill he has not disabused one intelligent man of the conviction that in every large city a fairly large number of lawyers are in one way or another working against the best interests of their own community. There is scarcely a populous jurisdiction in the United States whose bar does not need a thorough housecleaning.

Not all lawyers of upright personal character and unblemished reputation are wholly free from blame. There are members of the bar who may refuse to soil their fingers by contact with the criminal classes; who may even be engaged in civil practice exclusively, and still find ample and profitable opportunity in politics, in municipal and in corporation affairs to work almost as much harm to their community as their unsavory brethren who practice from year to year on the ragged edge of disbarment. Underlying this condition is the fact that there is something in the very nature of the law which makes it exceedingly difficult to enforce a code based on common sense and common conscience instead of on rules and precedents.

The better element in the profession writhes under a stigma which will be plastered upon it until a new spirit and a new set of ethical and civic standards dominate the practice of the law and cast out the vicious minority which is bringing it into such disrepute.

The bar associations are doing their best, but they can scarcely expect to overcome in a decade a set of conditions which have been centuries in the making; neither can they expect the passage of resolutions to do the work.

The Control of New Forces

FOR all practical purposes electricity is a new force. Lights and power from this source of energy have been in use for a number of years, but any conception as to the extent of their possible avail is very recent indeed. Confident predictions are made that in the not distant future nearly all farm work will be handled electrically and that electricity will work for man to a degree until now uncomprehended.

Prophecies aside, the past few years have witnessed an expansion in the lighting and power business that, with the exception of the building of railroads in earlier days and the development of the automobile more recently, has but few parallels in the history of industry. Even at the beginning of the war public utilities, so called, were still weak with the sickliness that sometimes goes with youth. They were the Cinderellas of industry—poor relations that ate crumbs at second financial tables. The great lordly railroads and trusts looked down upon the utilities as newcomers, upstarts seeking the favor of investors.

But a great change has come about, greater than the people yet realize. Public-utility stocks are now the beloved of Wall Street. Not only has investment, the respectable brother, turned their way, but even its sometimes sinister twin, speculation, has showered its not-always-to-be-envied smiles and favors upon the once lowly utility security.

Finance is but the shadow of industry. In every section of the country electric light and power facilities are being enlarged; supply appears to keep pace but haltingly with demand.

It is timely therefore to raise, as some men are doing, the question of who is to control this new force.

The governor of one of our great states has been touring the country, warning citizens that power, superpower, will, unless controlled by the public, soon "acquire the mastery and will be supreme in industry, finance, commerce, agriculture, politics and our everyday life. . . . Electric-power control is the most important economic issue before the people today, next to the conservation of natural resources. It touches us from the moment we arise in the morning until far into the night. It will soon be more important to our industry and everyday life than steam ever was. The householder, the farmer, the housewife, the traveler—all will be affected by it. Therefore it must be controlled by the people."

Rates, this same state executive points out, must be cheaper, there must be more effective distribution and less discrimination as between large corporate and small household and agricultural users. Public control alone, he argues, will bring these about.

The reasonableness of rates, the effectiveness of distribution and the question of discrimination—all such are matters of fact.

It is true that lower rates would result in increased use, that many potential consumers are not yet reached, and that not all users are satisfied with their rates in relation to others. But it is not denied that the power companies have pushed the consumption of their juice to a really amazing extent.

What magic is to be found in public control greater than we now have? Practically every state has a railroad or utilities commission that regulates the rates, finances and earnings of these companies.

But it is said that superpower transcends state lines and that anyway state regulation is unsatisfactory at the best. How is the Federal Government always to succeed where the states fail? It is easier to drive a measure through Congress than to bring about suitable legislation in nearly fifty states. But how about the efficacy of such regulation in practice?

Already the centralized bureaucracy of Federal Government is unwieldy; citizens will hesitate to intrust to it further enormous functions, reaching into every nook and cranny of the land. How are clerks and commissioners to run the country from Washington?

Consolidation in the power field is both desirable and inevitable; but now that this indispensable process is under way, the cry of hurtful monopoly is raised. The necessity of interconnecting lines and of larger units is admitted by all; the question is how far the public shall control the great resulting system.

The power companies themselves can bring about harmful and crippling public control by shortsighted and unwise development. New capital is required, but it need not be raised after the fashion of a cheap mining or oil boom. Consolidation must come, but it can be effected either by financial methods which assure confidence, or after the fashion of the unlamented high finance of the past.

It is not implied that a substantial part of the expansion and development now going on is of this character. But enough recent deals suggest only the greedy boldness of hungry promoters suddenly entering upon a new oil field to give wholesome pause.

A well-considered consolidation and integration of these industries will result in a sound and simple form of capitalization rather than in the dizzy and misleading security intricacies that now too often puzzle the investor. The utilities apparently cannot expand rapidly enough to suit their purposes without a too easy and wholesale resort to debentures, collaterals and other make-believe bond issues. What is needed is more real mortgage bonds and more real paid-in common stock, with a greatly reduced output of imitation bonds.

The attempt to make investors think that they have a bond when they haven't can only bring unwanted chickens home to roost in the long run. Utility financing needs a large dose of old-fashioned frank, straightforward nomenclature; bonds, where there is property available for mortgage; plain, ordinary, unadulterated stock otherwise.

Even when the demand for a commodity or a service is growing, ordinary common sense dictates a reasonable caution in expansion. The enthusiasm of new-found discovery needs always to be squared up with economic reality. Not all water-power sites are economic, and there is no need to develop them all.

In one respect the electric-power companies have shown real statesmanship. In selling so much stock to their customers and employes they are trying to prove that the corporations are not the "alien and more or less unassimilable element" we are so often led to believe they are.

We are warned, it is true, that "a single electrical system over the whole United States, with a single executive control, is coming and coming soon."

In any case the single system will come "soon" only in the sense of a number of years. In that length of time the two million or so of customer-owners may mount up to many times that number. It will be straining a point then to say that the power corporations are a wholly alien and unassimilable element. If they constitute a monopoly, it will be in the sense of one owned by the people, a rather natural monopoly after all.

They have, however, a more important duty than this—namely, to see that rates are reduced and energy distributed on a scale that makes of them public-service utilities in the truest meaning of the term. Otherwise they will be crippled and the development of the country set back by doctrinaire theories of political control, put into practice by the force of blind public resentment.

When the corporations fail to live up to their duties the public always hits back, for it has the power to do so. But the public has no stout faith in its own retaliatory measures, in what is euphemistically known as government control.

What the public wants is service, and it instinctively feels that if business enterprise can and does furnish service, the job had better be left there rather than transferred to an unwieldy government bureaucracy. For the simple truth is that no general public confidence in the ability of government control to produce the desired service exists in this country.

Lest Immigration Restriction Fail

By ROY L. GARIS

Professor of Economics at Vanderbilt University

AS A PEOPLE we are prone to lose interest in a problem once we have "solved" it by legislation. But the forces of reaction and opposition never cease their efforts to weaken, nullify or destroy the new legislation directly or indirectly in any manner possible ere it has had a fair trial. Especially is this true when serious differences of opinion exist, based upon moral, political or racial factors.

Insidious propaganda is at work to break down the provisions of the Immigration Law of 1924. This act, signed by President Coolidge May 26, 1924, contains fundamental, humane, constructive measures that in time will solve our immigration problem. In the meantime the law must be protected from those who would nullify its provisions ere it has realized its purpose.

Its enemies are working with all their might and resources to change the law when Congress meets in December. Only a few persons are awake to the fact that the immigration question looms up as a storm center in the next Congress, for those who desire to destroy it are not shouting their plans from the roof tops. They prefer to use strategy, hoping thereby to catch the American people unprepared for the attack.

A lack of clear thinking and of honest statement is a lamentable fact among many writers on the subject, hence the purpose of this article is to forestall, if possible, some of the mistaken amendments to it that are now being agitated, and to indicate wherein the law can be strengthened.

It is a plea to the American people to scrutinize critically the proposals for amendment. We must not lose interest in the fight when it has just begun. If we do lose interest, we shall lose everything which we have gained after long years of effort.

The present law was designed to accomplish four things: First, to secure a more uniform distribution of the arriving immigrants through the year. Second, to proportion our quotas more in accordance with the composition of the American nation at this time, and not allow the racial composition of the nation to be changed, as it was rapidly being changed, by extensive immigration from new sources. Third, to reduce drastically the number of immigrants into this country; and fourth, to include certain provisions based on humanitarian motives, in order to eliminate all avoidable hardships resulting from such legislation.

The law is working well. Most statements to the contrary are made by interested persons who have ulterior motives.

Figures covering the operation of the law during its first year prove beyond the necessity of argument that the first three purposes stated above are being accomplished, while few, if any, criticisms which were quite justly aimed at the former quota law can honestly be directed against the Immigration Act of 1924, for the hardships created by the emergency quota legislation are now virtually eliminated. Commissioner Curran has stated:

"As an affirmative performance, the Immigration Act of 1924 has already done great good to our country, and it gives promise of doing more. The immigrants who come to us are now fewer and better." His opinion is verified by all students of the problem who have sought honestly to solve the problem.

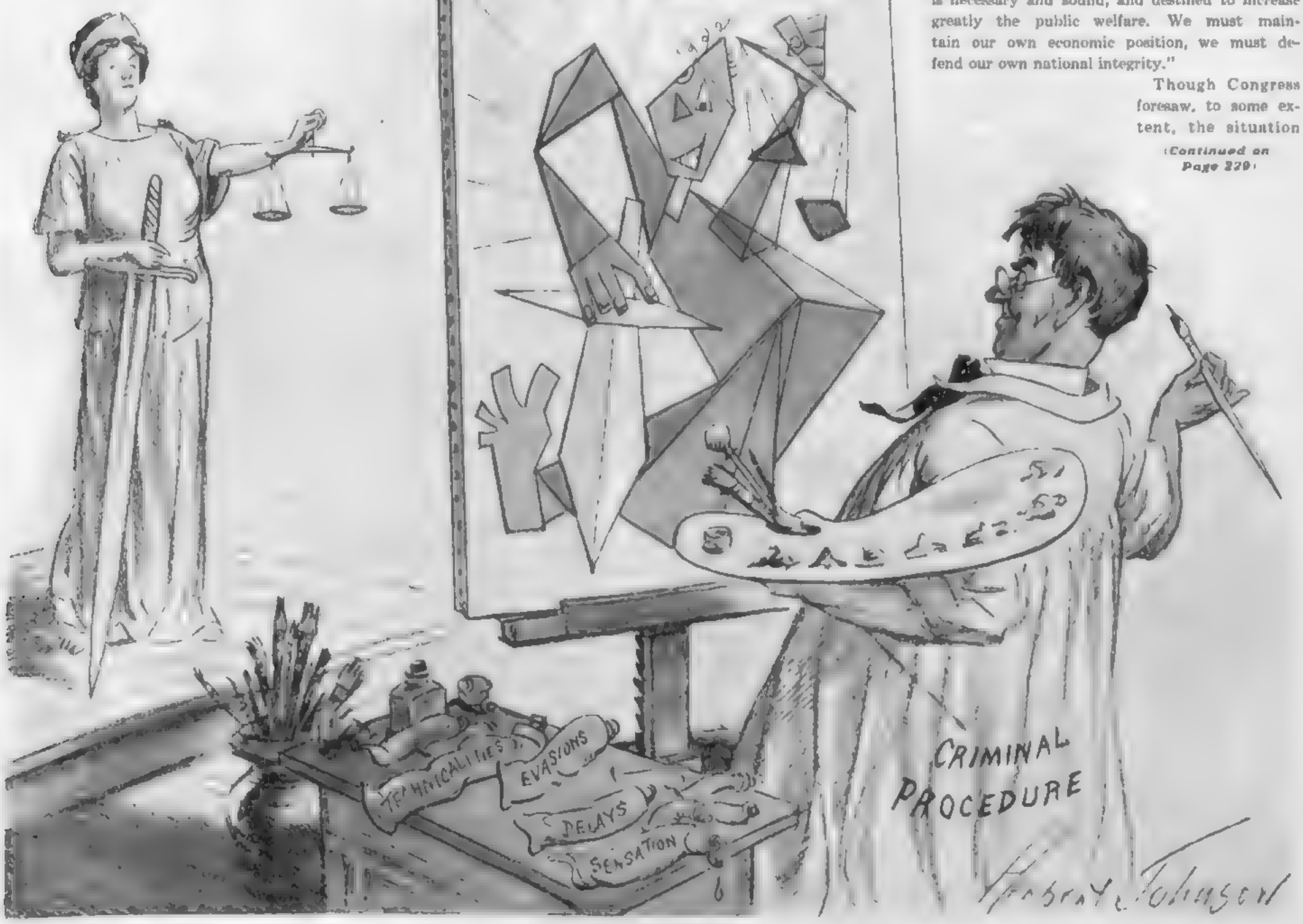
Despite these facts, sob stories persist. It is pointed out that alien males are in a position of hardship because their wives cannot have nonquota status, and that various aliens want their children, parents, brothers and sisters, and even their cousins, admitted outside the quotas to unite families.

Now everyone should like to see all families united. The problem here is, How can such unions be effected without defeating the very purpose of the Immigration Act of 1924? If the former can be done without weakening the latter, then the American people are for it, for virtually everything is to be gained and little lost by a united family life. President Coolidge stated in his last annual address to Congress:

"I should like to see the administrative features of this [the immigration] law rendered a little more humane for the purpose of permitting those already here a greater latitude in securing admission of members of their own families. But I believe this law in principle is necessary and sound, and destined to increase greatly the public welfare. We must maintain our own economic position, we must defend our own national integrity."

Though Congress foresaw, to some extent, the situation

(Continued on Page 229)



AS HE SEES HER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"These are Certainly Beautiful Bairns, Mrs. Beans"

"And Do Ju Resemble Their Dear Mother

"Still, I See Quite a Bit o' the Father in This Rather Insignificant Little Shrimp"

My Country

From a Car Window

PROCESSIONAL mountains and prairies and woods
And rivers that laugh as they run,
Adventurous autos with mud-spattered hoods,
The maize growing tall in the sun.

And cows under apple trees, pleasantly cool,
And villages, hamlets and farms;
And thousands of children going to school
With their joggerfies under their arms.

—Arthur Guiterman.

How to Keep Well

DR. AYE

Jump out of bed quickly in the morning. This whips your heart into shape for the day.

Keep busy during the day. A busy man is a healthy man.

Eat as much as you desire—within reason. Eat what you wish.

Drink at least two quarts of water daily. It flushes the system and keeps it healthy.

Take plenty of vigorous exercise. It keeps you young and fit.

Get into exciting things. They quicken the faculties and keep one really alive.

Marry early. Married people are much healthier than single people.

Always eat something before going to bed. It will make you sleep better.

Sleep at least nine hours nightly. Then you will have pep and strength.

Smoking doesn't harm much, and helps one to throw off disease germs from the mouth, nostrils and throat. Cigarettes are least harmful.

DR. NAY

Never jump out of bed quickly in the morning. Give your heart a chance to get going gradually.

Don't work more than eight hours. Overwork kills health.

Always leave the table hungry. Avoid everything hard to digest.

Drink very little water. It causes autointoxication.

Be cautious about vigorous exercise. It brings premature old age and disability.

Avoid all excitement. It saps your energy.

Don't marry too early. Marriage cares take your strength so you are more easily a victim of disease.

Never eat before going to bed. It will disturb your sleep.

Don't sleep too much. Seven hours is sufficient. Too much sleep makes you listless.

Don't smoke. This habit exposes your mouth, nostrils and throat to disease germs. Cigarettes are most harmful.

—Bernard G. Priestley.

Sonnet

Adaptable to a Variety of Occasions. Patent Applied For)

a spot in a secluded cove
There is a little pathway in a grove
a hilltop where the breeres rove
Where, on an unforgotten night in June,
April noon,
You and I heard the lovelorn crickets croon,
watched the waning summer moon,
While all insensibly our fancies wove
A golden gossamer of treasure-trove,
robin's
Gemmed with the jewels of the skylark's tune;
starling's
read,
And, as we talked, the silvery lagoon
strolled, grass-encircled dune
Wore shimmering veils of amethyst and mauve.
Do you remember, dearest? As for me,
No moment of high triumph and acclaim
Can ever be as lovely and as rare
As that immortal instant by the sea,
on the lea,
Lucy,
Which memory, Anna, evermore shall frame
Daphne, etc.,
raven
Within an aureole of your golden hair!
auburn

—Stoddard King.

Floridy

IF YOU see three fellers standin' with the'r heads t'gether it's a cinch one o' them's showin' th' other two a telegram from Floridy. Things is movin' fast down there, where th' alligator is makin' his last heroic stand in North America. Lafe Bud writes back that he stopped t' change a tire a few miles south o' Jacksonville, an' a civil engineer came along an' drove a stake thro' it. Lafe took a demit out o' th' Masonic lodge an' joined a Floridy acreage club an' had written home fer his hip boots. Elmer Bentley cleaned

(Continued on Page 226)

"William, Will You Run and See What the Baby's Into?"

The Sleepy Bookkeeper: "If That Ol' Pathead of a Boss Comes Snooping Around, Wake Me, Bill, I'm Goin' to Take a Little Jnooze"

Eat soup to get the full benefit of all your food!

If you think of soup only as a delicious and refreshing first dish of the meal, you are overlooking a fact of very great importance in the diet.

For good hot soup with its savor and its flavor, stimulates the digestive system, strengthens and renews the appetite, supplies valuable food, and prepares the way for the rest of the meal.

A meal that begins with soup is relished more all through. You eat more, enjoy it more, get more good from it.

Let Campbell's Tomato Soup, with its pure rich "fruit" juices and tomato "meat" blended with golden butter and delicate seasoning, refresh and stimulate you at dinner tonight! And at many meals to come!

How to prepare Cream of Tomato!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Oh, here they come and going some,
Let's greet them with a cheer.
The soup they ate will make them great
And fill their foes with fear!

AS A WOMAN THINKS

IX

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT DEPENDS upon where you lay your scenes in living what kind of reputation you get, and how you lose it, in case that happens. If you lay them like a good little Dorcas, in the church, somebody will defeat you for the presidency of the missionary society because you are the most efficient woman for that place. If you stretch them like a climbing Jacobess in women's clubs, a certain clique in that club will pull the social ladder from under your aspiring feet and elect you to the office of kitchen manager for the afternoon refreshments. If you move a trifle briskly in smart society, you are in danger of losing your reputation on the front page of the daily paper, on account of having done something newsy the night before or the morning after. I know a splendid old gray-haired widow who will not dim the snap in her fine eyes, nor break her habit of having small feet beautifully shod, nor even change the contours of a figure outrageously youthful for her years. One morning this summer she appeared in the striding togs of a smart lady pedestrian and stepped vigorously past a dear friend on her way out.

"Where are you going?" the dear friend called out.

"For my morning walk," she returned, swinging youthfully down the steps into the street.

"She is doing nothing of the kind. She is going to meet a man!" the friend informed me.

"At her age?" I protested.

"Age has nothing to do with her. She has resigned from her last ten years," was the indignant retort.

"Still, at this innocent and halcyon hour of a summer morning, a man cannot be such a doubtful person to meet," I suggested.

The sense of sex has changed its location. It no longer exists merely as a sacred natural instinct, but it has become a conversational feature of the modern mind leading to the wildest social and intellectual speculations. And there is literally no way of escaping its damaging enterprises.

In any case, if you retain the delicacy of your sensibilities it is difficult to determine which is the more embarrassing to have lost the reputation you were so careful to make for yourself or to endure the one imposed upon you by others.

This is precisely what has happened to me. Somewhere along the way during these last ten years I have lost my old reputation, a reputation which I fondly believed to be normal and becoming to me.

And not enough time left to build up another one before I pass forever out of the zone where all earthly reputations are made!

Imagine the situation—an elderly woman who discreetly retired from the world years ago to spend the remainder of her days in a remote place basking in the grace of God without making a fuss about it; showing her head once in so often above the horizon with a few neat laurels on her brow; doing a little good here and there, giving herself the airs of a beloved woman—only suddenly to awaken to the realization that she is a terrible old woman, autocratic, overbearing, who has set up a very small, but clearly visible empire over which she reigns regardless of the manners, customs and convictions of her friends and neighbors—when all this time I thought I was minding my own business and dressing my own garden to the profit and delectation of everybody who passed by!

These dear good people have been speculating in my attributes, revising them privately according to their amazingly vigorous but uncouth imaginations. They have left not one pretty soft feminine sin sticking to me. If I had entered one of the modern professions of banditry or bootlegging, I should have needed less courage than would be required to play the rôle assigned me. It calls for buckram breeches, two guns, a club and the vocabulary of a sailor on shore leave. The news of my deeds in this amazing disguise have percolated far and near.

Neither Could I Move Her From Her Gracefully Leaning Pose Against the Column

We are hard to please. I have frequently pitied women who were criticized for the way they dressed, rouged or smiled, not knowing how vulnerable many people are to vivid coloring and a Mona Lisa sweetness of expression. Now I could find it in my heart to envy them. It is less embarrassing to be so suspected than to be shorn of one's dearer charms and vanities as a woman, and to be accused instead of setting upon strong men with sticks. You wonder painfully if you actually have faded and toughened so much in the estimation of your neighbors that you have passed beyond the pink and glorified pale of a more delicate feminine transgression.

Mrs. Virginia Woolf, novelist and critic, recently made this statement in an article published in the Criterion: "In or about December, 1910, human character changed." One must envy her perspicuity, even if she does not mention the exact day of the month when this transformation took place; but I cannot imitate it about so intimate a thing as my own reputation. I do not know how long this primitive artistry in changing it had been going on; but my suspicion is that it began the day I set foot in this valley and started spinning literary rainbows above the heads of these simple folk who share the attic life of these simple hills with me.

Six busy years passed in love and charity with them before I had the least hint of what was going on. When at last I came face to face with my local likeness I was confounded. Long afterward the explanation occurred to me—in dealing with other people it is a mistake not to take into account the furtiveness of human nature and the guarded indirectness of the mortal mind. Wearing creeds and civilizations like garments, we still practice within many of the traits of our primitive ancestors. A man is frequently on guard or on the offensive when we approach him in a friendly tail-wagging spirit, all unconscious of his bristling attitude, due to some weakness in himself of which you are not aware, or to a competitive animosity which you do not feel.

I have learned this too late in life to practice a corresponding discretion in my association with other people. I seem to have an infernal gift for telling what is going on in my mind or feelings. This is the quickest way possible to kick the skylights out of your own reputation. But I do not regret it, having had a grander time telling on myself than most people ever have concealing themselves. I have told the truth too much. It makes you free, but you pay for it. I remember hoping at the time that the scandalous caricature of my virtues might be a compliment inadvertently implied. One must protect himself before his immediate public either with conceit or with resignation. I use both as the occasion demands.

After this experience, I resolved to have done with my various reputations. They are nowhere required of us in the Scriptures. On the contrary, in the second chapter of Philippians, it is recorded that he "made himself of no reputation." I have willed mine to the world, which makes them and takes them away. They are too ephemeral and too expensive to keep up. If you have caught the wind of the world in your sails, you have only to do your work to insure your fame—a drastic business, but not nearly so difficult as maintaining your own reputation if you have become one of the assets of the public mind.

Besides, the older you grow the less comfortably does any reputation fit you. It is like a garment you used to wear, now out of style with your thoughts and your aspirations, which are stretching away like dreams beyond the mind of this world. There was a time, for example, when it troubled me to be regarded as a tightwad, because instead of contributing in the conventional public-spirited manner to movements, memorials, monuments and notorious charities, I have done my alms in secret. And though my Heavenly Father who seeth in secret has not yet seen fit to reward me openly as they are praised who do good accompanied by a press agent, I am beginning to feel more solvent morally and independent spiritually by disregarding these character prints, good or bad, left in passing upon the minds of other people. The image depends too much upon the quality of the mind that receives it to be always reputable or veracious.

But whenever you become truly philosophical, you never are quite truthful toward your own humanness. I may

(Continued on Page 47)

This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the EXACT amount you need

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

A way to make sure that your pie crust always has this fine, appetizing flavor

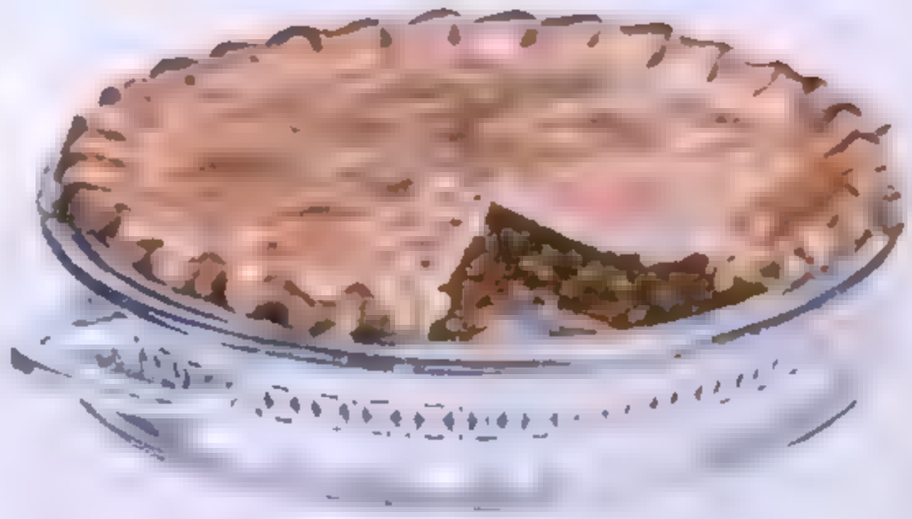
You want pie crust to be flaky and tender, don't you? But you also want it to *taste* good—to have that special delicate flavor that makes it so worth eating! A flavor that marks it as a delicacy in itself, even without the filling!

To get this tempting flavor, for years and years women have depended on a certain fine shortening—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it makes crust taste *extra* good, gives it just the appetizing flavor that you prize!

And "Silverleaf" never varies in its fine qualities. It's always creamy smooth, and of just the right consistency to mix properly with other ingredients. That's why it makes crust so light and flaky.

For special, tempting flavor in all baking and frying, use "Silverleaf". You can get this pure lard in various quantities to suit your needs—in one-pound measuring cartons and in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Ask your dealer today for "Silverleaf" in one of these convenient forms.

Swift & Company



Grape Pie

For crust. *Sift 1½ cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut into this ⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, and cold water. Roll thin.*

For filling. *Stem and pulp 4 cups of grapes. Cover the skins with water, simmer in a covered vessel ½ hour. Cook the pulp 5 minutes, strain, and add this to the grape skins. Mix 2 tablespoons flour with 1 cup sugar and stir into the grape mixture. Pour into a pie plate lined with paste. Cover with strips or an upper crust and bake. (Grapes may be pulped in a few seconds by mashing with a potato masher and then removing the skins.)*

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Perfecting *your power*

Two lubricating fallacies exposed

What they overlook:

HAVE you ever said, "Motors are so perfect nowadays that it doesn't matter much *what* oil is used!"

Or, "I drain off the old oil every thousand or five hundred miles so I'm protected even if I don't use Mobiloil."

A dangerously wrong attitude toward lubrication is betrayed by these two statements.

Automobile engines *are* better in design, construction, and materials than they were five years ago. But—high speeds are more common. In some cars the pistons travel up and down twice as many times in a mile as they did in the 1920 models.

This means twice as many chances for dangerous friction—twice as much possible wear to prevent—twice as much need for *correct lubrication*.

Frequent draining off of old oil is only *part* of the program in economical lubrication. Your oil *must* be correct in body. And its quality cannot be too high.

Certainty versus guesswork

Our Board of Engineers, including some forty-two automotive engineers, have studied *your* motor in every detail. They have studied its design and clearances and have noted its operating temperatures and conditions. They have considered its requirements in freezing cold temperatures and in August heat. They have worked side by side with the *makers* of your engine—in many cases, even before the car was placed on the market.

And here's the net result:

There is a grade of Mobiloil that is the *most efficient and economical* lubricant for your car. You will find it listed beside your car in the Mobiloil Chart.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. Three out of every four drivers who ask for oil by name specify Mobiloil.

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil builds business on quality and he's a good man to buy from whether you need oil, gas, tires or accessories.

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Co. Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

This sign is the guide to scientific engine lubrication

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-65, 8-63	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
Cad Illac	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar
Chev[illegible] B & I							A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]gham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Ar						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lexington Knight	B	Arc	B	Arc				
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
Ford	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Fwd	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
[illegible] Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible] other m'f's	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Graham Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson Super Six	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan [illegible]	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lafayette Coach	Arc	Arc						
[illegible]	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Com'l							Arc	Arc
Moon	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
Oakland							A	A
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 4			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
6	A	Ar	A	Arc			A	Arc
Overland	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A
Page (Cont Eng (Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			A	A
[illegible]							A	Arc
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A				
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Re	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic [illegible] ton					A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar		
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Velie (Cont Eng (Hercules			Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar
" Eng) (2 ton					A	A		
" (other m'f's)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
White 15 & 20	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	B	A	B	Ar	B	Ar	B	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only shown separately for convenience

[illegible]						
[illegible]	A	A				
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Ar
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For proper correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 44)

write convincingly concerning this noble ideal of myself. It is held, you may say, on principle; I have never been able to live up to it except by fits and starts. The fact remains that I frequently suffer like a sinner under conviction over the impression made upon a friend, knowing how I have touched up the crooked lines of his character so that it will shine in a sentence more becoming to him. When he reads this sentence later in the book, he never seems to recognize himself. He never comes to clasp me by the hand and regard me with tear-dimmed eyes of appreciation. But just let me write out a fault, and forty people of my acquaintance will take offense, when my innocent purpose had been to dramatize one of my own secret shortcomings!

The greatest inconvenience I experience comes from the constant effort to repress my friendly instincts. I have a talent for loving people and would like to use it, but my flare of affection is put out when I perceive myself mirrored in the eye of that man or this woman as a fearsome person, liable to explode an opinion which will reflect upon his dearest prejudice or outrage her most sacred fallacy.

I am not complaining, you understand; I am simply indicating how much worm-and-dust wisdom of this world is required to finance a reputation even for sweetness and light, and that it does not pay if you have any safer way of employing your talents.

We permit conscience to make cowards of us all. Then by instinct we turn upon the highest everywhere to reduce it to the level of our own conduct. We cannot even get far enough away from our own transgressions to believe in the Almighty. We condemn ourselves to dust and despair, and we cover the whole ignoble performance with flubdub philosophy and think we get away with it. But we do not. We live best by faith, not by what we know or the uttermost that we can think; and certainly not according to our reputations, because very few people know what kind of reputations they have.

These are some of the things I meant to prove in this record now so nearly ended in vain. My hope was to touch wing feathers in the honest quiet heart we all have. But I lacked the words of wings. I do not seem to have turned out very well. It is obvious that I retain my worldly mind and a wide streak of human heinousness. I have not even made my relations to God creed-clear. I cannot. A creed, any creed, fits my own personal sense of the Lord about as well as another man's coat would fit you. And we must have creeds as we must have trails through a trackless forest. Maybe if I had stuck closer to mine I might have made better time in the right direction. Maybe you had better hold firmly to yours. You will find it of great assistance if you have not the mind to think out your own personal relations to God. It saves wrestlings, I can tell you, and you would be spared the dangerous liberties of mind and spirit I have practiced.

For example, I have never been able to let go and be a saint if I could. I retain a sneaking distrust of myself in my better moments; we all have them; instants when goodness flashes in us and thrills us to some too lofty deed or too great a sacrifice. I cannot tell how many times I have frisked my own self in a noble mood by a promise too hard to keep after the vision passed. Before I had finished fulfilling some of these noble pledges I have come near showing ignoble regret

My experience is that if you are a humanitarian and no more, you can take up a collection, start a fund and get through more creditably than if you contributed only your own mite; but if you are a Christian, with a private sense of charity according to the gospel, you had better not bite off more than you can chew. Choose a few quiet virtues and stick to them. After a while these virtues stand by you like faithful friends in consciousness, and you are not like a mendicant in need of a reputation to sustain you.

But in spite of my professions of faith, I have my insane periods of doubt when I see everything as it is, the hideous naked truth and myself terribly diminished. I miss the flare, the illumination, of spiritual emotion. I suppose our spirits get out of order sometimes, as our lives do. This would account for the depression. At such times I get a jaundiced eye upon the world. I am ready to swear we are no longer the sons of God; the Almighty does not make us now; we make ourselves; cobbled men and women, veneered all colors. I do not know any illness of the body so disquieting as this sickness of the soul. But it does not last. I always get well and start back up Jacob's ladder as usual.

If I had to define the one thing, thought, feeling, or whatever it is, that has kept me fairly invincible and still advancing in the face of many adversities, loneliness and the approaching weariness of age, I should say it is a sensation of immortality to which I have been subject during the whole of my life. The soul is a sort of pension which keeps us living longer than other animals. You will have observed that many pensioners survive other people who are younger and have better health. It is a sort of acquisitive human instinct that keeps them alive, as I suppose we cling spiritually to our souls, not being sure that they are real and will last after death. To believe is the breath of immortality. Most of the time I believe strongly enough to breathe very well.

It is the fading out of faith in God which accounts now for so many suicides. If you lose your fortune, your honor, your self-respect, your place in the present world and the chance to get what you want, there is no sensible reason for keeping up the struggle unless you have learned to look to God, another hope and another life. So far as I am concerned, never in the darkest moment have I so much as looked forward to death as a release. I prefer the worst life holds to being actually and permanently dead. I still have the sensation of growing up. I am still the joyful victim of sublime anticipations, if you want to put it that way.

It all comes to this: Life is love, or it is nothing. We ought to believe that and we ought not to believe in unhappiness. Usually unhappiness is no more than the effort we make to achieve joy, the busy figuring we do in deeds which when added together in the long column of the years make the sum of peace and happiness at last. I have worked a sight of arithmetic of that kind in my time, sums in living that felt then like sorrows and the deepest griefs. Now there is one long addition of memories that ease the heart on a day like this. How dear Faith is still, but I am no longer anxious about her. How full this day has been of pictures of her and the little ways she had, her delicacy in doing her good deeds. But I am relieved now forever from seeing her suffer, or die, or be beyond my power to help. She is kept in perfect peace until I come.

The trouble with me is that I get too much of my happiness in the retrospect. The future does not seem properly financed with the bright prospects which belong to my strictly human nature. To what end have I endured nearly all things, endeavored to keep the faith and been reasonably good, if I am not to sit in my chair at the last with peaceful folded hands and have such a light heart that laughter would become a sort of habit with me?

Must I wait to sit beneath that common-to-all tree in paradise before I let go the laughter of a lifetime, suppressed by so many cares here? I will not believe it! Besides, there is nothing recorded in the Scriptures concerning

(Continued on Page 216)

What Actually Happens is That I Spend Most of My Days Alone Here in This Cabin With a Companionable Fire Upon the Hearth

TAMING THE RAILROADS

Continued from Page 7

powers of the states, to which regulation had been limited. His professional work had made him so familiar with the practical operation of railroads that he realized, from the beginning and to the fullest extent, the tendency of commissions, whether Federal or state, to get away from regulation—always avowed as their sole purpose—into dictation and thence into what he feared would be their logic, operation. In spite of these drawbacks, he felt that there were abuses and grievances which demanded correction, and if they could be so reached that the remedy would not be worse than the disease."

Therefore he signed the bill and put away the thought of filing a memorandum to set forth his doubts and reservations. These he consulted privately in selecting the men who should inaugurate the experiment. For chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission he chose Thomas M. Cooley, a wise and able man, who understood its functions to be judicial.

There was much to be learned and much to be taught. There was for instance a fanatically obstinate notion that the railroads' practice of charging what the traffic would bear irrespective of the cost of performing the service was a very great evil and must be abated. Judge Cooley addressed his mind to this matter, and said: "It was very early in the history of railroads perceived that if these agencies of commerce were to accomplish the greatest practicable good the charges for the transportation of different articles of freight could not be apportioned among such articles by reference to the cost of transporting them severally; for this, if the apportionment of cost were possible, would restrict within very narrow limits the commerce in articles whose bulk or weight was large compared with the value."

The Disgruntled Oystermen

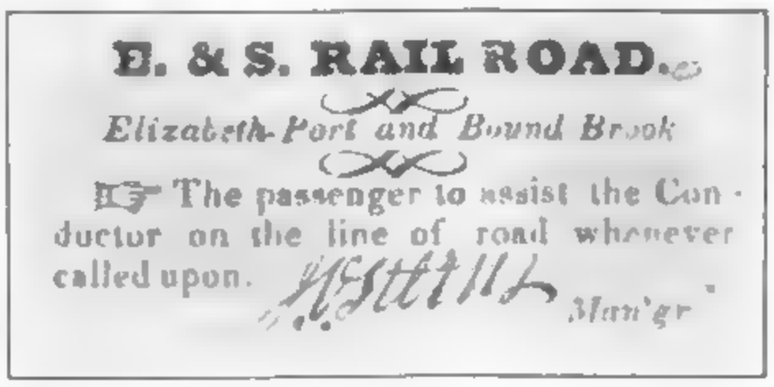
This from the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission was a shock to popular prejudice. He might have shocked it even more, possibly more than it would have been able to stand, by saying that two articles precisely alike, side by side in the same car, might fairly bear different rates. This also was to be learned.

There was what came to be famously known as the oyster case. Some oystermen in Delaware complained that they were charged a dollar per hundred pounds to Philadelphia while oystermen farther away whose oysters went in the same car, were charged only seventy-five cents. What could seem a clearer case of oppression under the principle of charging what the traffic would bear? The oystermen at the more distant point had an alternative route to Philadelphia and therefore the benefit of competition; the complaining oystermen had no alternative route and therefore no benefit of competition. They had to pay.

Then the railroad presented its case. The beginning of it all was that certain persons, now complaining as oystermen, had represented to the railroad that they had a natural place in which to grow very fine oysters and would go into it as a business if the railroad would make them a rate they could afford to pay to reach the Philadelphia market. The railroad examined the matter and found it could afford to put on a daily oyster car at a rate of one dollar per hundred pounds, provided the business would amount to a carload a day. Less than a carload would not warrant the service. This was a rate the oysters would bear; it left a fair profit to the growers. The bargain was made, and the oyster business was started. But both the oystermen and the railroad were disappointed. There was not a daily carload—only half a carload. As the railroad could not afford to keep the car in service for half a carload at a dollar per hundred pounds, and as the oystermen could not afford to pay a higher rate, it looked ill and thirty for the infant business until the thought occurred to the railroad that it might make up a carload and thus be able to continue the service by starting the car from a point farther up the road where there were plenty of oysters. At this other point the oystermen were paying a dollar per hundred pounds to reach Philadelphia by another, shorter and more convenient road. But it was easy to get from them half a carload daily at seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, and with half a load at seventy-five cents and half at a dollar the car could be kept in service for the benefit of the new oystermen. This was done. But then, of course, the new oystermen came to be aggrieved. How could it be reasonable for oysters in one end of the car to be paying a dollar per hundred pounds with oysters in the other end and from farther away paying only seventy-five cents? That was all they could see. The answer of the railroad was, first that it could not get the other half carload except by cutting the rate to seventy-five cents, and this it had done in order to be able to continue the service at all. If it charged a uniform rate of a dollar the oystermen at the other place would ship by the more convenient road, and the complaining oystermen, unable to make a daily carload, as they had undertaken to do in the first place, would have to give up the business, for the railroad could not afford to keep the car on for half a load.

The case perfectly illustrates first the complex nature of rates and secondly human nature in relation to rates. The oystermen were not dissatisfied with the dollar rate as such. It was a reasonable rate, openly arrived at before anything was at stake; they could afford to pay it. All they minded was that someone else paid less, and that was discrimination.

The original Act under which the Interstate Commerce Commission began to function had neither teeth nor claws. It asserted the principle of regulation, called for publicity of rate schedules, required the railroads to give ten days' notice of an advance in rates and three days' notice of a reduction, declared it unlawful to charge more for a long haul than for a shorter one, and, above all, forbade discrimination.


E. & S. RAIL ROAD.
Elizabeth-Port and Bound Brook
☞ The passenger to assist the Conductor on the line of road whenever called upon.
Man'gr

There was then no thought of regulating rates as rates; that is, to make them higher or lower. The price to be charged for transportation was left to the discretion of the railroads. Everything in the Act, including the principle asserted, referred really to a single evil, namely, the evil of discrimination. How simple it seemed to forbid discrimination as between persons, places and things! Secrecy, favoritism, rebates, unfair relations of one rate to another, these sins were specifically forbidden.

But when the Interstate Commerce Commission came to approach the ground facts, with intent to act upon them, its knowledge increased. It found that discrimination was of many kinds—wicked, innocent, natural, unnatural, rational and absurd; also that every form of it save the wicked form, and even much of that, was deeply encysted in the ways and necessities of commerce. There was probably not one rate in a million against which discrimination in some degree could not be plausibly alleged by someone. And how many millions of rates there were was unimaginable. Considering only class rates in one delimited freight territory, the Interstate Commerce Commission once asked the railroads to prepare a tentative schedule on a mileage basis. The railroads replied that in this territory were 7500 shipping points and that to make a mileage rate schedule for each of these to every other point would require fifty million separate calculations. The Interstate Commerce Commission reduced its curiosity to 1700 junction points and shipping centers, and still two millions of separate calculations were necessary.

The Commission found that nobody was ever satisfied. Everyone complained; everyone wanted something changed in the rate structure. Yet at every point in all this uproar there was a rough, unscientific compromise that did in some strange fashion work. It had become the natural function of railroads to overthrow geographical disadvantages and precisely to the extent they had succeeded there was discrimination, bitterly complained of wherever an original advantage of distance, place or topography had been artificially annulled. Yet if the principle of keeping everybody in business everywhere was sound, then discriminations were inevitable.

At any rate, what was could not be changed.

There was the discrimination against New York City as a seaport, represented by freight rates from Chicago to Philadelphia and Baltimore, that canceled her three natural advantages; namely, a shorter inland distance, an all-water route from the West and a lower ocean rate to Europe. This had to stand as the Interstate Commerce Commission found it.

Transcontinental Rates

There was the discrimination complained of by St. Louis, to wit, that although she was 1100 miles nearer the Pacific Coast than New York she was obliged to pay the same freight rate, and this certainly would appear at first sight to be a valid complaint.

But what was the history? The whole transcontinental-railroad motive was to beat the water route around Cape Horn from Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific Coast. Hence from the beginning of cross-continental traffic by rail a very low through rate from cities on the Atlantic to those on the Pacific. These low rates gave New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore an important advantage in the Pacific Coast trade. Rates to the Pacific Coast from all inland cities were higher. The inland cities complained vigorously, and the Western roads fought for them, until at last it was agreed among all concerned that in respect of Pacific Coast trade all cities east of the Missouri River should be treated as if they were on the Atlantic Seaboard with access to the competitive water route; everybody east of the Missouri should pay one flat rate to the Pacific Coast. The intent of this agreement, also the effect of it, was to put all Eastern cities on an equal plane in relation to transcontinental trade. In that aspect it seemed eminently fair. The arrangement was already historic when St. Louis appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission, saying plausibly and for a fact that there was obvious

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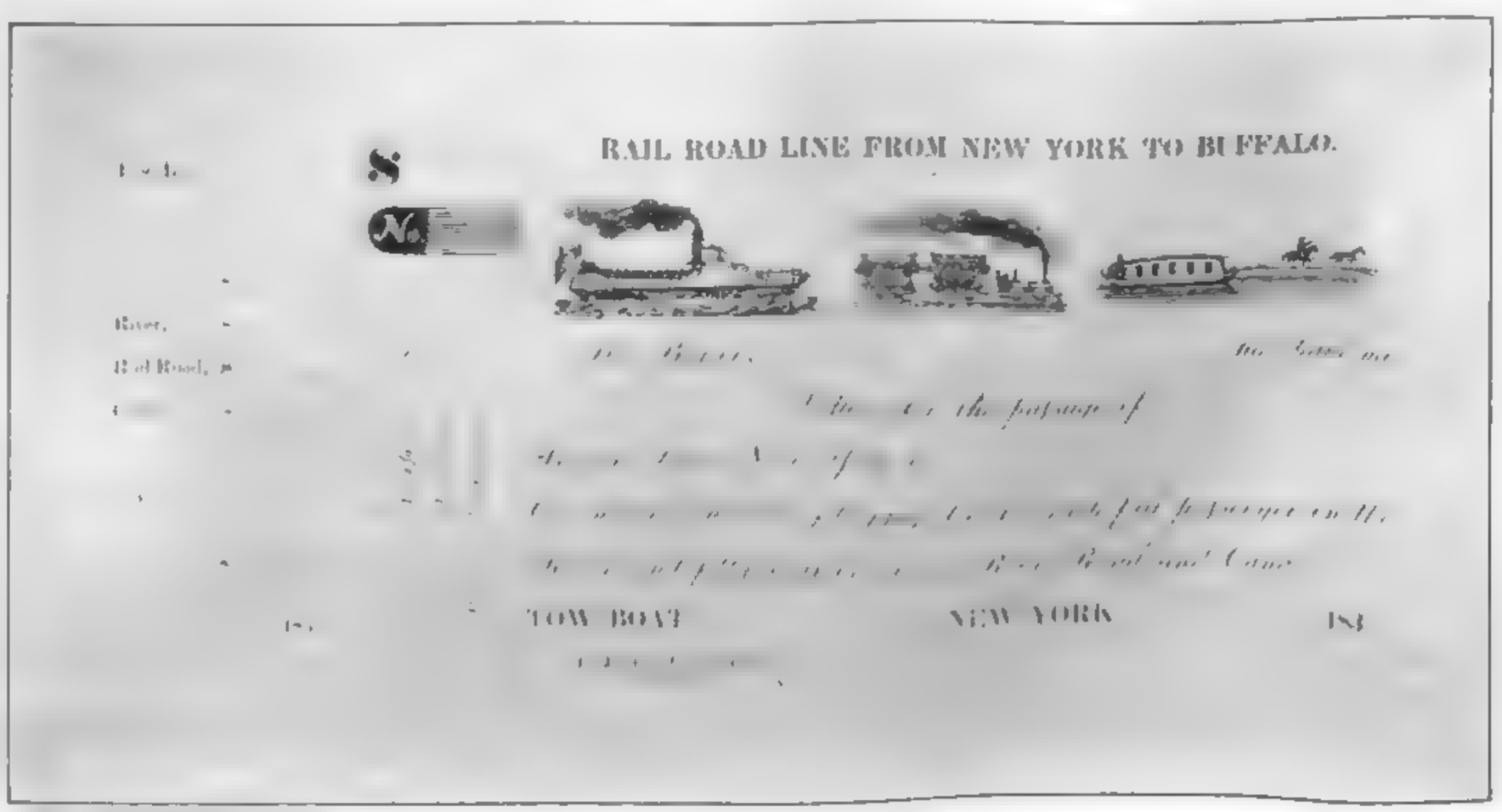

The New Hupmobile 6

HUPMOBILE—a name to conjure with in connection with the new, popular-priced Six that is to be announced in these pages shortly.

Popular-priced, yes!—but literally going far above and beyond the present limitations of its price class in verve and dash and virility of performance, and with all the ruggedness and value that is guaranteed by the name Hupmobile.

In this new Hupmobile Six all the natural, mechanical attributes of the six-cylinder engine are fully and completely developed and perfected by the brilliant engineering exemplified in the famous Hupmobile Eight, its companion car.

The new Hupmobile Six is Hupmobile through and through. It is the complete fulfilment of the hopes and wishes of the loyal legions of owners of the Hupmobile Four, as well as of the uncounted thousands who have waited for a popular-priced Six, finally developed and perfected as they know only Hupmobile can do it.

Because it *is* a Hupmobile, because it possesses all the qualities guaranteed by the name Hupmobile all during its 16 years of continuous success, it is inevitably destined to place the popular-priced Six on a higher, finer plane than it has ever approached before.

Buy No Car Till You See It

Watch for further details in an early issue

(Continued from Page 48)

discrimination in a rate structure that obliged her to pay the same rate as New York to the Pacific Coast when the haul from St. Louis was less by 1100 miles. Yet that discrimination has to stand as a pragmatic matter, for to change it would cause a violent disturbance of trade relations between the East and the Pacific.

Multiply these instances by any number that comes into your head, only so it be a large one, and you will get some notion of what the Commission found on the ground of facts. As to secret discriminations, such as rebates, that were as cancers causing certain cells of the economic body to grow in a malignant manner at the expense of the whole, these the Commission was powerless to remove. Many of them it could not even discover.

While this was still true the railroads themselves moved a reform. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania systems together decided to clean up the situation. First they cleaned up competition. The New York Central System annexed the West Shore nuisance and the Nickel Plate; the Pennsylvania dealt in the same way with certain lines in its territory that were either not strong enough or not so high-minded as to be able to resist temptation. Then Cassatt, for the Pennsylvania, made the sensational announcement that rates published were the rates for all alike.

That meant everybody. It meant even Andrew Carnegie, to his boundless astonishment. He answered by cutting the Pennsylvania Railroad off from all the steel tonnage he controlled, hinting at the same time that thereafter the Pennsylvania might expect to pay the highest published price for its rails. Mr. Cassatt's answer to that was to buy some big steel mills for the Pennsylvania Railroad, which became thereby a formidable and uncontrollable competitor in the steel business. Mr. Carnegie's answer to Mr. Cassatt's answer was to set about getting himself a private railroad from Pittsburgh to the Atlantic Coast, which he might have done if the United States Steel Corporation had not been formed in haste to buy him out.

Banishing Rebates

These titanic gestures produced a panic in Wall Street. Industry and railroads were at last in collision. Signs of this event had not been wanting. One might devour the other. It was quite imaginable. The public mind was deeply agitated. And the meaning of it all was simply this, that the free-will phase of corporation life was coming to an end. There was never a possibility that industry would be permitted to swallow up its servant, transportation, any more than that the railroads would be permitted to control the sources of their tonnage.

Long before this it had become evident that the original Interstate Commerce Act went either too far or not far enough. There were two points of view. If you saw that the ultimate end of railroad regulation was positive control, perhaps ownership logically at last, and believed it to be not the function of government to administer economic affairs, then you were of those who thought the Congress had already gone too far in asserting the principle of regulation. But if you saw only that the increasing power of railroads was a political danger, then of course you believed the Government should have gone much farther in restraint of it, for it was clear that so far it had been restrained very little, if at all. But whatever you thought, there was no going back.

From this time on, the evolution of the Interstate Commerce Act was rapid. First was an amendment making it a penitentiary offense to give or receive rebates and holding principals to be responsible for the acts of their agents. All the more reputable railroad managers were agreeable. They also wished to stop the rebate evil, for it had begun dangerously to sap their earnings.

Further amendments, however, were less to their way of thinking, especially those of 1906 which made it unlawful for a carrier to transport any commodity in which it had a commercial interest and gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power, upon complaint of shippers, to review rates in the light of reasonableness and fix the maximum.

The amendment first named, making it unlawful for railroads to transport commodities in which they had a commercial interest, was to save them from the temptation to lay their hands upon industry, for of course if they could not haul their own steel and coal there was no point in their having steel mills and mines or controlling any of the sources of tonnage.

The amendment secondly named, giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix maximum rates, was a long step into new ground. The commission had been saying, what was notoriously true, that without some rod of authority its work of regulation was a comedy. Its wisdom and precept were flouted; the wicked were as wicked as ever and, moreover, amused. It thought, as the Congress did, that the power to prescribe maximum rates was power enough. Let the railroads make their own minimums. Nobody cared how little they charged—the less the better. But let the Interstate Commerce Commission say what the maximum should be and you had them tied by a ring in the nose.

The Growth of the I. C. C.

However, it was very soon discovered that this was merely a power to worse confusion. In the first place, it could be exercised only upon somebody's complaint; in the second place, it could be exercised only in respect of the specific rate or rates complained of, with no reference whatever to any other. A more useless rod could not have been imagined. Some of the early experiments with it were unexpectedly educational and had at least the merit of extending the official view.

A merchant in Kansas City complained that the rate from New York City to St. Paul was lower than the rate from New York City to Kansas City, and submitted that this was on its face unreasonable, besides being prejudicial to the growth and prestige of Kansas City. Why should a St. Paul merchant get his goods from the East at a lower rate than the Kansas City merchant and be thereby enabled to undersell him in the Western jobbing trade? The rate from New York City to Kansas City was a combination rate, made up of the through rate from New York City to St. Louis—87 cents for some 1100 miles—plus the local rate from St. Louis to Kansas City—60 cents for 280 miles. The Interstate Commerce Commission acted. It issued an order that the maximum local rate should be reduced from 60 to 51 cents. That made the total rate from New York City to Kansas City $1.38 instead of $1.47, as it had been, and favorably altered the relation of Kansas City to all competitive cities.

The railroads complained of the collateral consequences, and the Interstate Commerce Commission answered them, saying: "There is of necessity a relation of rates between different business centers; that from New York to Kansas City bears a certain relation to that from Pittsburgh to Kansas City, as from Detroit to Kansas City, and the defendants—the railroads—urged that if the relation had been correct before the order of the Commission it was made incorrect by that order. Of this there can be no question. The order of the Commission did disturb the relation which had previously existed between different territories east of the Missouri River, but that resulted not from any unlawful action on the part of the Commission but from the operation of the statute under which we act. The act authorizes the Commission to prescribe a reasonable rate only in case of complaint and after hearing. The sole complaint before the Commission was as to the rate from the Atlantic Seaboard to Kansas City."

To make one adjustment on a running machine it was obliged to throw all adjacent parts into maladjustment, and stop at that, because the law said it could tinker only one thing at a time and that one thing only provided it was complained of. This situation was too absurd to last. The next step was inevitable. Four years after the Interstate Commerce Commission had got authority to fix maximum rates it was clothed with absolute power over rates—power to act on its own initiative, power to suspend rates already existing, to determine in any and all cases, upon complaint or in its own wisdom, what the reasonable rate should be, and to say these and no other should be charged; also the power to prescribe through routes and the rates thereon and in what proportions a through rate should be divided among the several railroads performing a joint service.

This had to be power enough. There was no more. Only now for the first time an unwelcome reality appeared. It had been there in plain view all the time, but unregarded, because public thought was so much engrossed with the excitement of taming the railroads. When you have tamed a thing you become responsible for it, since it cannot any longer be responsible for itself. You have to feed it, warm it, look to its health and guide it.

It was wholly in the interest of shippers, of the consumers of transportation, of the public in such aspect, that the movement for government regulation of railroads was begun, continued and carried to the point of placing in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission unlimited authority over rates and service. But in the moment of receiving this power the Interstate Commerce Commission became responsible for the life of the railroads. Control of freight rates was control of the railroads' revenues. There was no escape. Yet few had seen it clearly as a logical sequence. You cannot say how much the railroads shall charge without saying also how much they shall earn. The railroads saw this at once.

Shortly after the Interstate Commerce Commission's power over rates had been made absolute they came before it not severally but in one body, saying: "We do not speak of rates. We speak of our earnings. Simply, the fact is that taking us all together we cannot live on our total earnings. Some of us may; but some of us certainly cannot. The only way to increase the sum of railroad earnings is to increase rates in a horizontal manner. We leave it to you."

A New Principle Adopted

They were able fairly to prove their case, and the Interstate Commerce Commission did a thing that had never been imagined or conceived to lie within its power—a thing very astonishing to the public, whose idea was that government control of rates meant always lower rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission decreed a horizontal increase of rates, irrespective of any question as to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of specific rates, almost without looking at that question at all, acting broadly on the ground that as a matter of public policy the sum of railroad earnings had to be greater, else the carriers could not live and continue to give proper service. Twice it did this, straining its authority each time, before at last the Congress faced the fact that tame railroads are dependent railroads. They cannot keep themselves; therefore they must be kept.

Then it added to all the body of interstate-commerce law already existing the Transportation Act of 1920, wherein appears a new principle of rate making. The principle is that rates shall be such as shippers can afford to pay and at the same time such as the railroads can afford to take. Before, it was only what the shipper could afford to pay that had been considered. Hereafter, says this law, the Interstate Commerce Commission in making rates shall regard both the public interest and the needs of the railroads; and there is laid upon it these four heavy responsibilities, namely: First, to determine the fair capital value of the railroads; second, to say what shall be deemed a reasonable return upon that fair capital value; third, what rates in general must be charged and paid to yield that reasonable return upon that fair capital value; and, fourth, how the burden of these rates shall be distributed so as to give shippers the least cause to complain.

The whole Interstate Commerce Act now is a volume with 92 pages of index. Penalties occupy one page. They range all the way from simple liability for damages to fine and imprisonment. The specific offenses you may be found guilty of run from misdemeanor to felony. Federal control begins with the ash pan under the locomotive; it touches minutely such matters as the keeping of standard time, the form of mileage tickets, free transportation for Y. M. C. A. secretaries; it governs service and the routing of traffic; it determines the character and extent of expenditures for maintenance, and ends at the top by prescribing how the statistics shall be kept and what a railroad may pay to its bankers. Nothing is forgotten.

Dire Predictions

So the railroads were tamed. They cannot extend their tracks, build a station, borrow money, give a pass to a friend, shunt a car around to the door of a customer or write figures in their own books without consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

They were sure this never could be done to them. In 1887, when the original toothless, clawless Interstate Commerce Act was passed, their Paracelsus put an interview in the newspapers. People thought they could run the railroads, did they? Well, in thirty days it would be so bad that the Congress would be assembled in special session on popular demand to repeal the law. And here they are.

They hate the tame life, of course; yet it has its points and on the whole they prefer it, no matter what they say. When a fierce and vocal longing for the other life is upon one of the older railroad men you can always stop him by asking: "Well, would you abolish the Interstate Commerce Commission?" He faces suddenly the other way, thinks for a while and says, "No. What I would do ——" And it turns out invariably to be an ideal Interstate Commerce Commission. He has remembered all at once what the wild life was like to be lived—the strife, the greed, the speculation, the insecurity, and how at length they all became involved together in a circle of practices no one could honestly defend. They could not trust themselves. At the end of a solemn rate conference at which everyone present crossed his heart and promised honestly to maintain rates as published, the president of an important Eastern trunk line said: "Gentlemen, I would easily trust any one of you with my watch but none of you in a rate agreement." No one meant to keep it and everyone knew it. There was no mean. There was either ecstasy or panic. The business now may be unprofitable; then it was not solvent. Never before regulation was railroading in general a solvent business.

Since 1887, when the original Interstate Commerce Act was passed, the investment in railroad property has trebled and the capacity of the railroad system as a whole is six times what it then was.

Since 1910, when the Interstate Commerce Commission received absolute control of rates, the increase of capitalization has been slower, but much more genuine, and the capacity of the machine measured by the units of transportation actually produced has nearly doubled.

Since 1920, when the new principle of rate making was set up, capital expenditures for new equipment and greater track facilities have been very heavy. In the two years 1923 and 1924 the railroads borrowed

(Continued on Page 52)

Again-the BUICK *promise is* Fulfilled!

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, · · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM · · ·

Buick has been building better and better motor cars for more than twenty-one years!

And in all those years, no Buick car ever has more fully represented the Buick ideal or made the Buick promise mean more than today's Better Buick.

This is the car with 75 horsepower performance; with a finer Buick Valve-in-Head engine, now "Triple Sealed," to protect it from dirt, wear and upkeep expense. The Better Buick is the car with the charming new body profiles and striking new color combinations in Duco, some in Duotone; with Controllable Beam headlights; and many other important chassis and body refinements.

And this is the car that establishes a new standard of motor car value. It is the same sturdy, reliable, desirable Buick you always have known, but better in every way. At its present prices, it stands alone as today's most attractive motor car investment.

Drive the Better Buick and you will be convinced that Buick again has fulfilled the Buick promise—and built a better automobile!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Branches in all Principal Cities
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Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

Pioneer Builders of
Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

The Better Buick

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and spent nearly $2,000,000,000, and their capacity was increased more in this period than in perhaps any two years before, excepting not even those periods of frenzied building in the eighties. Building then meant extensions of line; whereas the work of the last few years represents the intensive development of existing mileage.

Regarding them at large one may say the railroads now are better equipped, better conditioned and much more efficient than was ever their state before. By mass methods they produce transportation at a cost so low that we use it, even waste it, in a perfectly prodigal manner, as if it were not an artificial and costly product but an element. One need not argue as to any part of the rate structure whether it is high or low. The fact is that transportation as a commodity is very cheap, and cheaper here than anywhere else in the world.

The economic waste of it is a folk habit, a trade custom, a common privilege, and we take it so much for granted that we hardly see it. There is no commodity too heavy or too low in ton value to be moved very long distances by rail unnecessarily.

Statisticians of the Interstate Commerce Commission charted from waybills the carlot movements of certain kinds of freight for one month in 1920. Soft coal for example. What was found?

Alabama and Arkansas coal going to Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania; Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania coal going to Alabama and Arkansas; Idaho and Wyoming coal going to Illinois and Indiana; Illinois coal going to Colorado, California and Texas; Texas coal going to Pennsylvania and West Virginia; Tennessee coal going to New York; New York coal going to West Virginia, Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Ohio; Ohio coal going to New York, West Virginia, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Illinois and Indiana; Georgia coal going to Massachusetts, Colorado and Oregon. Coal from anywhere to everywhere, passing, crossing, recrossing and overtaking itself.

Wasteful Haulage

Cement is heavier than coal, and it is the same with cement. With lumber it is the same. Or say it is potatoes. The Bureau of Railway Economics charted the potato maelstrom from the figures of the United States Department of Agriculture. Minnesota is a potato state. Minnesota potatoes were eaten in Atlanta, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans and New York. Minneapolis is in Minnesota. But Minneapolis ate potatoes from Virginia, Florida, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, Montana, Colorado and California. Michigan is a potato state and Detroit is in Michigan, but Detroit eats only as many Michigan potatoes as Pittsburgh eats, and gets the rest from New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Kentucky, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Idaho and California. Potatoes from West, Northwest, Southwest and Pacific West are continually passing through Chicago to Eastern markets; but Chicago eats Maryland, Virginia and Georgia potatoes. And that is not all. Potatoes go round and round in car lots looking for a better market. Michigan potatoes may go first to Chicago, then to Cincinnati and back to Chicago again, the Chicago market having meanwhile gone up a little or having turned out to be better after all than the Cincinnati market.

All states exchange fresh meats, not across their borders, as you might suppose to be reasonable, but over long distances. Ohio and Illinois send fresh meat to Texas; Texas sends fresh meat to Ohio and Illinois and to twenty-three other states, including Minnesota, which also sends fresh meat to Texas and to twenty-eight other states, including Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.

Obviously and for a certainty transportation is cheap. If the cost of it were not very low it would be impossible to move commodities about in this carefree manner; not one or two commodities but all goods whatever.

The freight on meat and meat products from Western packing centers to the East is so low that it is no longer profitable to bring live cattle East for slaughter, and the Eastern packing industry, or what is left of it, bitterly complains. Nevertheless, there is a heavy movement of live cattle to the East for kosher meat. Most of it comes by one road—the only one that wants the traffic—and its charge for hauling it amounts to thirteen cents per car mile. That means thirteen cents for moving a carload of cattle one mile, $1.30 for moving it ten miles, $130 for moving it a thousand miles. The reason no other road wants this traffic is that the margin of profit at that rate is so little that one wreck will take the whole of it for a year. Whatever may have happened to the meat-packing industry of the East it cannot be said that the freight rate on live cattle is high; the rate on dressed meat and meat products may be too low, but of that of course one shall never be heard to complain.

The Railroad Problem

It will have occurred to you that there must be, economically regarded, a very large excess capacity in the transportation machine; that if the movements of commodities were rationalized in a manner to reduce the factor of wasteful haulage, enough equipment might be released to answer the needs of growth for a long time to come, and that how better to utilize the existing capacity instead of spending a billion dollars a year to enlarge it might be the paramount railroad problem. But it isn't. People want this service. They want not less of it but more.

The idea is fixed that whatever you produce, wherever you produce it, you are entitled to a freight rate that will enable you to reach any market there is.

What is the railroad problem? The railroads now are tame and docile. Public control of them is complete. The machine itself is at a point of high efficiency. What now should be the acute anxiety? Why was the last contribution of the Congress a joint resolution directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a general investigation of the railroad rate structure—a rate structure that has been its study for nearly forty years and which now it has the power to tear up and throw away if it wishes to substitute one of its own?

The definition commonly accepted is as follows: The railroad problem is how to provide adequate transportation service at such rates as will be more reasonable to the shipper and at the same time yield a fair return on the capital invested in railroad property.

This definition contains one assumption, one conclusion and probably one contradiction; it fails even to glance at the difficulty which is fundamental and complicates every practical dilemma. The assumption is that there is or ever can be a standard as to adequacy of service. The conclusion is that rates now are too high, for when you say more reasonable rates you mean lower rates. And in view of the fact, first, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has been obliged to increase rates in a horizontal manner as much as 30 and 40 per cent at one time to keep the railroads going, and the fact, secondly, that railroad capital as a whole is not now earning the rate of return deemed fair by the Interstate Commerce Commission itself, it seems very improbable that lower rates and an ideal return on the capital value of railroads are the two terms of one magic. It is much more likely that the time is past when railroad profits can be increased by reducing rates to stimulate traffic. Whether costs can be greatly cut down by consolidating the railroads into regional systems remains to be proved.

Take it, however, that the definition does define what everyone is supposed to desire. Then suppose it came to be realized of a sudden; suppose the service were doubled, the rates were halved and the returns on railroad capital were satisfactory to the owners. Would there be any railroad problems left? Almost as many as there now are, and the fundamental difficulty would remain.

Is cheaper transportation what shippers really want? Every individual wishes a lower rate of course; but do shippers all as one wish rates to be equally reduced? It is certain they do not. To test it, imagine this happening:

The Interstate Commerce Commission addresses all shippers, saying: "Always you have been severally demanding lower rates. They have never been low enough to satisfy you. Now a way has been found if you will accept it. Beginning tomorrow all freight rates shall be abolished. Transportation shall be free, like the air. And this, you will be pleased to know, is miraculous. The cost shall not come out of you in some indirect way, as by taxation. We have found a man in the moon who wishes to pay the bill. Transportation shall be without expense whatever. Will you accept it?"

Would they? First they would have the wit to ask for time to think. Having thought it over they would begin to divide with a large majority for saying no. Only those least advantageously placed in the scheme of transportation could afford to accept. For illustration, wheat growers on a line radiating from Chicago in any direction to the outer edge of the grain country. Those beyond the middle distance would accept because their land would be increased in value; those within the middle distance would say no, because their land would be hurt exactly in proportion as the advantage of having a lower freight rate to market had been appraised in its value. Cities unfavorably placed in relation to transportation would be glad to take it free; their disadvantage would be removed. Denver, Salt Lake, Butte—they would accept. Chicago, St. Paul, Seattle, San Francisco, New York—they would say positively no. Industries whose market had moved away from them or such as had been wrongly placed to begin with—they would accept because free transportation would increase their power to compete. Industries favorably placed would refuse it, because competition would be increased against them. On the whole, by a great majority of all shippers, the proposition from the man in the moon would be declined.

You perceive how complex this matter is. Different sections of the country, different cities, different groups of shippers all demand changes in the rate structure for self-regarding reasons.

What the Traffic Will Bear

Farmers, for instance, as the largest one group of shippers, are determined to have lower rates on agricultural commodities. The earnings of the railroads per car mile are already much lower from agricultural than from industrial commodities. On a typical Eastern road the earnings per car mile are as follows: From all products of agriculture, 22.4 cents; from all animal products, 18 cents; from all products of mines, 34.6 cents; from all products of forest, 31.7 cents, and from manufactured goods, 37.6 cents—per car mile.

These relations do not impress the farmer. They are, as he knows, arbitrary. He has himself adopted that principle of rate making which once he denounced. Charge what the traffic will bear. Industry, he says, is able to bear more and shall bear more in order that agriculture may bear less. His opinion may be right or wrong. The point is that whether it is right or wrong it is very important.

Everybody else shall pay higher rates in order that the farmer shall have to pay less. The farmer insists upon it. He is politically powerful and he will use his power to bring this change to pass—because he wants it.

It is by no means certain that lower freight rates would, as he believes, increase the price of farm products. Most probably they would not. That opinion exists even in the Interstate Commerce Commission, one member having said publicly that if the railroads hauled farm produce for nothing the farm price would not be increased. It is quite forgotten that during the grain-rate wars among the railroads in the eighties the ruinous prices received by the farmers for their grain were thought to be owing to the low freight rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission at that time said of the low rates: "The American producer has not been materially benefited by them. Our railroads have sacrificed millions of dollars without producing any real effect upon the flow of traffic. This depletion of revenues has been a donation to the foreigner. It is impossible more strongly to emphasize the folly of this whole performance than by a mere statement of it."

Freight Rates and Politics

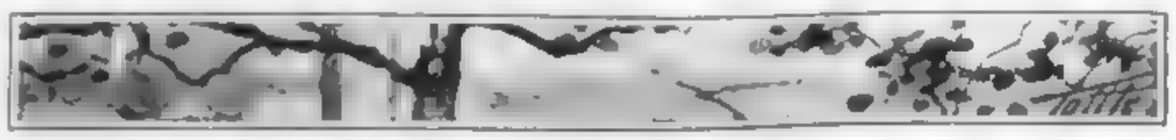
No matter. The farmers are resolved to have lower freight rates. Since they are so resolved, since they are political, and the Interstate Commerce Commission having refused to reduce grain rates on the demand of the farmers because to do so would in its opinion jeopardize the solvency of the grain carriers, high procedure is in order. In the last national election both the Republican and Democratic platforms contained a declaration in favor of lower rates on agricultural commodities. Certainly under no theory of government regulation of railroads is a party platform a proper place for an opinion upon freight rates. And then the Congress, acting under the same political necessity, lays its hand, gently at first, upon the power over rates with which the Interstate Commerce Commission has been invested, by adopting a resolution, saying: "In view of the existing depression in agriculture, the Commission is hereby directed to effect with the least practicable delay such lawful changes in the rate structure of the country as will promote the freedom of movement by common carriers of the products of agriculture affected by this depression, including livestock."

This goes far toward political rate making; and you begin to see what at last the great difficulty is.

Control of transportation is control of a common vital necessity as to which sectional, local and individual interests are as much in conflict as they are about the weather. Fancy public control of the weather!

The idea of railroad regulation did not at first include the thought of control. The idea of control did not at first include the thought of administration. Yet now the Interstate Commerce Commission, with unlimited authority of initiative, vetoes and mandates over 250,000 miles of railroad, does in fact administer all this mighty affair of transportation.

To exercise such power in a manner to give universal content is not a problem. It is an impossibility. To imagine that the opposed agitations of self-interest, rivalry and advantage can be reconciled is fanciful. The undertaking is and must be to hold them in a state of tension, more or less as they are and were before, and this is an experiment in the aspect of economic government. That is a new thing among us. It may be necessary. At least it seems to have been inevitable. The problem now is how to keep our economic wisdom, such as it is, free from the dictation of political will, for we are a sudden, political people.



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BODIES

BODY by FISHER

Glass, For Instance

There is probably nothing more clearly significant of Fisher quality than the use of genuine polished plate glass in all enclosed bodies by Fisher.

Plate glass is more than merely a name.

It means strength, safety through perfect clarity of vision, beauty, and the atmosphere of high quality and good taste.

You quickly sense the air of superiority in a room with plate glass windows—full light; jewel-like polish; clear, undistorted vision.

You will just as quickly realize the superfineness of Fisher Bodies if you compare their plate-glass richness and clearness with the warped outlook and lesser attractiveness of the commonly used "crystal-plate."

Genuine plate glass is only one of the materials in which Fisher construction and equipment excels.

You will find this same Fisher insistence upon finer materials and better workmanship in upholstery, in hardware, in each structural detail of the framework and the metal paneling.

Fisher has always held stubbornly to the wholesome conviction that cheapening processes must inevitably result in lowering its high standard in body building.

It insists upon building enduring, fine quality into its bodies, and it associates itself with motor car companies which welcome such insistence.

And that is why, everywhere you go, you will hear motor car owners refer with such positive satisfaction to the fact that their motor car bodies are by Fisher.

Easy rolling as the new roadster—silent as rubber tires—considerate of floors as one's own slippers.

Could there be such perfect casters? Of course! But you must remember the name. Bassicks—easy rolling Bassicks to move all your furniture.

Good hardware dealers sell them. Good housekeepers prefer them.

Bassick Casters
The BASSICK CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for home, office, hotel, warehouse and factory

THE EXCELLENT CLERK

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Tuson's brokers, called by the district attorney, attested her capacity for sudden and violent rage; and for no reason which Makin could understand, they were also led to identify three or four letters as having come to them from Mrs. Tuson, with instructions as to the conduct of her affairs. These men had brought Makin into the case, and he handled them urbanely enough, though the matter of the letters worried him.

Then a psychopathic expert testified that Mrs. Tuson was of an age and disposition when she might reasonably be subject to moments of violent and unreasonable anger; when her mental balance was disturbed and untrustworthy. Makin made little of him; nor could he shake the word of Mrs. Tuson's cook, a misanthropic middle-aged woman, who gloomily admitted that Mrs. Tuson was always of doubtful temper.

"She wasn't one you could count on," she declared.

The direct testimony of these witnesses was so brief and so curt that, though Makin cross-examined them at exhaustive length, they occupied the stand for only two days. It happened that they finished at the end of the week; the trial went over till Monday, and Makin had time to prepare his further course.

True, watching his chief while they worked together Saturday and Sunday, saw that the great man was disturbed by the course of the trial. He ventured no comment on this; it was not a part of his duty to comment, but only to do as he was told and to answer questions when he was asked.

But Makin's mood was so marked that he found at last some relief in discussing with True the situation. He confessed, ponderously, his misgivings.

"The district attorney has something held back," he told True; "something in ambush. So far he has done nothing. Merely gone through the forms of presentation. You observed that he allowed me great latitude on cross-examination?"

"Yes, sir," True agreed. "Yes, I saw that"

"He has dug me a pit," Makin declared. "He is waiting for my case—waiting for Mrs. Tuson to take the stand." He rumbled meditatively. "For a farthing," he cried, "I would keep her silent!"

True made no comment; but he knew, and he knew Makin knew, that their case depended upon Mrs. Tuson's testimony; upon hers, and upon that of Cassie Bird, the little woman so devoted to Mrs. Tuson's fortunes, whose life was actuated by an affectionate loyalty like that felt by True for Makin himself. True had watched Cassie, seen her distress over Mrs. Tuson's situation, observed the quick alertness of her attention when the case was discussed, and the pitiful eagerness with which she looked at this one and that when she was listening to the conferences between Mrs. Tuson and her attorney. She and Mrs. Tuson would be Makin's most important witnesses; for good or ill, they would have to take the stand.

This being the case, Makin was the more discomposed when on Monday morning the district attorney called Cassie. Cassie's devotion to her mistress was so obvious that Makin had expected she would be left for him to question. That the state should summon her, giving him the greater latitude of cross-examination, seemed to him an astonishing move; and as he listened to Cassie's direct testimony, he concealed his uneasiness behind a demeanor suggestive of slumber.

Cassie declined a chair, preferred to stand; and her eyes flitted to the judge, to the district attorney and occasionally toward Mrs. Tuson. True saw that she never looked toward Makin or toward him; that her eyes were all for these three. And the circumstance set him speculating, watching more acutely. Mrs. Tuson was sitting just at True's elbow, so that the little man was between her and Makin. The woman, large and immobile, with a calm and expressionless face, sat still as an image; her hands lay idle in her lap, a curious suggestion of deformity in their very inertness, as though they were not even a part of her. And she listened to Cassie with a steady attention. True saw that once or twice her lips moved in assent or approval of the answers Cassie made.

Cassie, under her direct examination, told her story of the morning of the tragedy. After his preliminary questions, the district attorney came to the moment of Findle's death.

He asked abruptly, "Now, Miss Bird, did you hear any unusual sound at about 10:35 that morning?"

"I heard a shot," said Cassie.

"Where were you at that moment?"

"Mrs. Tuson and I were in the attic, putting away blankets for the summer."

"You heard the shot plainly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you recognize the sound?"

Cassie hesitated. "Mrs. Tuson said it was a shot," she replied.

"Did you do anything?"

"We came downstairs to her bedroom door."

"Was the door open or shut?"

"Open."

"And did you do anything further?"

"We looked in," said Cassie. "We saw him lying there."

"What did you do?"

"Mrs. Tuson went in."

The district attorney smiled. "Very well then, what did Mrs. Tuson do that you saw?"

"She went over and looked at him."

"Did she say anything?"

"She said he was dead."

"Just that?"

"She said"—Cassie hesitated again—"she said, 'He's shot himself, fooling with my gun. He's dead.'"

True saw her glance toward Mrs. Tuson, but when the little man looked at Mrs. Tuson her face was expressionless. There had been a curious appeal in Cassie's glance.

True sought to appraise it, guess its significance. But a moment later he saw with some astonishment that the district attorney had finished with the witness; saw Makin get lumberingly to his feet. And he listened with that eagerness he always lent to Makin's words.

The great man began slowly and gently, reassuring Cassie, reminding her that he was her friend and the friend of her mistress.

"I shall want to ask you some questions later on," he explained. "But just now there is one little matter we can straighten out."

He waited, expecting an objection; but the district attorney merely smiled; and True saw Makin's fingers twitch with surprise. But his voice was serene as he continued.

"I wish to ask, Cassie," he said benevolently, "whether you ever saw any indication of any relation between Mrs. Tuson and the dead man other than that of employer and employe?"

Cassie's glance met Mrs. Tuson's as she replied, "No, sir."

"You are quite sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Tuson ever talk to you about the deceased?"

"She said he was a slow worker," Cassie replied; and someone in the rear of the room chuckled and a court officer rapped for order.

"That was true, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Tuson was satisfied with his work, though, wasn't she?"

"She said he was a talker; but he got the work done."

"How did she address him?" Makin asked. "What did she call him?"

"She called him by his name—called him Findle."

"And he addressed her in what fashion?" Makin pursued soothingly.

"He usually called her 'ma'am.'"

"Anything else?"

Cassie hesitated. "Sometimes he called her by name."

"Ever any familiarity in his address?" Makin asked.

True, finding the notion of any man holding a familiar air toward Mrs. Tuson vaguely amusing, glanced at that woman. He was astonished to see her lips move as though she whispered reassuringly; and he looked back at Cassie in time to see her glance leave Mrs. Tuson's face.

"Once," she said confidently. "He called her 'old girl.'"

The court room was for a moment very still. Makin was nodding with an affectation of indifference, as though to dismiss this matter as of no account; but True heard Mrs. Tuson's agonized whisper at his ear.

"No, no! He never did! She's mixed up somehow."

Cassie, True remembered afterward, could not possibly have heard her; yet it was Cassie's voice which now broke the momentary silence, repeating Mrs. Tuson's very words.

"No, no!" she cried. "No, he never did. I'm mixed up somehow."

Makin caught at the straw.

"Oh, you're mistaken?"

"Yes, sir." Cassie seemed bewildered. "Yes, sir; it was the grocer's boy I was thinking of."

Makin drove home the point.

"So there was never any familiarity that you saw between them?"

"Oh, no! No!"

"And you would have seen, wouldn't you? You were always with her?"

"Yes, sir, all the time," Cassie replied eagerly. "I'd surely have been the one to know."

Makin hesitated, and True could almost read his thoughts. The matter was bad enough; but further questions might make it worse.

The great man abruptly nodded.

"That's all," he said; and he sat down and looked uneasily toward the district attorney, expecting his opponent to pounce upon this small advantage, to riddle Cassie with a storm of swift inquiries.

That instead the other dismissed Cassie, and a moment later rested his case, seemed to True as ominously disquieting as it did to Makin himself. But when Makin rose to open, True saw that his chief was himself again, commanding and assured; and he took comfort from the other's mien.

Makin said good-humoredly that it must be obvious to the jury that there was no case against Mrs. Tuson. Nothing had been proved against her. Nevertheless, he added, he would proceed to show them what had actually happened, so that there might remain no doubt in any of their minds.

"The tragedy," he concluded, "was an accident; sad, if you will, but not criminal; an accident arising out of the prying and impertinent character of the dead man, and with which Mrs. Tuson had no least concern, as we propose to show."

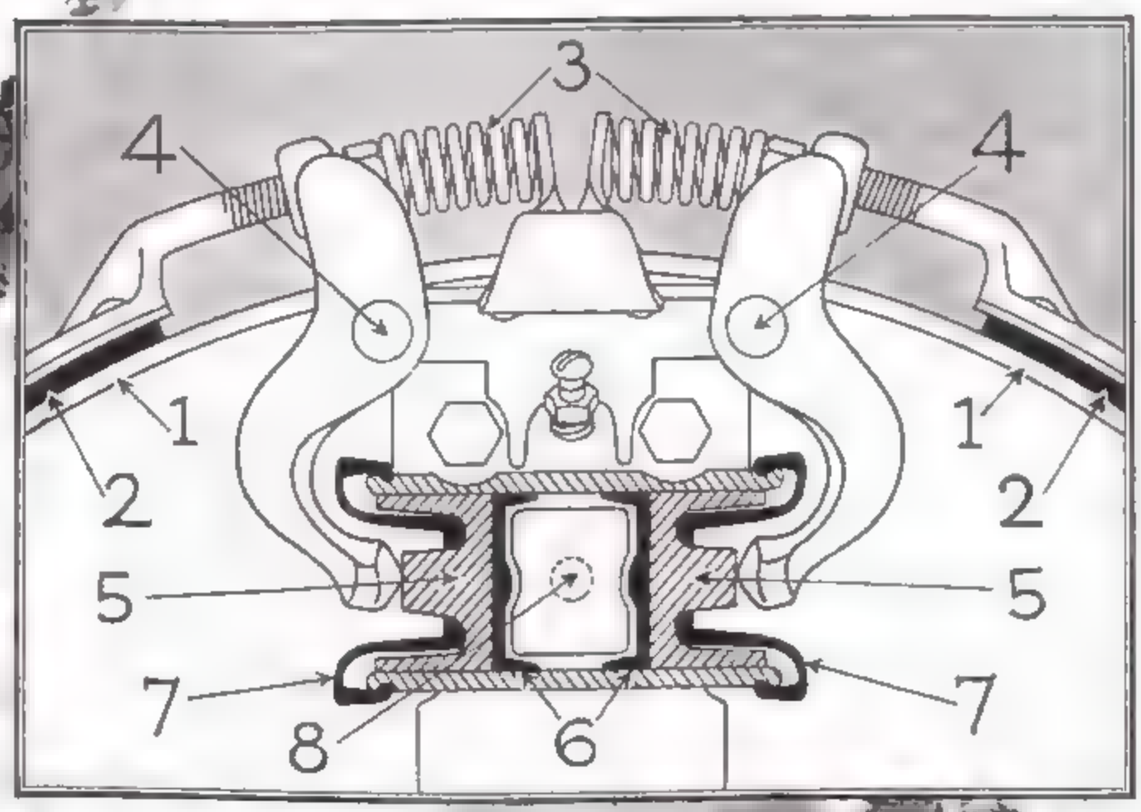
As he finished and turned to fumble for a moment among the papers on the table before him, the people in the crowded court room settled in their seats, with little rustlings and whisperings together. It was for this they had been waiting; but the faint disturbance seemed to irk Makin. He looked toward the bailiff and the officer rapped sharply on his desk, imposing instant silence on the room.

Makin called a man named Remmond; proceeded with swift questions to qualify

(Continued on Page 56)

Always making them *Finer*

Harry McJewett



1. Brake drum which revolves with wheel. 2. Brake which contracts around drum. 3. Springs which keep brake free. 4. Arms which operate to apply brake. 5. Aluminum pistons which are forced to move farther apart when pressure of liquid is applied between them at 8. Outward movement of these pistons rotates arms 4 and 4 to apply brake. 6. Rubber cup packing prevents leakage past pistons. 7. Rubber seals prevent water or dirt entering the cylinder. 8. Hole through which liquid pressure is applied. The liquid is a mixture of alcohol and castor oil, which is not affected by temperature.

Where brakes must work Paige-Jewett engineers risked their lives for your safety

Perfected in a sea of mud and water. Months of this before our 4-wheel brakes were approved

Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel Brakes Perfected *before Adopted*

Outstanding in the history of 4-wheel brakes is their development to perfection by Paige-Jewett engineers.

In 1921 we made our first tests. We started with mechanical brakes, testing all types under all conditions. We found that hydraulic brakes, though they cost most to build, were far simpler and more certain in operation and were inherently self-equalizing. But we would not place even these fine brakes on Paige and Jewett cars until we were certain that they were perfected in every detail.

We applied the principles that have guided us during 17 years of building fine motor cars —"Always making them finer."

We have always built this way. Always proving before approving. Never passing experiments on to the public.

YEARS OF TESTING

After our first test—not months but years of rigorous testing followed. On hot roads, heavy with dust—sticky gumbo roads —in hub-deep water and mud —on snow-drifted, ice-covered roads. Each presented to us a new problem. Each made improvement necessary to reach our standards.

Finally, on March 1, 1924, Paige-Jewett engineers gave to the industry and to *you*, the perfected type of hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

Today you cannot drive where road or climatic conditions will alter the safety of Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes. Paige-Jewett engineers risked their lives many times in driving conditions you will never encounter. Had they been satisfied with less than perfection, we could have announced 4-wheel brakes years ago, for we were one of the first to secure a Lockheed license.

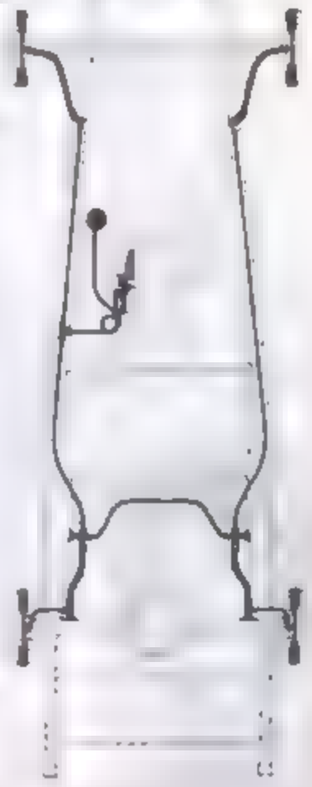
OUR REWARD—YOUR SAFETY

There are 30,000 Paige and Jewett cars now in service equipped with Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes. Less than two-tenths of one per cent have required adjustment.

In all our 17 years of building we claim no more satisfying accomplishment than this.

Deeply satisfying to us to have the kind of engineers who hold your safety ahead of all else.

Doubly satisfying to you to drive a car built by a company which—though others adopted them years ago—refused to offer 4-wheel brakes until we were satisfied they were perfected. Could you find a more certain guidepost to safe-buying?



No complicated mechanism. No need for lubrication. Nothing to rust, wear or get noisy with use. A perfectly equalized mechanism of maximum effectiveness

Lessens skidding on wet, slippery pavements

PAIGE *and* JEWETT *Motor Cars*

BUILT BY THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT MICHIGAN

Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY
in a masterpiece

The next time you attend your favorite motion-picture theatre, tell the Manager you'd like to see Universal's new picture, *"California Straight Ahead,"* starring REGINALD DENNY.

You will be surprised to note how grateful the manager will be for the suggestion. You know he can't *guess* what you want and hit the mark every time. And you can help him immeasurably while helping yourself.

Ask him to book *"The Goose Woman,"* that splendid romance written by Rex Beach, featuring JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER and CONSTANCE BENNETT. MISS DRESSER has made a new name for herself in this extraordinary screen drama.

Take this list with you when you go to the theatre and show it to the Manager. Ask him if he will get them all. He will undoubtedly get most of them because they are the bright lights of the new season's pictures.

"Peacock Feathers," with JACQUELINE LOGAN and CULLEN LANDIS; *"Siege"* the fine Samuel Hopkins Adams novel, with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN; *"The Teaser,"* with LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY; *"Lorraine of the Lions,"* with NORMAN KERRY and PATSY RUTH MILLER; HOUSE PETERS with RUTH CLIFFORD in *"The Storm Breaker"*; HOOT GIBSON in *"Spook Ranch"*; REGINALD DENNY in *"Where Was I?"* and Dorothy Canfield's *"The Home Maker"* with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK.

As long as you like Universal pictures and want to see them, you are entitled to see them at the theatre you patronize regularly. I wish you would suggest these pictures to the Manager and let me know how you come out.

By the way, have *you* suggested a cast for *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*? If not, will you do so? Who would you select to play "Little Eva," "Uncle Tom," "Simon Legree," "Marks, the lawyer"?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

him as an expert on firearms; bade him examine and describe the weapon which had caused Findle's death.

"Now, sir," he said steadily, when these preliminaries were done—"now, sir, look at that weapon in your hand and tell us how it may be discharged."

"By pulling the trigger," Remmond replied.

"Is that alone necessary?"

"It would have to be cocked first."

"It does not cock itself?"

"No, sir."

"Assume that it is cocked; is there any other way to discharge it save my pulling the trigger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Explain what you mean."

"The trigger has been filed; it is a very light pull; a blow will discharge it."

"Can you demonstrate that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do so."

Remmond drew back the hammer, turned the revolver in his hand and struck its butt heavily upon the stand in front of him. The hammer fell and Makin nodded his approval.

"Now, sir," he asked, "at what distance from the muzzle would the burning powder burn the skin of a man?"

"Anywhere within three feet or so," Remmond replied.

"If there were no powder burns about the wound, upon a man's bare skin, what would you deduce?"

"That the muzzle was more than three feet away when the shot was fired."

"Can you hold the revolver in your hand at such a distance from your face that it is more than three feet from the muzzle, pointed toward you and your chin?"

"No, sir."

"Assume that the hammer was raised; is there any other way in which it might be made to fall?"

"If the pistol were cocked and I dropped it on the floor, butt first, it might be discharged."

"I ask you to try that experiment now."

Remmond did so, dropping the pistol at his feet, stooping to pick it up. The hammer was down.

"Have you tried that experiment before with this weapon?"

"No, sir."

"With any other weapon?"

"With one like this."

"I show you this photograph. Can you tell me what it is?"

"It is a picture of me in the act of dropping a pistol."

Makin looked toward the district attorney.

"I ask that this be marked for identification," he suggested; and the other nodded indifferently, without even rising to examine the photograph. The exhibit was duly marked.

"Now," Makin pursued, "what is the position of the revolver in this picture?"

"It has fallen, butt first; has just struck the floor."

"What is your position?"

"After I dropped it, I stooped to try to catch it as it fell."

"What is your position?"

"I am leaning over."

"I see a dotted line on this photograph. What does it represent?"

"It represents the line of flight of a bullet leaving the pistol muzzle at the moment its butt struck the floor."

"Does that line touch your body at any point?"

"It crosses my head, from a point below the chin, up and back toward the top."

"If this pistol had been discharged at the moment portrayed in the photograph, what would have been the result?"

"It would have killed me," said Remmond positively; and Makin, after a momentary pause, glanced toward the district attorney.

"Your witness, sir," he said mildly.

There was in his bearing, for the eyes of little True, something curiously suggestive of an appeal; but the district attorney said indifferently, "No questions." And True saw the sweat start on the great man's brow. But he merely nodded to Remmond.

"Excused," he said, and Remmond left the stand.

Makin was a man with a turn for the theatric; with a love for those scenes which, brief and succinct, are nevertheless so final and complete in their effect. Conscious of the fact that in this case he was the focus of public attention, he had planned to make his defense so short as to be like a blow. Remmond, Cassie and Mrs. Tuson—these were the only witnesses he meant to call.

But his confidence had been shaken by the attitude of the district attorney throughout this trial; his opponent showed so plainly his expectation that Makin would destroy himself that the great man was more and more disturbed. He was at this moment minded to alter his plans; yet his anxiety was such that he dreaded prolonged uncertainty. On its face the situation was simple; if Cassie and Mrs. Tuson proved credible witnesses, Mrs. Tuson must be acquitted. Their testimony was identical; they would stand or fall together. Thus now, when Remmond had been excused, Makin stood for a moment reflecting. Then abruptly he determined to call Cassie, offer her for cross-examination. If the district attorney meant to attempt to break down the story of the two women, he must attack Cassie's evidence, must thus disclose his hand. It was already mid-afternoon; Makin counted upon having the recess till morning in which to summon his resources to meet the blow he now expected. So he turned and bade the bailiffs summon Cassie to the stand.

He put the little woman through the briefest possible catechism; led her to explain the closeness of her relation to Mrs. Tuson and the confidential basis on which they stood toward each other; and thereafter bade her repeat her statement that she and Mrs. Tuson had been in the attic when the shot was fired. He kept her thus not fifteen minutes; said at last, "Then, Cassie, if you and Mrs. Tuson were together and in another part of the house when you heard this shot, Mrs. Tuson could not have killed Findle."

"No, sir, she couldn't have," Cassie agreed quickly. "She couldn't have, sir."

"Your witness," Makin said swiftly; and again there was that momentary pause before the district attorney, like one awaking from a drowsy indolence, rose to answer quietly, "No questions, Your Honor."

True, watching in a curious fascination the quick movements of Cassie's head as she looked from one man to the other, nevertheless was conscious of the tremor with which Makin received this shocking blow. And he was not surprised when a moment later he heard Makin suggest a recess for the day.

"I propose," he explained, "to put Mrs. Tuson on the stand tomorrow morning."

The judge glanced at the district attorney, who with a nod agreed, and a moment later the court adjourned. True, hurrying away at his chief's heels, felt himself thrilling to the consciousness that tomorrow their fortunes must stand or fall. He sensed, sympathetically, the almost tremulous anxiety of the great man whom he served; but little True was not afraid. He had seen Makin so often victorious before. When by and by they were alone, he ventured a heartening word.

"Well, sir," he said reassuringly, "Mrs. Tuson's story will end it."

Makin uttered an explosive sound.

"You're a blind man, True," he said didactically. "You'll never appreciate the significance of evidence. End it? Yes, if they believe her. But if that man can make her seem a liar, she is lost—lost, I say. The case hangs on her tonight, little man. The jury's waiting for her, and the other side is waiting for her. If she falls, we fall."

"She'll make a good witness," True urged; but Makin laughed.

"She's too unemotional," he replied. "The jury will mistrust her; they'll be afraid of her. She's a clod of a woman. Her very hands hang like lumps on her arms. I tell you, True, she may ruin us."

But in spite of his chief's concern, True was not worried. He had seen Makin too long successful; it was impossible that the great man should be on the point of failure now.

Mrs. Tuson, on the stand, was as cold and still as an automaton; and True watched Makin striving till the sweat stood out upon his brow in the effort to flog her to some life and spirit. She refused a chair, stood motionless; and her hands hung at her sides, disdaining gesture of assent or denial. She answered coldly and succinctly; and when he was done with her, Makin was full of fear.

Yet as he sat down he said to True at his elbow, "They believed her, little man."

True nodded reassuringly, watching what went forward, conscious of the new tension in the air. The district attorney was already on his feet, facing the woman in the witness box. Mrs. Tuson showed no discomposure; only once or twice her eyes turned toward Makin, ran along the rows of spectators. True guessed that she was looking for Cassie Bird; but Cassie was in the corridor with the other witnesses. The little man listened alertly for the district attorney's first question. It came mildly enough.

"Mrs. Tuson, you say you did not shoot Peter Findle?"

"I did not."

"If he was shot by any person, you do not know it?"

"I do not."

"But you heard the shot fired?"

"Yes."

"No one else has testified that they heard the shot except your companion, Miss Bird, and yourself. You are quite sure you heard it?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And you went at once to your bedroom and found the deceased?"

"Yes."

"Was there a window open in the bedroom?"

"Yes; both windows were open."

"Does one of them give upon the roof of the veranda over your side door?"

"Yes."

"Is there a trellis on the posts of that veranda?"

"Yes."

Makin stirred uneasily, fighting to be still. These questions seemed to lead nowhere; therefore he distrusted them. Yet to object would be to lead the jury to believe them important, lend them undue weight. He imitated the tactics his opponent had used heretofore; he kept silence and permitted the other every latitude.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

And the other man asked, "Could a man have climbed to that veranda roof and into your bedroom?"

Mrs. Tuson hesitated, apparently considering.

"An active man could have done so," she agreed coldly.

"And descend again by the same way?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever thought someone might have done this?"

"You mean some man might have got into my room and shot Findle?" Mrs. Tuson asked steadily.

"Exactly."

The accused woman replied in a level tone, "No."

"It never occurred to you as possible?"

"No."

"You have no reason to think that is what happened?"

"No."

"You think the deceased took the pistol from your bureau drawer, cocked it, dropped it and shot himself accidentally?"

"It's not my business to say what happened," Mrs. Tuson replied with a suggestion of heat. "I didn't shoot him."

"You never told anyone that you thought a man climbed the veranda and shot him?"

"No."

"You saw no such man?"

"No." Her tone was edged.

"You never wrote anyone suggesting that had happened?"

"No, of course not."

"Never wrote me?"

"No."

The district attorney turned to his table and picked up a bit of paper; he handed it to her.

"Is that your note paper?" he inquired.

Makin was driven to his feet, his hand outstretched.

"Let me see it if you please, my friend," he said authoritatively; and the district attorney, with a smile, turned and handed the sheet to Makin. Makin examined it; it appeared to bear some legend, some written words, and his eyes ran along the lines. Thus he had time to collect himself, regain some measure of composure. Still holding the paper, he said scornfully, "I do not see the purport of this, Your Honor."

The district attorney replied, "I received this letter, if Your Honor please, the day after the murder occurred. It purports to give information about the crime. I wish to ask Mrs. Tuson whether she wrote it."

The judge looked toward Makin and Makin reluctantly handed him the letter. After a moment, the judge said equably, "You may inquire."

"Exception," said Makin curtly, and the judge nodded. The district attorney faced Mrs. Tuson once more.

"Whether that is your note paper?" he prompted.

"I had some like it," Mrs. Tuson presently replied.

"Whether you wrote that letter?"

Mrs. Tuson hesitated, looked to Makin for counsel. He nodded, smiling reassuringly through set teeth; and she answered the question.

"No," she said.

"You did not write it?"

"No."

The district attorney offered the letter; he turned aside.

"That is all," he said, and the court room was very still.

Makin, even though panic held him, fought to play his part. He smiled upon the judge, the jury and Mrs. Tuson.

"That is all, Mrs. Tuson," he said gently; and when she rose to leave the stand, he addressed the court. "Defense rests, Your Honor."

He had resumed his chair before his client came to her place at his table; and little True saw that his master was shaken and disturbed. In this moment Makin the great had lost all his assurance; he was ready to confess defeat even to little True.

"She wrote it," he whispered. "It's in her hand. We're done. He'll tear her wide apart."

And True could feel the man's knees trembling helplessly against his own. His senses all alert, his very nostrils quivering, he waited to see what was now to come. And Makin, hiding his defeat behind a slumberous mask, sat like a hulk supine.

The district attorney had called Butt to the stand—Butt the handwriting expert. True listened to the quick questions, while Butt qualified, while he examined the specimens of Mrs. Tuson's hand, the letters she had written to her brokers, brief business communications curtly phrased. There were astonishingly few of these letters; it occurred to True that Mrs. Tuson must have been a lax correspondent. He remembered that he had never seen her so much as sign her name; his memory quickened, running back across the incidents of the immediate past. He scarce heard Butt's preliminary testimony; but the questions were come now to the point at issue. Butt was shown a letter offered by the district attorney.

"Have you seen this letter before today?" he was asked.

"I have."

"Whether you have examined it?"

"I have."

"Have you compared it with specimens of Mrs. Tuson's hand?"

"I have."

"Whether you have applied to it the tests usual to your profession?" The formula went swiftly forward.

"I have."

"Have you an opinion as to who wrote the letter in your hand?"

"I have."

There was a momentary pause.

"And will you tell us that opinion?"

"It is my belief that it was written by the same hand which wrote the other specimens."

"Those written by Mrs. Tuson to her brokers?"

"Yes."

"Then you wish to state your belief that Mrs. Tuson wrote this letter?"

"I do."

The district attorney turned swiftly to Makin.

"Your witness, sir," he said, his voice now at last swift, curt and insistent.

True looked at Mrs. Tuson, sitting like stone, her lips compressed; and he looked at Makin. Makin seemed disinclined to get to his feet. He was very still, his head a little bent; and True abruptly perceived that in this supreme crisis the man was stunned by misfortune. True perceived this, and he leaned with quick movement to touch the other's elbow.

Makin's head moved a little and True whispered, "Let him go. Make her write the letter on the stand."

Makin still did not move; but he muttered something, in a tone dull and lifeless. True was struck with consternation. His first impulse was to ask for a recess, to permit Makin a moment in which he might recover his resources. But to do that would be to impress the jury with the importance of what had passed, to damn Mrs. Tuson beyond recovery. In this moment of catastrophe, Makin might be dumb; but True's thoughts had never been so active, and even while he whispered so urgently to his master, he began to see, to remember many things: the close communion between Mrs. Tuson and Cassie; the little woman's blind loyalty to her mistress, a loyalty so easy for True to comprehend; the curiously lifeless way in which Mrs. Tuson's hands habitually hung at her sides; the quick and birdlike movement of Cassie's head while she was on the stand. And Cassie had testified that she heard Findle call Mrs. Tuson "Old girl!" Yet this had evidently been a surprise to Mrs. Tuson herself. In one of those intuitive flashes which sometimes come to a man, True understood. And because Makin was unable to move, True found himself getting swiftly to his feet.

The little man looked at the witness, this handwriting expert, Butt; and he said quickly, "Excused, Mr. Butt. But we shall want you again. Will you wait five minutes or so in the corridors?"

Butt glanced at the district attorney, and at the other's nod he left the stand. Makin, at True's elbow, made a spasmodic move, but True leaned toward him to whisper, "Wait a minute, sir. Rest a minute. You're tired now." And when Makin made no protest, True said brightly, "We will recall Mrs. Tuson, if Your Honor please."

Mrs. Tuson herself might have protested; but True had given her no chance to do so. The big woman found herself moving toward the stand, confronting True with a doubtful eye. And True stood for a moment, marshaling his questions in his mind.

"Now, Mrs. Tuson," he asked gently, "did you write this letter?"

"No," she replied.

He lifted from the clerk's desk one of those communications to her brokers which had served as specimens and handed this to her.

"Did you write this one?" he pursued.

She hesitated momentarily. "Yes," she said at last.

True turned back to his table; he took a blank sheet of paper and a pencil and laid them on the stand before her.

"I ask you to make a copy of this letter to your broker," he suggested.

Mrs. Tuson made no move; her hands hung at her sides. And her eyes, stormy and rebellious, met True's with a glance full of anger. The district attorney got to his feet.

"If my friend pleases," he said gently, "the specimens are admittedly in the defendant's hand. Does my friend wish to impeach his own witness?"

True smiled in quick apology.

"Very well," he said agreeably; and he removed the pencil and the paper; but a moment later he lifted from its place the fatal pistol.

"Mrs. Tuson," he suggested, "I ask you to lift this pistol and cock it and pull the trigger."

And he put the pistol on the stand before her and turned his back, returning to Makin's side. Makin had begun a little to recover himself, his attention caught by True's movements and inquiries. True bent now to speak to him; and after a quick glance, he took his seat beside his master, murmuring in the other's ear. And the little man spoke swiftly, full of words; and when he was done, and Makin came slowly to his feet, True began to tremble. He could surrender to this weakness now. The moment was secure. He had made Makin understand, and Makin was himself again.

Mrs. Tuson had made no move to take up the pistol. Makin smiled at her in gentle reassurement, and he turned to the judge.

"If Your Honor please," he said gravely, while the jurymen leaned forward to catch his words, alert to the tension of the moment—"if Your Honor please, certain new facts have just come to our attention, demonstrating the defendant's innocence. We desire that the defendant be excused for a moment, that Miss Cassie Bird be recalled to the stand."

The judge glanced toward the district attorney as though expecting a protest; but the district attorney merely nodded, and at Makin's word, Mrs. Tuson resumed her seat at his table. A court officer summoned Cassie from the corridor; and as the little woman came in, True looked at her keenly, smiled at her with a reassuring eye. While her attention was thus fixed on him, his lips shaped the words: "Mrs. Tuson wants you to tell."

He saw her quick movement of doubtful surprise; and he swung instantly in such a way as to come between her and Mrs. Tuson. A moment later Cassie was on the witness stand.

Makin then did a curious thing. He turned his back upon Cassie, pretending to fumble with his papers, intervening his bulk between her and her mistress.

And at the same time he said in a tone startlingly loud, "If Your Honor please, we have just discovered that the witness is absolutely deaf. She is an expert lip reader. You will observe that, as I now speak, she displays no indication that she hears me. Cassie, my dear, do you know why we have recalled you to the stand?"

Cassie was watching him, watching the judge and the district attorney; but her expression was that of one who waits for a question yet to be put to her. And Makin, when he faced her at last, was smiling. This was one of those moments he knew how to command and make his own; but he was careful to stand between Mrs. Tuson and Cassie.

"Cassie," he said gently, "we all understand that it was your devotion to Mrs. Tuson that led you to write the district attorney a letter in which you said a man killed Findle. You thought Mrs. Tuson had done it. But, Cassie," he continued in the kindliest tone, "did it not occur to you that if Mrs. Tuson's hands were so paralyzed that she could not write her own letters, so that you wrote them all for her, then she could not have fired this pistol - could not have killed this man?"

The room had been very still for his question. This silence was broken now as the district attorney came to his feet, quick with protest; but Makin paid no heed to him; and Cassie was staring so absorbedly at Makin that she did not see the other's move. Makin watched her, and the jury watched her; and to every eye her countenance was eloquent of slow and then of swift and overwhelming relief from long doubt and fear, of shame for her own suspicions, of contrition and deep sorrow.

And while the district attorney still objected, Makin's lips said soundlessly, "Didn't you, Cassie?"

So came her cry.

"Oh, I never thought of that, sir! I didn't think of it! I never did!"

And Makin's heavy countenance broke at last into a benevolent and triumphant smile.

In the final brief scenes of the trial there lay that theatric quality characteristic of Makin's greatest exploits. Cassie wrote a copy of the damaging letter, and Butt confirmed its resemblance to the original. And Cassie, eager now to make amends, told how she had written it in the first moment of agony after she discovered Mrs. Tuson above Findle's body, when she believed that what seemed to have happened had in fact occurred. And Makin made it clear that she had seen—not heard, but seen—Findle call Mrs. Tuson "old girl." The man must have mouthed the words for his own vanity's sake. So Makin brought the testimony to its quick end; and the jury was not fifteen minutes out before returning with their verdict.

Thus the great man put a capstone on the structure of his reputation; and if he was renowned before, his acclaim is universal now, and spectators flock to watch and listen when he tries a case. Little True is always at his elbow; and when sometimes another attorney addresses to him some comment on Makin's work, True's eyes always light with pleasure, and he is apt to burst into a little chant of assenting praise.

"A wonderful man!" he is sure to say. "There's no one to touch him; no one in his class. Yes, sir, Mr. Makin stands alone."

Makin, if anyone ever speaks to him of True, is generous in his estimate of the little man. But in the tone of one who must be fair he always adds, "Of course, Ned's at his worst in an emergency. He has no gift for analyzing evidence and appraising it; no insight, no real acumen.

"But in his own field he does very well. I could never do without him," he always concludes. "Ned is an excellent clerk."

There is no one to quarrel with either of these valuations; so Makin the master and True the excellent clerk, go on their well-contented way.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 27)

darkness of the Middle Ages. You always have a class of that kind; ugly, viciously inclined, mentally subnormal from the standpoint of the modern psychopath, but nevertheless more dangerous from that very standpoint; a man to be dealt with as a matter of criminal discipline. So you have today the thug and gunman promoted into the ranks almost of a semi-profession. . . . You have in the criminal development of the bootlegging game a new source of both profit and employment to that man. . . . Because a man of that kind, you will find, as he increases in his nerve, in his prowess, in the glory he takes in being an outlaw, engages first in bootlegging, or in personal violence and intimidation, and the outlawry that goes with illegal practices . . . but soon turns aside occasionally to hold up a citizen or gets half full of booze and breaks into a house or gets into a quarrel and commits a murder."

It is impossible for good citizenship to counsel the abandonment of attempts to enforce goose-stepping laws while the enforcement of such laws is made a prominent issue; but it is hypocrisy of the worst type to pretend that all laws on the statute books are alive or enforceable; and it is utter folly to deny that the mandate given the police to enforce various individual-conduct laws has not been an increasing obstacle to the enforcement of laws which aim at the protection of life, limb, peace and property from the criminal violators of other men's rights.

When we attempt to hurl the blame for our criminal's paradise onto the police of America, when we compare the record of our police with that of foreign countries, it must be remembered that our police are under three unusual burdens. They are undermanned. They have a tremendous new traffic problem. They are called upon to spend much time, effort and display on an attempt to enforce the individual-conduct laws. Such conditions do not obtain in Europe.

Nor do the police in Europe have to meet the problem of low-grade immigration, nor to the same degree the sudden overcrowding of populations into cities, nor—more important still—the curious and extreme development of Arab life, which causes the unparalleled movement of the modern American from city to city, residence and labor in one section changing to residence and occupation in another. We have become a nation of Arab transients, and that in itself is a great police problem.

Pigeonhole Police Forces

"The motor car, too, has helped to make us a nation of gypsies," said a police commissioner in one of our larger cities. In New York the police figure that almost one-sixth of the population, under their guardianship and regulatory authority, is transient.

But after the returns are in and my investigation has been as nearly as possible completed, there is one factor disclosed which, more than any other, cripples the work of our American police.

We almost never hear of it; reformers of our police systems almost never take it into consideration.

It is the almost ridiculous disorganization of our police as a country-wide coöperative force; it is the almost complete independence and isolation of each police organization not only between one state and another, but between one city or town and another within the same state, and often between one city and another touching elbows.

It so happens that I am strongly in favor of community self-government and decentralization. I have seen enough of centralization of government functions in Europe to satisfy me that it often results in tyranny and bureaucratic dry-rot and inefficiency. When governing agencies are too far away from the two eyes and ears of the human being who is governed, something always goes wrong. The tragedy of the modern world is the attempt to do things in too large units. These great units look well on paper, but whether labeled Tyranny or Democracy or Soviet they fail to work and they are inhuman. But it is futile to deny that countries in Europe with a unified police system have decisive advantages over our pigeonhole police forces. This is doubly true in a day when the facilities of transportation have so developed that we are "gypsied," as the police official called it.

Even with plenty of good will and the absence of jealousy and politics between one state or city or police force and another, the criminal in America finds it easy to skip from city to city and across the borders of states. He leaves behind him his crime, his record, his identification, and takes with him a certain measure of safety in the difficulties of extradition and pursuit.

Compromises With Crooks

We have no passport provisions which guard against the entry of criminals from one state to another, as the borders of the nations of Europe are guarded. When things are hot for a criminal in New Jersey he can be in Connecticut in less than two hours; and when the Chicago crook wants to leave the jurisdiction of Illinois no obstacle is presented to his passing the Wisconsin boundary on his way to Milwaukee. In Europe, on the contrary, it is well known that one of the regular policies of the Swiss police—one which makes Switzerland unusually orderly—is the practice of setting the undesirable back across the border. In Italy if a man is arrested in the Tuscany district the local police may obtain finger prints and even his telegraphed photograph from Naples through a national agency. We are without police unity or a police clearing house of information and identification.

One police chief of a large American city, who was confident that I would not betray him, said:

"Unfortunately, in some cases the situation is much worse than that. It probably would amaze most of our simple-minded citizens to know that sometimes there is even a certain competition between neighboring cities to see who can make the most favorable deal with the professional and organized crime groups. There may be nothing dishonest about it, nothing of graft or corruption. It may be merely practical necessity. For instance, suppose you appointed as police chief that woman you saw today—that leader in civic movements. She is an able woman. She is brighter than I am. But she would make no deals! You bet she would not! She would try to run the department with no quarter to the crooks, no deals, no concessions. What would happen? Every crook in town would move across the river and live there. They would go to old D——, the police chief over there, and say, 'We'll live here and play here, eat and sleep here. That woman police chief across the river has driven us out and that's all right with us. But don't ask us what we will do over there.' And they'd raid this town! Life and safety wouldn't be worth a nickel. There'd be a feast of burglary and a carnival of holdups, and in thirty days the citizens of this city, never knowing why it had gone wide open, would come down in a mob and make the poor woman resign."

It took me some days to check up this statement as to the situation between the two cities. I found that the chief was only stating the practical necessity of compromise. And it is just such situations as these which furnish one argument for state control of police.

In one city at one time the metropolitan district, owing to political divisions, was divided up into eighteen or twenty small police departments, and so there was a laboratory of the national situation on a small scale. The first development was a kind of competition between the different police chiefs to trade, in small ways, favors with criminals. The recovery of stolen goods, for instance, is often brought about by understandings with the crook world, which are, of course, of varying degrees of evil, but without which the work of many a police department in terms of immediate result would be less efficient. Later on there was a competition in the patronage of commercialized gaming and vice, and when this competition grew troublesome and threatened scandal there was a tendency to apportion among these petty little police departments the money-making patronage of definite vice rings, so that one district should have the slot machines, another the dance halls, another the card games, and so on. It was a microscopic case of the effect of one police unit competing in the wrong way against another.

There is not only present in some instances the wrong kind of competition between police departments, but what is much more important, too little machinery for coöperation. This may not mean a lack of willingness; it only may mean a lack of facility. The authorities in New Jersey, for instance, and those in New York are said to work together from the two sides of the Hudson River. Nevertheless, there have been endless instances when the law of New York having forbidden the sale of a revolver, a dealer would take a crook across the river and deliver the selected gun and accept the money there so that the actual sale would take place outside New York State.

It is possible for a forger to enter California, commit a forgery and skip over the state line and, for all practical purposes, under the peculiarities of the situation, be as free as air from prosecution. To put down the instances I have gathered, in which our police are baffled by the fact that they work in small, more or less isolated units or in different jurisdictions, would fill a book.

But there is one difficulty greater than all.

It is the absence of any adequate identification and information bureau which would act as a national clearing house. In this difficulty—rather than in the mere science of identification—we are far behind the efficiency in other countries. Such a bureau is maintained at Scotland Yard in London, at the Bureau of the Canadian police at Ottawa, and at the Ministries of Interior in Paris and Rome, and so on. But in this country our police forces are so out of touch one with the other that even within one state absurd results come about from failure to identify a criminal individual.

A Long Record But No Finger Prints

The Prison Association of New York has furnished me with the following cases which not only illustrate the failure of identification, but also the way in which the releasing of criminals on parole or probation becomes a screaming farce carried on at the expense of society.

M. W., seventeen years of age, was arrested in Buffalo for burglary, and sentenced on March 16, 1911, to a reformatory. He was paroled on May 13, 1912, and was rearrested for violation of parole and recommitted on February 18, 1913.

On April 20, 1917, he was paroled for the third time. He failed to report to his parole officer and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Nothing more was heard from him until February 14, 1923, when he gave himself up to the parole authorities in New York City. He showed an honorable discharge from the Army, which was responsible for his reinstatement on parole for the fourth time on February 16, 1923.

On the same day the man was brought to the Prison Association by a parole officer, and it was requested that a position be found for him. As M. W. had no funds, a position was found for him as assistant janitor where he would get his board as well as a small wage. The janitress, who had been in the habit of employing men from this association, returned after a few days and reported that M. W. had stolen $500 of the rents that she had collected. A warrant was issued for his arrest and filed with the police department on March 7, 1923. No results were obtained and the Prison Association took the initiative in investigating this case thoroughly. The parole officer was interviewed and asked to furnish finger prints that could be copied and broadcast so that this man might be arrested. It was found that the parole officer had no finger prints, that no finger prints were on file in any of the three bureaus of identification in New York City. A visit was made to the State Bureau of Identification at Albany, but no finger prints were to be obtained. Communications were sent to the cities where this man was known to have lived, but without results. Miss Parsons, of the State Bureau of Identification, sent a photograph of this man, that had been taken twelve years before, to the National Bureau at Washington, D. C. The report which was received and forwarded to us is as follows:

"M. W., who was an enlisted man in Troop X of the X Cavalry, U. S. A., located at Fort Myer, Virginia, which is just outside the District of Columbia line, on the night of April 5, 1920, broke into and entered a building on the Fort Myer grounds, and took therefrom a brace and bit. With this he bored through the door, entering the troop tailor shop, from which place he stole thirty-five United States Army Colt automatic revolvers, .45 caliber, valued at twenty-five dollars each. His whereabouts since that time have not been ascertained."

A Veteran First Offender

"There was a sergeant of the old troop still there—Fort Myer—who states that he is morally certain that the Albany photograph is that of the former W. of Troop X, who committed the burglary and stole the revolvers. I would say that they are still anxious to apprehend this man."

M. W. is still at large and without any doubt is committing crimes at every opportunity.

The known record of L. C. is as follows:

"12–9–16, Chicago, Ill., arrested as a suspicious person, with no record of disposition of the case.

"2–29–18, Newark, N. J., arrested for grand larceny, no record of court or disposition.

"3–22–18, New York City, arrested for grand larceny, arraigned before Judge——, who gave him a suspended sentence.

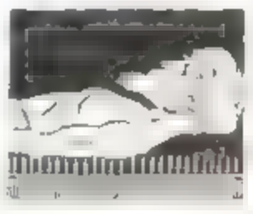
"6–29–18, Philadelphia, Pa., arrested for larceny from person; no record of court or disposition.

"In October, 1922, L. C. was arrested and charged with grand larceny. The charge was reduced from grand larceny to disorderly conduct. As the identification files of the magistrates' courts contained only the conviction in the magistrates' courts in New York City, none of the above records were available at the time this person was placed on probation. The practice was for the probation officers in New York City to make an independent search of the three identification bureaus in the greater city. It was in this way that the probation officer found the above record in the files of the police department. In February, 1923, about four months after this person was placed on probation, he was again arrested in a different district of the city, charged with grand larceny. He was arraigned and allowed to take a plea of attempted grand larceny as a first offender. If the record of

Are you a martyr?

Some men are so virile that they want to prove their heroism every day. They do it in the bathroom. They are modern martyrs.

Certain martyrs used to wear hair shirts next to their skin. This was to demonstrate their ability to stand irritation. Nowadays some men scorn the comfort of Mennen Shaving Cream, preferring to finger-rub the lather in before shaving.



A favorite pastime of Hindoo martyrs was lying on sharp spikes. A very close approximation of this sensation is obtained by shaving off whiskers that have not been softened by the Mennen process—dermutation.

In India some advanced martyrs walked on red-hot iron. The fiery feeling of the face after an ordinary shave gives an excellent idea of the thrills involved. Mennen users miss the treat.

I frankly admit that Mennen Shaving Cream will not appeal to martyrs. There is no painful preparation of the beard, no excruciating razor-work, no after-agony at all. There is only uneventful ease, unsportsmanlike speed.

* * * *

Our newest product—Mennen Skin Balm—won't set well with martyrs, ether. It is an after-shaving treatment so luxurious, so delightful, that only comfort-loving men will care for it.

Rub a little Skin Balm into your face. First a lively tingle, then a refreshing coolness that's unbeatable. Do you get that fresh, pleasant odor? You'll want Skin Balm for its real antiseptic value, too. 50c—Same as Mennen Shaving Cream.

That prize contest for a name. I've boiled the 140,000 names entered down to 161 corkers. If I can keep sane, I'll pick the winning name soon. Suppose 139,999 men will disagree, but I *must* decide.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top

this person were to be followed it would probably be found that he is often being arrested on serious charges, frequently released, and, if convicted, is treated with the utmost leniency of the law."

I give these two examples out of thousands available, of the complete failure to deal intelligently with and properly punish migrating criminals—and most of them are now on the wing—without some adequate central bureau of finger printing and criminal records.

The absence of such an adequate facility in American police work lames, more than any other factor, our efficiency in crime prevention.

Indeed, all along the line we suffer from lack of coöperation. The excellent example of the International Police Congress which, largely through the initiation of Commissioner Enright, of New York, has brought together the police chiefs of the world every year for the exchange of information and the development of police science, methods and efficiency, should be followed, as much as politics permit, in the coöperation of the police systems of the United States.

Major Charles C. McGovern, formerly captain of the detective division of Pittsburgh, and a friend of Roosevelt, has called my attention to a passage in his book on Politics and Law Enforcement, which reflects the inarticulate opinion of most of the police officials in the country. He points out not only the necessity for greater cooperation, but also the reasons for its absence.

"If the national or state government, by an enactment, would create a centralization of police power against the ravages of the professional criminal, directing heads of police departments would, in a short time, be weaned away from politics and the public then would demand outstanding ability for those directing police affairs.

"There must sooner or later be a clearing house. The barriers which now obstruct the jurisdiction of police officers at township, borough, city, county or state lines must be broken down."

Lack of National Unity

"Those who have spent long years in service in the police or detective work know that the courtesies extended by police departments to each other fall short of efficiency, and often of loyalty, and add greatly to the advantage of the professional criminal.

"The annual police conventions in past years have recommended or adopted many police reforms which have been only partly accepted, and in many cases not considered at all, for various reasons. The first reason, of course, was that it cost money to install a system which threatened to interfere, directly or indirectly, with political interests."

Commissioner Enright, of New York, says: "It is conceded that individual police departments have increased in numerical strength and have become more efficient. But from the standpoint of collective effort, police effectiveness in this country has not advanced. No facilities for its advancement have been available. There are a large number of separate collections of finger prints, and by far the most of these are in the hands of police departments. But these collections are ineffective until some well-designed agency is created, financed and operated by the Federal Government, to collect, file and make available to all proper authorities the records and identification of criminals throughout the country. The professional and interstate criminal is in one city today and another tomorrow. He knows that there is no national system for following his movements. . . . A central bureau should also distribute the more current information respecting crime and criminals."

It may be added that such a central bureau, Federal or coöperative, should maintain a clearing house for the identification of stolen property and that it could wield a considerable power in obtaining that which I have found America almost totally lacks—criminal statistics.

I have endeavored to set forth the reasons why all our police departments are lame and are, through no fault of their own, in several respects at a sad disadvantage as compared with foreign police systems. It is wholly unfair to blame the police if they are undermanned, loaded with traffic duty and with the enforcement of goose-stepping laws. It is equally unfair to blame a local police force for the lack of national unity, the lack of country-wide coöperation or the lack of a central identification, information and statistical agency. While these loads are on our police, the citizens can stare our amazing and shocking crime record in the face and yet hope for no victory in a losing battle against crime.

Two Jumps Behind the Crook

"The truth is that the average man or woman has a childish viewpoint about the police," says a letter from a judge, which like many others have begun to come to me since my investigation of our national crime record and of the breakdown of our law enforcement. "The historical development of police is completely forgotten. Police were originally watchmen. And today mere systems of watchmen will not cope with modern crime—organized, scientific and often provided with large investment in its business. The average citizen is as ignorant of the real nature of the modern criminal and the real needs for the development of wholly new police systems as he is of taxation on the planet Mars."

The judge is wholly right. We may as well abandon the idea that mere patrolmen systems are sufficient. All the uniformed watchmen in the world cannot prevent murders, killings, holdups, robberies, banditry, frauds, arson, forgeries, confidence games, blackmail or indeed more than 2 per cent of the whole diverse criminal activity. This may be a hard pill for the citizen to swallow, but it is a fact. We shall continue to need the watchmen, but the taxpayer must be prepared to support also in addition a modern police organization against the criminal, without which, in the long run, the criminal will gain in the race between law and lawlessness. Arthur Woods, former New York police commissioner, in his book, Crime Prevention, points out that testimony of his own men estimated that from 50 to 98 per cent of crime would be committed "in spite of perfect police work along conventional lines." And Mr. Woods adds, "If that is true, you can see why we are cudgeling our brains to devise new methods, even if unconventional, with which to fight the outlaw."

The truth is that in America, where cudgeling of brains to fight crime is more needed than anywhere in the world, very little cudgeling has been done. Social workers with their own peculiar type of mind have written me suggesting that the police systems be built upon the idea of preventing crime at its source. They would have the policeman not only a watchman but an agent for social service. There may be something in that idea—indeed the modern policeman, as I know him, has already taken on something of that function.

But it is not the patrolman, uniformed and known to the criminal, who will play much of a part in the real fight with the increasing criminals of tomorrow. I am inclined to agree with the words of an old veteran of the war with the criminals. He says:

"The modern politician abhors the idea, but say what he will, there is no other agency that will cope with the burglar or professional thief who works quietly and secretly, except an undercover organization built upon efficiency, whose operatives can frequent the haunts of culprits and ferret them out, no matter how cunning their plans may be. The daring and resourceful criminal has no great fear of the known or readily recognized arm of the law."

The undercover system will come. Except for the undercover system, there is, indeed, no method known to discover crime plots before their performance. The patrolman can discover that the crime has been committed, and the labeled detective, often well known to the criminal, can try to discover who committed it. While this situation continues the police are always two jumps behind the crook. Only by the force of unknown investigators can the position be reversed.

Otto A. Rosalsky, the senior judge of the Court of General Sessions of New York, is in favor of this development of our police systems. He knows, as well as I do, that the old-fashioned methods of police work are being left behind in the progress made by the skill and resource of the individual criminal and in the amazing advance in the business organization of crime rings. Judge Rosalsky says: "A secret-service organization should be established. The criminals know the faces of the members of the police and detective forces as now constituted and plan their crimes with respect to the policemen's anticipated movements. We must have a staff of trained skilled men who, operating with absolute secrecy, would, for instance, shadow criminals, and by locating the prearranged purchaser of loot either prevent the crime or apprehend the criminals immediately it is committed. That secret service would operate apart from the police, but would be under the direction of the commissioner."

New Methods Needed

Until such new methods of fighting crime reorganize our police, until we accept a new conception of police duties which shows more imagination than is shown by our depending on summoning a patrolman after the deed is done, and he in turn summoning a detective to find out who did it and where the doer has gone, the criminal will be ahead of us. It is almost useless to discuss police reorganizations, their political color or whether state control or municipal control or joint control is good or bad. This is playing jackstraws.

It is equally useless to seek to put upon the police of America the blame for the unpunished criminal and for our ridiculous national plight in being unable to enforce the laws, while there may be said and proved the assertion made to me by the police, and confirmed by criminals from every quarter of the United States. Boiled down, this is the assertion:

"Even when the police catch 'em, the law, the courts or the prisons let 'em go."

This is a strong assertion, but I have learned to subscribe to it.

Chelan Gorge, Washington

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Child. His next will begin an examination of those weaknesses of law, of prosecution and of punishment which constitute the real reasons for our national lawlessness.

ELGIN . . . . . TIME · KEEPER · TO · THE · SUCCESSFUL

I could not find a watch that agreed with me until I secured an Elgin

One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

It was Oscar Wilde who wrote that "a man will kill the thing he loves," and while I would not care to confess to being a time-killer, I must admit that I have submitted my watches, for which I had a real affection, to many punishments, including the water test.

For in my younger days, I served as coxswain of an eight-oared shell, and in one dramatic practice spin on the Schuylkill, the boat was swamped and the crew made a most inglorious exit from the water. I swam ashore, but the watch that went overboard with me—my father's and a fine English make—was never quite the same.

My second watch was a gift from my mother on my twenty-first birthday. It served me faithfully for several years and then, for reasons best known to itself, suddenly lost its reputation for unerring accuracy.

With no little reluctance I discarded it, and purchased an Elgin which, decade in and out, has never miscounted a minute that I've been aware of. It has won my regard as a true friend, on which I can rely almost to the second.

by JOHN DREW

ELGIN

THE·WATCH·WORD·FOR·ELEGANCE·&·EFFICIENCY

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

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COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 39)

"I believe the yokelry hereabout often do designate our house in this fashion," he admitted, absently regarding the suspended cloth.

"Well, I think it's a very pretty name," Jane told him. "How did anyone ever come to think it up?"

He mechanically wiped his carving, his musing eyes on Jane's. Then his face brightened with a knowing smile.

"Ask your Cousin Wiley sometime."

"Oh, I will—it's such a lovely name. Tedmon's Folly, Tedmon's Folly." She debated a moment. "That brother of Alpharetta Pedfern that always wants to trip you or knock you over—I'm fond of children, but I must say he's an awful noisy nuisance. He was ——" She stopped, again pondering briefly; then—"I don't see anything funny in the name of our house."

"Nor do I, my child. Probably Wiley doesn't either."

"I'll ask him the next time I go to his room."

"Be sure to."

"Just see my lovely new shoes." Jane extended one of them, watching Marcy for that sign of disapproval she had twice encountered. "They'll give my feet room to grow," she added, as his eyes, scanning the exhibit, remained inscrutable.

"Excellent shoes," he said at last, to Jane's relief. She wished the Pedfern boy could hear it.

"You're very right," Jane told him. "They certainly are very excellent shoes."

"They should be, at the price," he added. "Three thousand dollars, wasn't it?"

But Jane laughed, putting him right about the price. Cousin Marcy got such funny ideas.

"Of course, they're not so smart," she continued; "they're not nearly so smart as Cousin Wiley's new hat, but they're serviceable."

"So my brother has a new hat?"

"A perfectly stunning one, from the city, that came in a big box. And it shines all over the room like anything, and Cousin Wiley tried it on; and then I laid it on the table for him, so it'll be ready the minute he gets up. I think he'll get up tomorrow. And if you stand it on the brim, the brim will get out of shape, so you must stand it on the top side so it will keep."

"Wiley is nothing but wonderful," said his brother.

"You're very right. If you could only see him trying on the new hat ——"

"I can—I do. I see just that."

He spoke with a warm assurance that gratified Jane. This wasn't being waspish.

"He still has his lucky piece," Jane went on, "so you just wait till the next time. He says some day he will certainly show that stock exchange how to take a joke."

"He's done that repeatedly," said Marcy.

"And next time, too," Jane insisted. She glanced to the top of a cabinet by which they were standing. "I see we still have the fellow's skull," she remarked brightly.

"My brother left us that," he admitted.

"You keep it all the time, don't you, Cousin Marcy?"

"Yes; it's to remind me of time," he asserted.

"Or you could tie a black thread around your finger," Jane suggested. She had never been able to regard the skull as decorative.

"Our friend up there is so colorful, so eloquent, so rich in implications. I prefer him to your bit of thread."

"I see," said Jane politely. If he felt that way about the fellow's skull, she wouldn't insist. And perhaps Cousin Wiley would also feel that way. "But you never once showed it to Cousin Wiley," she reminded him. "You know you said some day you might."

"So I did, so I did," he agreed. Jane thought the smile with which he concluded was queer. It made him look as if he had a pleasing new secret. "And what day would be better than this day?" he went on with increasing animation. "Wiley has a most gratifying new hat, you have those excellent new shoes—the very best, I dare say, that could be bought in all Union Hill. It's the exactly right day to show him our reminder. It seems to me that he needs it." He took the skull down, wiped it with his cloth and held it out so that it stared full at him. "Show it to my brother just this way," he directed, "so that its full significance may flash upon him."

"Oh, are you going to let me show it to him?"

This, she thought, would be delightful of Cousin Marcy.

"Yes; I'm busy, myself, as you see. Carry it carefully, and remember to keep a hand on its lower jaw so it doesn't drop. The thing wouldn't be so delicious if that wonderful smirk weren't complete. It smirks at me; it should smirk at my brother."

Jane took the thing so gingerly that the jaws did fall apart.

"Oh, my!" she said. "It's trying to bite me!"

She knew this was a joke, yet she was less pleased with her privilege than Cousin Marcy seemed to suspect. He adjusted the dropped lower jaw, restoring the prized smirk, and showed Jane how to hold it so that this should be preserved for Cousin Wiley's refreshment.

As she went along the hall she remarked with a loud valor, "I'm not afraid of the fellow's skull!" She reached Cousin Wiley's door. She must show him the excellent reminder, and she must ask him to tell her how their house came to be called Tedmon's Folly.

But Wiley's reception of the skull was such that her question went unasked. She stood at the foot of his bed, and as Marcy had suggested, raised the reminder suddenly and at the proper angle to let its full value flash upon him.

Wiley's cry, a strange, hoarse cry, made her spine tingle and drew at the roots of her hair. Cousin Wiley had become an animal in frenzied terror. He uttered the cry again, while Jane, frozenly still, held up the leering thing.

"Take it away—take it away!"

He shielded his eyes from the skull. Jane's grasp of it went limp and it fell to the floor. Then she was fumbling at the door, wishing only to escape—to be away. Before she could turn the knob she was called back. Cousin Wiley was breathing heavily, and as he spoke Jane saw that his lips were bloodless. Yet he was making a gallant try for recovery and managed a weak grin.

"That's Marcy's work," said the gray lips.

Jane nodded, not equal yet to speech. His lids fell, his face turned on the pillow and he labored with deep breaths. She watched him. She was progressing from consternation to a mere bewilderment. After all, it was only some old bones. She began to feel a quite comforting superiority over Cousin Wiley, who had been even more shaken than when his lucky piece was lost.

His head turned back, his eyes opened, his mouth regained humor.

"That was good," he said. "The old boy has more to him than you'd think."

"Yes, hasn't he?" agreed Jane. "Shall I ——" She took a step toward the fallen reminder.

"No, no!" he called, and a shadow of the first terror widened his eyes. This passed, and he managed a smile. "Enough is enough," he said. "Pick that thing up and take it back."

"It's the fellow's skull that had all our money," she explained, feeling apologetic. "We thought you would like to see it smirk at you. That's what Cousin Marcy said, but we both thought of it."

He suddenly laughed, almost his best laugh.

"Tell Marcy I had a lot of fun with it," he directed. "Tell him how I fooled you, Tiddledywinks. Didn't I fool you, though! Made you think I didn't like it, eh? Scared you out of a year's growth, I'll bet. I wish you could have seen your funny little face when I was putting it over on you. You were killing, that's what you were."

"Oh, didn't you fool me! You scared me out of a year's growth, Cousin Wiley. But then, you didn't fool me completely. Didn't I know the fellow's skull couldn't scare a grown person if it hardly even scared me when I was all alone with it coming here? It couldn't scare anyone completely—just a lot of silly old bones. Just trash and rubbish, that's all they are."

"Of course, that's all they are; but I saw a chance to fool you. Now go back and tell Marcy how well I did it. Tell him to send down his trashy old rubbish any time he wants to give us both a good laugh."

"Oh, I will, Cousin Wiley. I'll bring them down often to amuse you."

"No, not that. Don't bring them unless Marcy tells you to, after you've told him how I scared you half to death."

"Perhaps he'll let you keep that old skull all for your own," she suggested, thinking that Wiley found the reminder even more fun than Cousin Marcy did.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of asking him. Don't even suggest it to the old boy. As a matter of fact it isn't very pretty. And I'd hardly know where to put it."

"Shall I leave it just a few minutes?"

"No, no! Take it back and thank Marcy your prettiest for letting me have a good look at his treasure. And don't forget to tell him how I scared you."

"I won't forget," she assured him.

She went to pick up the skull. She meant to give Cousin Wiley another good look at the silly thing from the doorway, but she saw that his eyes were tight shut in a face that was gray and weary, so she smothered her genial impulse and went softly out.

"Oh, we had such loads of fun with the fellow's skull," she was presently telling Marcy Tedmon. "Cousin Wiley enjoyed it completely."

"He did?" It seemed to Jane that Marcy had somehow not expected this. "You say he did enjoy it?" he repeated. "He found it really exhilarating?"

"Oh, completely," Jane assured him, interested in observing the variety of expressions that seemed to run in some curious conflict over her hearer's sensitive face.

"Come, tell me all about it," he urged.

So Jane told him all about it, with a rich enjoyment in her own narrative; and as Marcy bent a listening ear to her, his face cleared of its confusion and he began to be agitated by a mirth he kept silent in order to miss no word of her joyous tale. When she had told him with many repetitions how cleverly Wiley had frightened her out of a year's growth, and then what good laughs they had enjoyed over her alarm, he interrupted—for she was by no means finished with telling the thing over and over—by letting his laughter escape. Jane had never known him to laugh so heartily: it brought notes into his voice quite new to her.

After he had laughed, he replaced the skull on its perch, patting it with real affection. Then he stood back to address it—"Alas, poor Yorick." Jane was puzzled by this, also puzzled because she felt that Marcy had been somehow like a naughty child.

"Is it poetry you're speaking a piece out of?" she demanded.

"The very best. I am reminded that we haven't read Shakspere yet. I've neglected you. Tonight we shall have a play."

"Oh, my!" cried Jane, and jigged to the squeaking of her new shoes.

They did have Shakspere that night. Marcy read Hamlet, and Jane noticed that often he didn't have to look in the book for whole pages, but would stand, or sit in another chair, or take his stick and use it swordwise to kill someone through a curtain. It was better than history, where he had to look at every word. When he stood to enact the different rôles it was so much easier to imagine Cousin Marcy a person of importance. Jane was enthralled by the play.

As to the manner in which Cousin Marcy had been reminded of it, she went to her room that night believing there was, as she informed Seth Hacker the following day, "a skull in Shakspere named Alas." She thought it almost too pretty a name for a bare old skull, but afterwards she always called Marcy's skull that. Giving it a name helped her to share Marcy's interest in his memorable find.

She also remembered to tell Seth about the name of Tedmon's Folly. Seth had known the term was often applied to their house, but he said it was done by smarties because the Tedmons were, for the time being, no longer big-rich. Jane could bet her bottom dollar that if they had stayed big-rich, like before Wiley was took with the stock-market fever, the same smarties would be laughing on the other side of their mouths. Jane promptly pictured the Pedfern boy doing this, though she was sure she didn't like either side of his mouth.

"You just wait till Cousin Marcy goes and finds another skull," she cheerfully told Seth. "I mean one with money—thousands of dollars of money spread all over it."

"Shucks!" Seth merely answered. But Jane was confident. There must be other skulls with money, and Marcy was a good finder, wasn't he?

She told him then how Marcy had let her take the skull to Cousin Wiley. Seth's somber eyes lighted at once.

"Told you to show it to Wiley, did he? By Jiminy, that's a good one! That's rich, that is! And I'll bet the old duck skinned his teeth at you when he said it too."

Jane couldn't remember about this, but she was glad to say that Cousin Wiley had completely enjoyed the skull. Seth was amazed.

"He did, hey? Well, all I can say is that if I was laid out in a living grave, I wouldn't want for people to come around shoving things like that at me. It certainly wouldn't send me into no stitches of laughter."

Jane explained how convincingly Wiley had at first pretended to be afraid before he had gone into stitches of laughter.

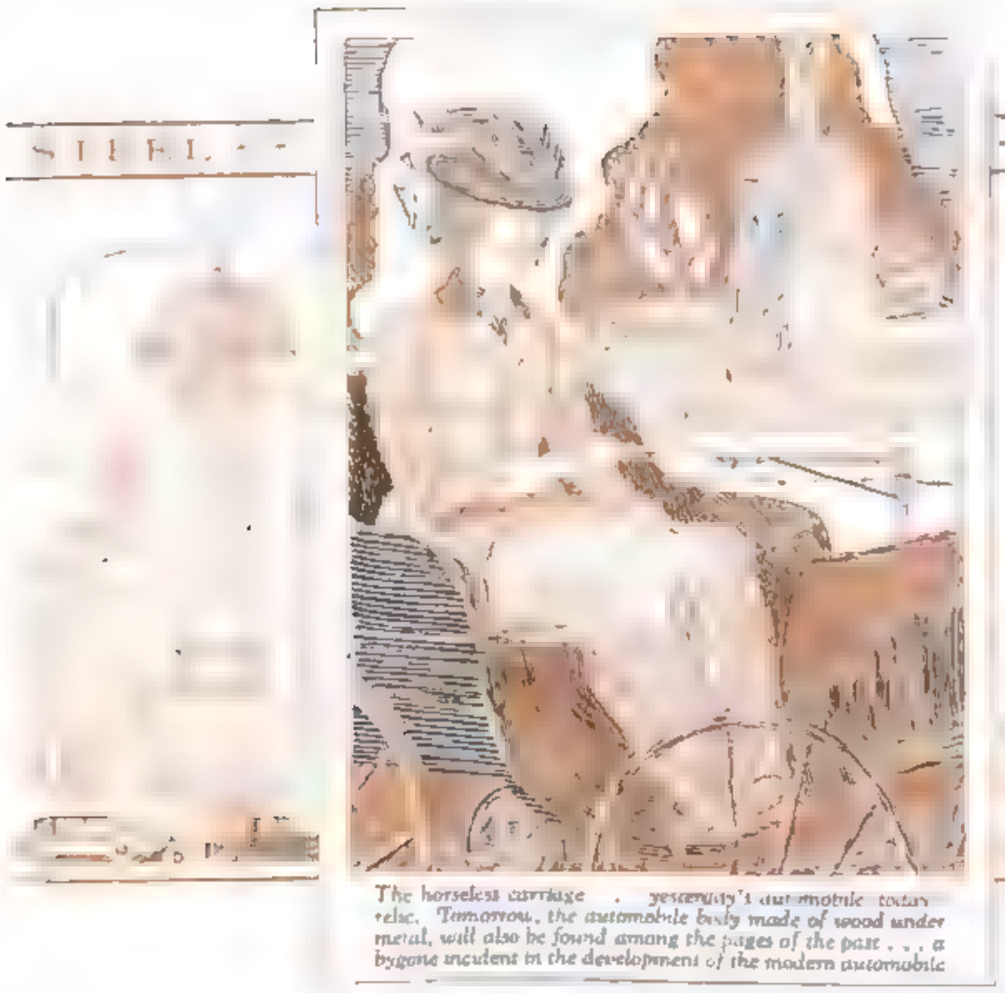
"Oh, I catch on," said Seth. And after a thoughtful pause, his eyes once more lighted. "Say, if Wiley ever did get on his feet again, wouldn't he pay little Marcy back for that favor? Wouldn't he just fairly loose his lightnings on the little cuss. He'd blast him to tags and tatters. Yes, sir, he'd have little Marcy all ruined up in no time whatever."

He chuckled his relish of the scene he was dramatizing. Jane could find no values in it. So far as she could gather its intention, it was an impossible scene. She patiently explained again that Marcy was thoughtful of his brother and that Wiley had been grateful for the attention.

Seth still chuckled, stupidly she thought, so she left him and went to tell Cousin Wiley about the skull, Alas, in Shakspere. She was becoming an authority on skulls. Certainly she no longer felt her first distaste for the one Marcy treasured. She dusted it each day and, now that it had a name, she rather liked it. Once, alone in the sitting room, she yielded to a merry whim. She took a cap of Marcy's from the table and placed it on the skull, trying it at varying angles, tilting it, pushing it back, pulling it low over one eye. She liked this last rakish effect so well that she proudly left it for Marcy's regalement.

But Marcy hadn't liked it at all. He removed the cap abruptly after one glance of

(Continued on Page 71)



The horseless carriage . . . yesterday's automobile today relic. Tomorrow, the automobile body made of wood under metal, will also be found among the pages of the past . . . a bygone incident in the development of the modern automobile

It is your right to demand the safety of the ALL-STEEL Automobile Body

The horseless carriage snorted its way into the world . . . and the world marveled!

The horseless carriage grew into the automobile. And America faced a new problem. The problem of *safe* motoring.

Roads were widened. And the growing flood of cars proved them all too narrow. White lines were painted on them. Signs blazoned the danger of collision at curves. Speed laws restrained the reckless. Traffic signals appeared at busy corners.

All these things in the name of safety. . .

. . . but with 17,000,000 cars over-crowding America's highways, these things too often prove inadequate. They are devices to *prevent* the crash—devices provided *for* you. But what if the crash comes . . . ? Have you, yourself, provided for your safety? Have you exercised your right? The right to demand that the automobile you buy shall give you the unyielding protection of the modern all-steel body?

* * * * *

The Budd All-Steel Body means *all*-steel! It is far removed from the old-type body with its shell of metal over a wooden frame. It does away with dependence upon wood, nails, screws and glue for withstanding the strain of sudden shock.

The Budd Body is heavy-gauge steel welded into one single unit. There is no wood to splinter. No joints to work loose and squeak. No separate pieces.

Steel! The navies of the world came to it. Railroad coaches, bridges, office buildings . . . all turned to steel for safety. And now, the body of the motor car!

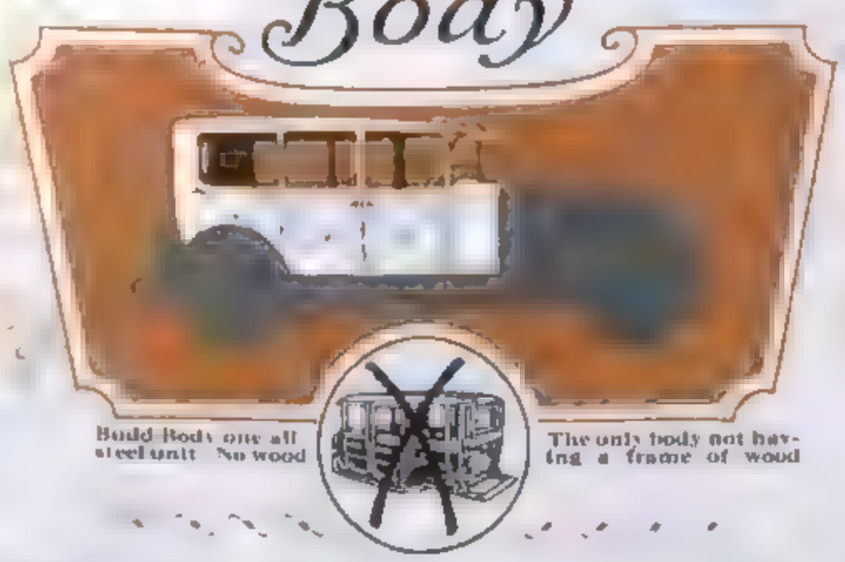
* * * * *

Steel! Safety in collision. A body which cannot burn in fire. Greater safety in driving because of greater vision for the driver . . . in the Budd Body slender, infinitely stronger columns of steel replace the old-style, bulky corner posts of wood.

Steel! Greater beauty! Beauty of form and line. Beauty of finish . . . for the Budd All-Steel Body takes an enamel finish which is baked on at a heat that would reduce the wood in the old-fashioned body to fine, white ashes.

Steel! Essentially of today. A modern metal for the modern motor car. A material which points always to the future—never to the past. It is the mark of the completely up-to-date automobile. Remember that when you buy your next car.

BUDD ALL-STEEL *Body*



BUDD—*the only All-Steel Body, brings these outstanding advantages:*

—strength. A welded unit of steel, in place of a wooden framework sheathed in metal

—safety. Steel re-enforced by steel. Nothing to crack or splinter—fireproof. Nothing to burn

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—lighter weight—greater endurance, slower depreciation—safety. Safety! SAFETY

Philadelphia EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY *Detroit*

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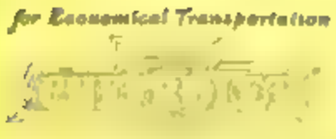
for Economical Transportation



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Quality—determines the pride you take in your car.

Quality—determines whether or not the price you pay is economical or uneconomical.

Quality—the finest you can buy in a low priced car is provided by Chevrolet.

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The Coach
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QUALITY AT LOW COST

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1. First Cost. Study Chevrolet prices in relation to Chevrolet quality.

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ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICH.

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CHEVROLET

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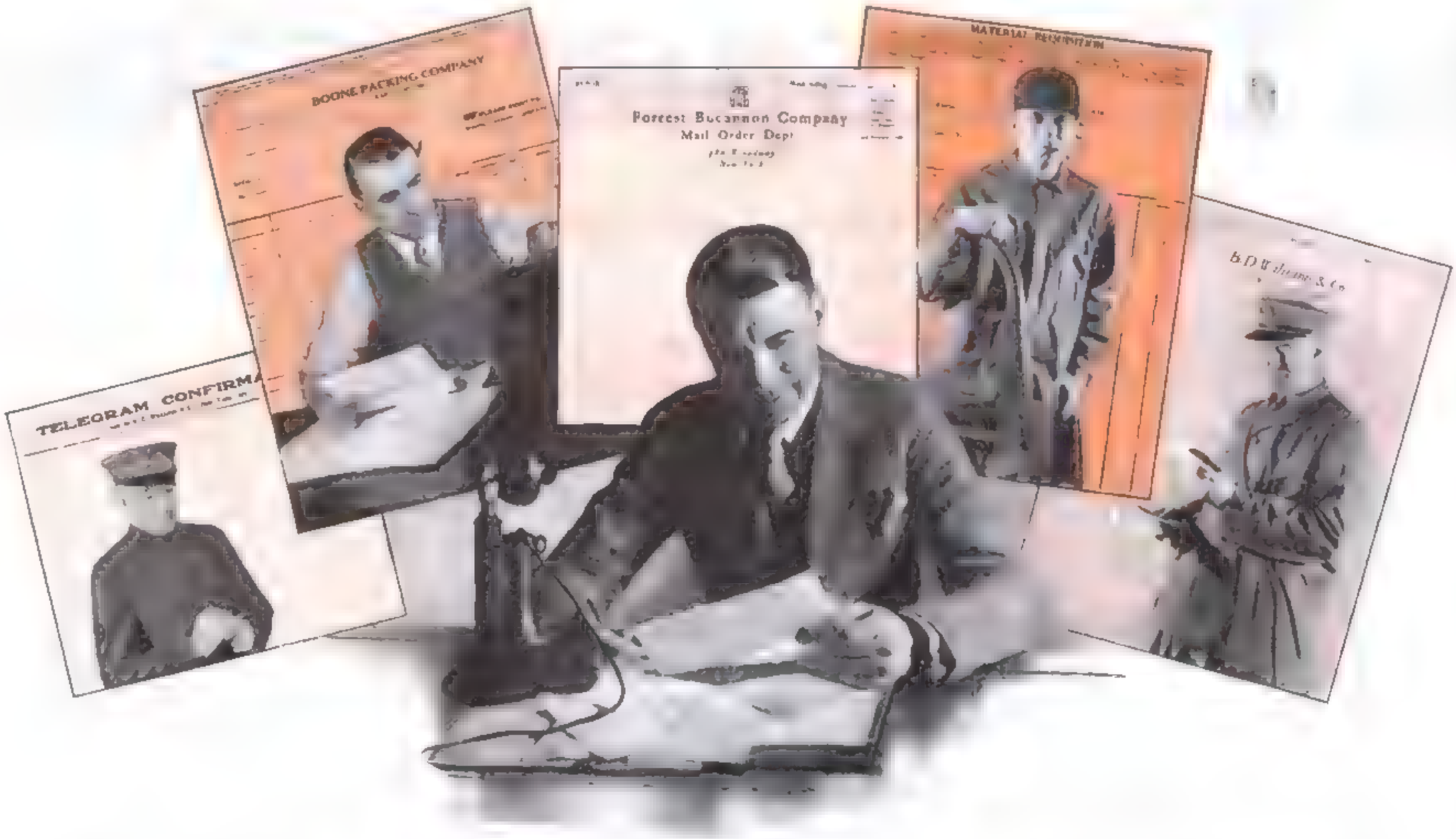
CHEVROLET



Printed forms multiply man-power

WHEN you write your instructions on a printed form you become a dozen men doing a dozen different things in a dozen different places.

The work you have planned is carried out as promptly and accurately as though you yourself were on hand at each operation.

Merchandise is made, moved, bought and sold smoothly and effectively—because printed forms issue your orders in unmistakable terms.

And this is quite as true in the modest office as it is in the vast organization. Modern business could not exist without printed forms—nor without the paper on which forms are printed.

Paper is important. It must have strength because of the wear and tear it must undergo, for printed forms are not handled with gloves. Hammermill Bond has the strength you require. It makes lasting records. It stands manhandling.

And, speaking of colors, paper must be obtainable in a variety of shades in order to make identification quick and certain. Hammermill Bond comes in white and twelve colors.

The surface of paper is of the greatest importance because it is used for so many purposes. Printers' ink, pen, pencil, carbon sheet and typewriter ribbon show perfect results on Hammermill Bond.

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In brief, Hammermill Bond is the utility business paper for business houses, whatever the size, wherever the locality.

Write us on your business letterhead, and we will send you the Hammermill Working Kit—a portfolio of samples especially selected to meet your particular needs.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

(Continued from Page 66)

disrelish. He had not the gift of ready laughter for drolleries that so happily distinguished his volatile brother. His way of seizing the cap reminded her of Wiley's manner the day he had been called on by an old friend in the village.

This was a cheerful-souled old gentleman who came in rubbing his hands cordially and whose greeting was, "Well, well, and how's the invalid this bright day?" Wiley had sharply resented the speech and was at no pains to hide his irritation from the caller.

"Invalid!" he had growled indignantly, and went on to word his displeasure so plainly that the caller, acutely distressed, was driven into a labored pretense that he had meant the term as a joke.

And Jane divined that Cousin Marcy had felt queerly just like that when he saw his cap on Alas. Both Wiley and Marcy were queer enough, she thought—because they were grown-ups, or perhaps because they were Tedmons.

And then, all in a day, it seemed, they were fixed again at the heart of a winter. But Jane wasn't deceived by this one. She knew it wasn't there to stay. So did Sarah know it.

Throughout this confining season she manifested a spirit of lightness in gay contrast to the sullen silence of the previous winter. Several times she and Jane had a fire in that big bedroom upstairs and played at going to receptions in all the splendid dresses that hung there. Sarah, from midwinter on, began to grow young, as if she drew youth from some secret hoard. It was a winter that Marcy accused of galling monotony, but Sarah steadily kept a spring lighting the surface of her splendid dark eyes—splendid when she did light them.

Jane shrewdly considered that this welcome change in Sarah could be accounted for by circulars. Sarah was being favored with almost as many of these now as Seth Hacker, and pored happily over them during the shut-in days. Jane got to liking them herself. There would come one heralding a Grand Annual Sale of Lingerie and Linens, and they would scan it together. Jane had learned that lingerie was the warm things they had bought at the post-office store, and she now further discovered just why Sarah had called those hideous. For the circular would be pictured with lingerie of a quite different sort, of delicate fabrics enriched with ribbons and embroideries.

There had been neither ribbon nor embroidery on their Union Hill purchases; these were of a blunt, forthright sort of stuff they called cotton flannel, whereas the circular told of crêpe de chine and surah silk, of batiste, in shades like peach-blossom pink or rosy heliotrope, fashioned into garments whose names were new to Jane, and said to be trimmed exquisitely in self-colored hand embroidery, or perhaps with cream net, or hand hemstitching in a floral motif. And lovely ladies were pictured, young and carefree, attired in these charming confections, creatures of a patrician slenderness with proud slim necks and perfect faces.

Jane was so charmed by these bevies that she took one of the choice circulars to Cousin Wiley so that he might enjoy them too. And he did at first appear to be delighted with them, scanning with strange eagerness the dainty garments and the wearers they so admirably fitted. But after a while he suddenly thrust the circular back to her and closed his eyes in a tired way and was still a long time. When she moved softly to go, he opened his eyes and thanked her for showing him the beautiful slim ladies, but added that he would hardly care to see another of the circulars. He had, he said, to think exclusively about the family's affairs. She thought he was almost sad as he said it, and let his lids wearily fall once more. She took the circular back to Sarah.

"Let's play we're big-rich and that we're going to buy"—she brightly read from a page "'one thousand imported handmade undergarments reduced to less than the cost of import duty alone!'"

"We shouldn't need to be big-rich to buy a great many of them," said Sarah. "Look at those prices—like one-ninety-five and two-forty-eight. Think what even a hundred dollars would buy. Aren't they just maddening!'"

But Jane was sure Sarah didn't feel at all mad. She seemed to be facing her future and to be wearing her forthright Union Hill lingerie with unflawed serenity, even with a lifting elation.

"Spring will come soon," she often said, but she no longer thrilled Jane with talk of that far place waiting for her.

Then winter was softly melted all away and spring did come. And almost before it was well there—while the old trees appeared to pause in debate about putting on a great many more blossoms or going along perhaps more suitably with the few they already wore—Sarah went.

IX

JANE was supremely happy. So many times she had been excited about matters or happenings that hadn't seemed to be at all unusual to any other person. This time the others were all so finely excited with her, treating her almost like an equal when they talked about the thing.

And this wonderful new importance of hers was, of course, enhanced by the circumstance that she could tell so many things about Sarah that no one else in the house had ever in the least suspected. At least, no one but Seth Hacker, and Jane was disinclined to place all the confidence in Seth's suspicions that he so insistently claimed.

"Hain't I always said she was one town-looking woman?" he again and again wanted to know.

Jane wasn't aware if he had or hadn't; wishing not to be rude, she merely looked polite and noncommittal. And Seth never really bothered anyone for the answer. It was happily beyond him to imagine a denial that he had always said Sarah's look was townward. She was a born butterfly, that's what Sarah Tedmon was, and no associate of Seth Hacker could have believed otherwise for long.

And Jane didn't really begrudge Seth's modest share in her new importance. After all, his evidence was thin, resting solely on what he had deduced, and even that not adequately proved, because, while no one denied it, still no one clearly remembered to have heard him say time and again that Sarah was a town-looking woman. Not a soul could recall having been even once warned to mark his words to this effect.

Jane's contribution was so much richer. Seth could tell only what Sarah had lacked the cunning to hide from his eyes; but Jane could offer Sarah's own words in abundance and she never failed to win the most respectful attention when she repeated these, whereas Seth's iterations were heard with averted glances of profound indifference. Seth had an opinion, but Jane had facts. Her preëminence as a witness was amply secured.

Her fact of chief significance, of course, was that Sarah had long meant to get out of this hole and go to some far pleasant place that waited for her. Each spring she had planned her exodus, only to abandon it in sullen bitterness of spirit—until now.

It was suggested at Jane's cross-examination that there might be a man waiting in this far place of Sarah's. But Jane doubted it. Sarah had spoken of no man, and not often of men at large. And besides, she shrewdly submitted, if it were a question of a man, why should Sarah wish to go away? Weren't there men here—three of them, to say nothing of the one at the post office and others in the village? No; Sarah's place so long awaiting her would probably not have a man; but it would have dancing and a great many imported handmade undergarments selling at a price less than the import duty—many of them for sums as low as one-ninety-five.

Jane offered in evidence at this point the last circular they had pored over together, the one that even Cousin Wiley had been impressed by. She disclosed that Sarah had said she found all those pretty things maddening. She added that what probably made Sarah mad was that the lingerie bought at the post-office store wasn't handmade or imported or hemstitched or trimmed with floral motifs. Sarah said bitterly that it hadn't even a bit of Hamburg on it.

Carried high by the drama of her recital, Jane here frankly revealed certain accessible edges of the local lingerie worn by herself, and it was, indeed, discovered to be barren of embellishment.

Jane was pleased enough with it on her own account, but Sarah had disparaged it by word and look. This had probably made her mad.

As to dancing, Sarah had been so fond of it that she would often dance by herself late at night, bowing to imagined partners who would, of course, be men, though much less important to Sarah than the music and the dance itself. This was news. Marcy Tedmon had often faintly heard that absurd tinkle-tankle of the music box, but never could he have believed that anyone found it worth dancing to—least of all Sarah, to whom he had attributed no levity whatever.

Jane hereupon told, with the loving verisimilitude of a society reporter, all about the play parties they had enjoyed together in the big bedroom where the finery was stored. They had gone to crowded receptions with lights and music and flowers, and Sarah had been much sought after by men, only she had never distinguished any particular one of them. They were just men. Sarah danced every dance, and always had three proposals in a conservatory; but these invariably left her unmoved, because she must have her fling before she put her head in the sack.

These play parties proved that Sarah did have levity, if levity was what Jane took it to be—if it meant wanting to have a fling, so that you could fall asleep in your carriage and dream of your triumphs at a reception where fried oysters were always served.

Jane was satisfied with the effect she produced. She guessed her recital to have for the others even a deeper significance than she herself had been able to read in it after Sarah's flight became known.

Wiley Tedmon had taken the news calmly at first, merely remarking that he couldn't understand it, because he had given Sarah a good home, even if he had allowed her affairs to become involved with his own and Jane's. He added that he had never liked the way she let her hands go. But after Jane had told and retold and elaborated her story, Wiley seemed to obtain a vision of Sarah that wholly captured his sympathy.

He had never dreamed that the girl wanted more than the excellent home he gave her, yet all the time she had been eating her heart out. Poor Sarah! It was too bad. She had been leading a double life. And what he considered a good home—and she also appeared to regard as such—she had really thought of as a hole. She had tried to illumine it by playing at parties, and when that would no longer appease her yearnings she had broken away; and Wiley, for one, admired her for it. He wouldn't have supposed she had it in her. He wished he could shirk his own responsibilities as lightly as Sarah had—there was no denying she had them—and break away himself into a life that didn't have to be make-believe. Lying there, day after day, he had often wished this.

But someone, he pointed out, had to stay on the job. Someone had not only to hold the family together but to be constantly thinking up new ways of restoring its prosperity. Of course, Sarah might have been more patient—almost any day now a good part of her lost money would be coming back to her—but she was still young, and it wasn't to be expected that she should have the tried patience of her elders. So, good luck to Sarah! He only wished she could have brought herself to confide in him. He might have helped her to break out of the hole long ago.

This was the first occasion on which Jane had known the brothers to be in accord. It seemed so unreal to her—Marcy Tedmon's agreement with all that Wiley said of Sarah, without even one of his accustomed little reservations that made him seem so careful a person. Marcy had been equally unsuspicious about Sarah's other life.

"It would be too much to say that I thought her a clod, a preordained scullery maid," he confessed. "But I did think her a literal-minded, utterly prosaic creature. How could one have suspected her of actual yearnings? I am dumfounded—nothing less. It's true, the girl kept herself constantly in armor, at least for me. She was indifferent, often nothing short of hostile. I think the hostility toward myself was always latent. Heaven knows why. I felt kindly enough. I was ready enough to counsel, to sympathize, to assist. I dare say something about me irritated her. I've known myself before this to irritate people quite unaccountably to me. I do sincerely wish Sarah could have given either one of us the confidence our young friend here seems to have won so readily."

Jane enjoyed being called "our young friend." Her feet were still beautiful on the mountain tops of mystery and romance and willful daring.

"Good luck to her!" said Wiley heartily again. He meditated. "You know Sarah isn't at all bad, except her hands. I shouldn't in the least feel surprised if she turns out to be rather stunning. The things she wanted make such a difference to a woman."

"Oh, Sarah is all of stunning," Marcy agreed. "I could have told you that long ago. I admit it never had the right significance for me. It seemed merely an effect of line and color. I must have thought it soulless because she didn't wear the soul on her sleeve. Of course I was dense. But then I've known myself to be surprisingly that."

"She likes her things without any sleeves at all," Jane volunteered.

"I hope with my brother that she gets them as she likes them," Marcy answered. "And I would be glad to let her know. Not only that I wish her well but how I am fairly dazzled by her gallant sortie. Sarah is a conqueror, nothing less. Not so many of us have the nerve to smash an old environment. So few of us are stubborn and wild and lawless. We watch the walls come closer about us, and when they begin to cramp, we shift to some base readjustment and go on submitting, as if nonconformists haven't always been the only worthwhile people—the brave fellows who take an ax and go smashing right and left."

An ax! Jane hardly felt prepared to make any comment on this. But Marcy went on with warmth:

"Really, what a fellow Sarah was! Nothing tame or sordid, no squalid cowardice, no demeaning concessions. Ready to burn bridges behind her, breast fateful Rubicons. Alps will never dissuade that girl. And the supremely delightful humor of it! Do you know, by Jove, there's something so witty in her doing it with door knobs."

"I'm sorry, though," said Wiley, "that the poor thing had to do it with door knobs. I grant you it's funny enough, but it's undignified, and I—I don't like to think of undignified Tedmons. If only she had told me, I could have managed something."

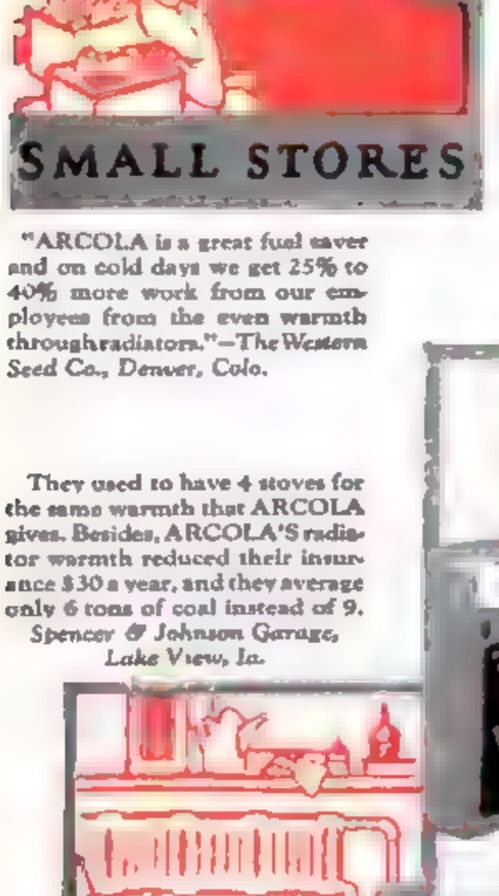
"Undignified from a certain angle, possibly, but what I get is still the rich, flavorous wit of it. How I wish inspirations like it might come to me! I'd never think of door knobs; but Sarah could; she had a genius for them—nothing less."

Jane had been seeing an agitating panorama of this new and at last rightly prized Sarah smashing walls right and left with an ax that glittered, setting fire to bridges that roared into flames at the first match, swimming icy rivers, never halting her gallant stride at the sight of Alps, making sorties that captivated even the difficult Cousin Marcy, who was never too easily pleased. Then this queer reiterated sound

(Continued on Page 75)

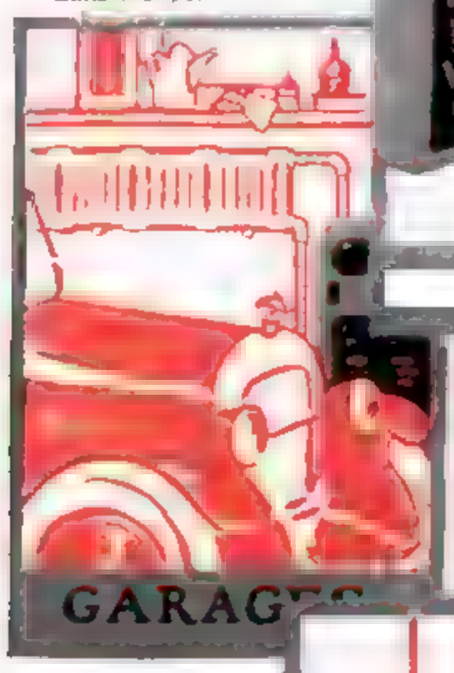
ARCOLA

Arcola warms



"ARCOLA is a great fuel saver and on cold days we get 25% to 40% more work from our employees from the even warmth throughradiators."—*The Western Seed Co., Denver, Colo.*

They used to have 4 stoves for the same warmth that ARCOLA gives. Besides, ARCOLA'S radiator warmth reduced their insurance $30 a year, and they average only 6 tons of coal instead of 9.
Spencer & Johnson Garage, Lake View, Ia.



"We highly recommend ARCOLA. It gives clean, healthful warmth on a small consumption of fuel. And its entire cost installed was considerably less than a basement would have cost for any kind of furnace."
Mrs. Mary Kesler, Lockport, Ill.

"With ARCOLA, all I wish for is more cold nights! Nothing but the cigar counter strides with it for bringing trade."
Barber Shop and Pool Room, Terre Haute, Ind.

ARCOLA and Radiators warm many a small detached schoolbuilding. A district school near Green Bay, Wis., is typical. Here for years ARCOLA has furnished summer warmth inside, and on very little fuel.

IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RAD

WEEK October 12–17

This week all Heating Stores are demonstrating that ARCOLA'S *hot-water radiator warmth is ideal for small buildings of every kind*

"We never realized how cold our coal office had been before ARCOLA was installed. And the saving of fuel has been a revelation."—*Murphy & McMullen, Dayton, Ohio*

DO YOU own a small home, a store, office, shop, garage—with or without a cellar?

If so, ARCOLA and American Radiators will not only add immensely to your comfort, they will actually save you money.

More than 100,000 ARCOLA owners have proved this. Read what some of them say on this page. Many have found that what is good for their families is good for their business, too.

Heating stores everywhere are using this week for ARCOLA demonstrations. Many of them are keeping their stores open evenings. It is your best chance to hear the whole story of healthful radiator warmth at lower cost.

Note that ARCOLA sends its genial hot-water warmth through small pipes to an American Radiator in each room—just like our famous larger IDEAL Boilers. Note that one fire warms the whole house. Note its automatic control.

Note especially that you can have it installed and working for a small down payment—the rest you can pay in easy installments over a period of ten months.

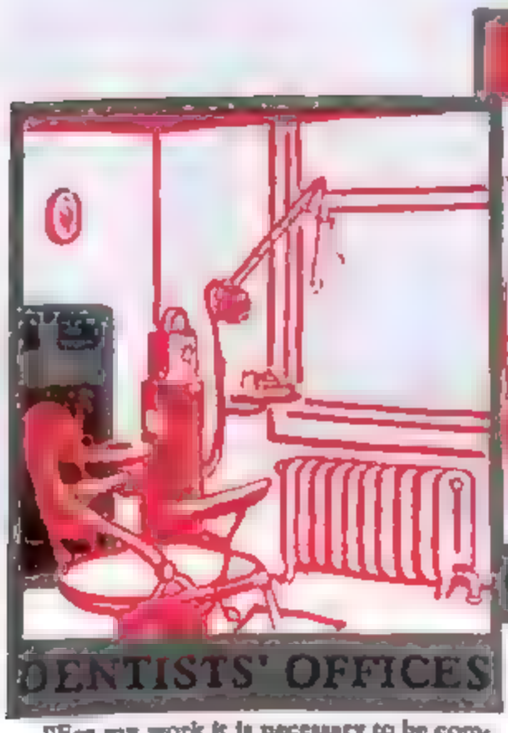
You have often thought about better warmth. You are going to have it some day. This is the week to see, hear and decide. Go to the nearest Heating Store. Ask for an ARCOLA demonstration.

"I am using one of your ARCOLA outfits and am very well pleased with it. It is convenient, economical, and clean."
Sauver's Bakery and Restaurant, Three Oaks, Mich.

For sale by the Heating and Plumbing Trade everywhere

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 60, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. *Sales Offices in all principal cities*



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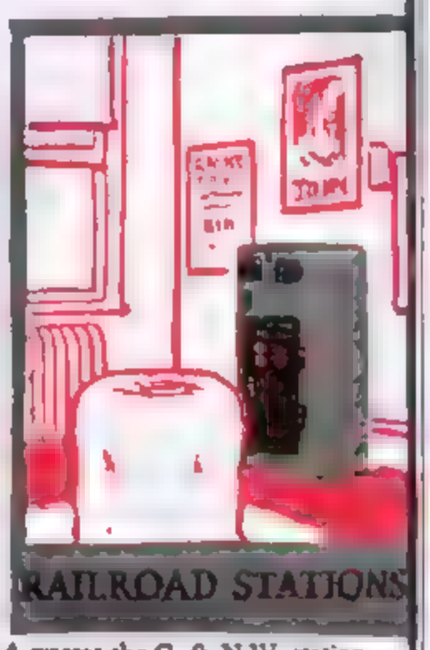

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STANDARD 12

(Continued from Page 71)

of door knobs began to distract her. What about door knobs? How could such common things have had a part in so splendid a revolt?

Before she could ask, the brothers were on another tack, and she the more quickly forgot the incongruous intrusion of door knobs because it bore upon herself. Before her very eyes she was being genially promoted to the proud post Sarah had abruptly vacated.

"Tiddledywinks here will have to be our little manager now," Wiley Tedmon was saying. "Doesn't that set you up a lot, Jane Starbird? How about it, eh?"

It did set her up a lot.

"Oh, my!" she murmured, in hushed respect for this flattering elevation.

"Take charge of everything, see to everything, manage everything. Watch out for little economies that can be decently practiced—at least for the time being—keep Chong up to snuff, keep the house running ——"

"Wind all the clocks," Jane excitedly helped him.

"That's it; you get the idea. Be a ministering angel to a couple of lorn bachelors who have their own affairs to occupy them. Do you think you can pull it off? Or shall we need to import foreign talent?"

"Oh, my! I bet I can pull it completely off," Jane assured him.

And Marcy gravely informed his brother, "She's a sober, worthy little thing."

"An old head on young shoulders," Wiley supplemented; then, with a whimsical side glance at Jane—"Of course, if she doesn't suit us we can discharge her any time. Give her two weeks' notice and look about for someone that's capable."

Jane's spine tingled at the warm pleasantry. It was thrilling to be referred to that jolly way.

"Only she mustn't get tired of her job and quit us cold some morning at daylight," Wiley offered.

"She wouldn't find that so easy now," Marcy hinted. "You know, her astounding predecessor, in her humorous fashion, made rather a clean sweep. Miss Starbird, wishing to desert ship, would be rather put to it, I fancy. Door knobs simply couldn't be used again."

"Jane wouldn't have any such nonsense in her funny little noodle," Wiley Tedmon announced.

"Perhaps not," Marcy allowed, "though she often startles me by showing she's had things there one couldn't suspect her of having. I really believe there are times when the child thinks more than she talks, though it's likely that I'm a wretched reader of others' minds. Still, she's no Sarah. I believe we're safe in assuming so much."

"So, then, Tiddledywinks, there you are, elected by an overwhelming vote and duly sworn in. Go forth! Enter upon your new dignities. Remember, your authority as an executive is supreme. Anyone daring to question it will be expelled from the bailiwick without benefit of clergy or any other comeback. You understand?"

"Oh, yes!" She gravely regarded the brothers. "I'm to be a reliable inside man just the way Seth is outside—holding the place together that would fly all to pieces if we didn't."

"Perfectly!" said Marcy.

"Righto!" cheered his brother; and then, "So old Seth still hangs on?"

"Why, of course," Jane assured him.

It rather shocked her to know that Wiley shouldn't be hourly conscious of so important a man as Seth Hacker. But then, he hadn't considered Sarah of any real importance until she left.

She went out with Marcy, crossing the threshold of Wiley's door with a lifting consciousness of her new standing. Even the hall somehow looked different. She must be on the job, guarding the comfort of two men constantly busy with their own serious affairs. She would wind all the clocks and have a rug placed to cover that worn spot in the dining-room carpet, and clean all the silver on the sideboard, and wash a lot of windows, and mend the torn tablecloths, and ——

She became aware that "door knobs" sounded persistently in her memories of the recent conference. She demanded a reason for this, and Marcy, on the point of leaving her, delightfully imparted one. It was a little reason, told in few words.

The departing Sarah Tedmon had practically denuded Tedmon's Folly of silver door knobs. That was all of it.

"But what a crazy thing to do," began Jane, only to learn that silver money could be made from silver door knobs. By a process of minting, simple in itself, they would lose every trace of their former identity. Not the cunningest eye would be able to detect of a casual dollar that it had begun life humbly as part of a door knob.

Silver was silver. Marcy sketched the fanciful picture of a silver door knob fretting dull years away in an old house where no one ever came to turn it. Finally, when it despaired of release, and even of being useful where it was—for, Marcy explained, silver wouldn't mind being a mere door knob if people would only often enough give it the chance to feel useful—along came a benevolent fairy with a magic wand—that strikingly resembled a small screw driver—and deftly put it on the high road of adventure. For could anyone imagine more wonderful adventures than money, from hand to hand, daily encountered? Adventures peaceful or violent, through which it always passed unscathed, since it bore a charmed life and was immune to all the passions that kept it going an endless journey.

And wouldn't it be delightful if, years from now, when Marcy and Jane were both old, all these silly knobs should be homesick, decide to revisit the only real home they had ever known, and come trooping back from all corners of the earth—they would number at least five hundred, Marcy guessed—and one by one relate their adventures; how this dollar had been thieved a lot by able rogues, and another had as often been given away as gained by trick or barter, and another spent chiefly for good things and another chiefly for bad?

They would never be done telling grand tales, with fighting and hardship and famine and tears and blood, and careless giving and taking. There would be, Marcy thought, one wholly dejected dollar that had been cheated of its birthright. It could only say it had been saved—kept from the adventurous life by a grubby old miser.

"And there'd be one that got lost down a crack and never, never found," Jane suggested, "so it didn't have a good time either. Not even someone finding it when they tore up the sidewalk to buy candy with."

Marcy admitted that this foiled dollar might also be among the returning ones, and reminded Jane that there would be a number, probably, that had gone down at sea, and rested in coral caves. They would perhaps know pleasant things about whales and mermaids.

But Jane was drawn back to the immediate. She had to be shown the metal stumps from which the knobs had been ravished, and to be told just how the delightful process had been accomplished. Marcy said it was quite simple; he showed her the screw driver left beside the door apparently last to yield its harvest. And yet, simple though it was, Marcy was impressed.

"You know, I'd never have thought of it. I've no mechanical gift. I might have perished for lack of silver before it would have occurred to me that those things could be fetched loose with a tool so innocent as a screw driver. I would surely have thought I must take the door with the knob—I believe there's a rather easy way to detach doors."

They traversed the halls, examining each looted door with fresh interest, opening it to find if the inner knob had gone too. It almost always had. Sarah was methodical.

"And fancy the poor girl lugging that terrific weight off in a bag. How her arms must have ached! By Jove, I'd have helped her willingly enough if she'd given me the word!" Marcy stopped for a picture of Sarah struggling along with her burden; then—"And fancy the silversmith, or whatever chap she takes it to. I do hope the poor thing isn't suspected of having come wrongly by her spoil. That would be too dreadful." He paused to regard a plundered door. "I suppose this was the last house in the world with innumerable silver door knobs. She has wiped out one of the few remaining vestiges of the Tedmon grand manner. Personally, I feel beholden to her waywardness. I wish she'd come back and take some more of our pompous stuff. That girl has a flair for the picturesque." He pondered again. "Self-emancipating Sarah—she simply wouldn't let circumstances cheat her."

Jane, with gravely knitted brows, went to assume a certain robe of office—the checked apron that Sarah had rolled into a ball and tossed to a corner of her room, probably with a sense of discarding at last an outworn and unlovely shell. It was a long apron and came to the floor in front of Jane, an apron with pockets and shoulder straps; quite an impressive garment, Jane considered. She tilted Sarah's mirror to get the full-length effect, and thought she could see herself age as she studied the reflection.

The front view was all that it should be, though, of course, from the rear she was still a little girl with a skirt that needed more letting down. However, she wouldn't feel the rear as she did the front view. Her hair in a braid, she thought, still suggested an immaturity she was trying to dissemble; but this could be remedied. She undid the braid with hurried fingers and put the hair up, not unskilled at this, having often been let to do Sarah's when they went to receptions and Jane became a maid.

The ash-blond mass made into a well-fitting coronet, secured with some of Sarah's abandoned hairpins, she cast a final glance about the deserted room and went out to wind a great many clocks. She soon had them alive, but though all started fairly enough from the same mark, they traveled unevenly. By afternoon a clock could be heard striking almost any time. This pleased Jane, however. She found it more entertaining than when, as at first, they had all struck together. She liked to hear the little quick strikers, so sharply insisting that each was correct, and then the big clocks that had calmly waited for what they knew to be the only right moment. They boomed with such pompous certainty in lofty rebuke to the nervous lesser clocks that must be all wrong.

Jane decided that the small clocks were perhaps dependable enough for minutes, or even for hours, but that only the tall dark ones with their big solemn faces could be relied upon to count years and tell useful things about astronomy, for two of them had moons that waxed and waned in a life-like manner and made them seem still more responsible. It was true that their moons never agreed with each other, and that both were always at some variance with the real moon; but these discrepancies didn't bother Jane. She wasn't quite certain that one of her clocks might not be in the right, after all. Certainly the moon outside seemed erratic enough, and wasn't regulated by any such cunning machinery as she could see in the clocks.

After she had wound the clocks she went out and carelessly brought herself under the regard of Seth Hacker so that he might observe the long apron and the matured coiffure.

But Seth was cynical that morning and only said "Hunh! What you gone and rigged yourself up that way for? I should think we'd had plenty enough funny business around this house for one day."

So Jane felt permitted to tell him in plain words that this wasn't funny business—far from that. She was manager now, and it had set her up a lot. She was to take charge of everything and wind the clocks and keep Chong up to snuff and be a ministering angel. Moreover, her authority

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Every inch backed by layer on layer of high grade rubber. Every seam reinforced. For complete protection in the rain *be sure the coat you buy has in it the Raynster label.*

Ask at the store to see the Raynster line or write us for the new Raynster style booklet. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

The Government is having a terrible time chasing the Rum Ships away from the Ocean. They have chased them all in shore now. There is not a one of them on the Ocean. You see, these ships used to stay out there twelve miles from shore and wait for somebody to come out and buy it. But now since the Treasury Department has run them ashore, they sell it right from the dock here. It's funny these boats had never thought of that before. I'll bet that America can remind more Nations of things they would never remember themselves. It is a good thing they turned Prohibition enforcement over to the Treasury Department, for they are the only ones that could have afforded to enforce it. Prohibition has cost us more than the War and the difference is that *we did get the War*. They will never prohibit "BULL" DURHAM, because the Prohibitionists and Anti-Prohibitionists all use it. You can't prohibit a national necessity.

Will Rogers

P. S. Let's see some of your professional Ad Writers make an assertion any stronger than that.

P. P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

was supreme, and anyone that denied it would be completely expelled without a clergyman, and not be let to come back.

"Hunh! Ministering angel, hey?" The term had seemed to rankle.

"Well, that's just the words Cousin Wiley used," said Jane a little defensively. She was beginning to feel that perhaps "manager" sounded more plausible. She was vague about angels, anyway.

"Oh, very well. You're a ministering angel. It ain't for me to gainsay Wiley Tedmon, nor any other Tedmon. If he says you're one, you are one, fur as I'm concerned. This family has had about everything else, so I guess a ministering angel won't hurt it none. What you meaning to minister first—if somebody merely human might presume to ask?"

Seth was not only bitter but truculent, and Jane here showed a flash of the true executive talent. She was practically certain that she couldn't manage Seth Hacker if he didn't want to be managed. She might wind clocks and mend torn tablecloths, but managing people she suddenly saw to be harder. Instinctively she became placative, as a new executive would seek to secure the good will of some subordinate lowly of station yet with power to obstruct. She first sidled herself absently over by Seth and put an arm under his.

"Well, you see, I don't hardly know, myself. I've thought up a few things, but not very many." Then she flashed the poniard and sank it to the hilt neatly between two of Mr. Hacker's ribs. "Of course, Cousin Wiley was worried but he said maybe I wasn't too young to be a strong reliable inside man just the way Seth Hacker is a strong reliable outside man that is always keeping the old place from flying off to pieces."

"Hunh!" It was the same deprecating ejaculation, but no longer envenomed—a mere shell of a word. Seth was neither bitter nor truculent now. "Said that, did he? Said mebbe you wasn't too young. Well, of course, you ain't too young. I should think even he could see that. How old's he cal'late you ought to have to be, I'd like to know—forty, or something?"

He was showing resentment for Wiley Tedmon's ineptitude; but under this were certain signs that Jane's thrust had told. Seth yawned genially, whistled a random bar and, releasing his arm from Jane's, knelt to remove a bur from the shaggy side of his dog.

"Maje is a lovely dog, isn't he?" said Jane.

"Yeah, he's a fairly good dog. What was it Wiley said? I didn't seem to quite get it, except about him thinking you might be too young."

Jane glibly repeated the speech in which it was said to have been hoped that she might, inside, be the same strong reliable man that Mr. Hacker was outside. She rendered it this time as being spoken by Cousin Wiley, and caused the incidental Hacker tribute to sound more fervent than before.

Seth yawned again largely, readjusted the open collar of his flannel shirt, secluded his hands in his overall pockets and rocked forward and back.

"Keep the place from flying all to pieces," he echoed. "Well, I'm glad he knows that someone's been doing just that. And I'll tell you what's more, Janey—if I'd been picking someone to perform that same service inside, I wouldn't have picked any other soul but you. 'Course you're old enough. And not only that, you got something under your hair that Sarah Tedmon didn't have hardly enough of to fetch her in when it rained. You mark my words, you'll succeed beyond the peradventure of a doubt. And any time you get stuck, you feel perfectly free to come to me. No matter what I'm engaged at for the moment, I'll always take the time to put you right. Just remember that."

"Oh, I certainly will," she assured him. "I bet we'll pull it off completely."

"They going to try to fetch her back?" he nodded toward the house.

"Of course not. They're both kind of proud of her for going, and they'd have helped her if she'd told them. And Cousin Marcy was awful funny about the door knobs."

"Door knobs! That's another thing. I wouldn't be surprised if you'd see in the papers that she's been took up as a lady burglar. Good riddance, anyway."

He was unable to view Sarah's flight as at all creditable to her. She had fled to seek the evil pleasures of a great city—a born town-looker. Jane replaced two fallen hairpins, secured again the loosened strand of pale hair and went to acquaint Chong with her new status.

Before many days she discovered that Sarah had been far more than the mere brooding presence she so often seemed. In the new job there was little time for brooding.

Jane was, of course, pleased to find that she could be trusted to hoe a simple hill of beans—Cousin Marcy simply couldn't—and if the labor was tiring, it was still gratifying to remember that she was keeping the place together. Those beans and the other vegetables were not the mere floral values she had carelessly thought them, but rather significant items to this end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE GERMAN IN SOUTH AMERICA

(Continued from Page 37)

conquer the land and receive as their reward a portion of the precious metals mined. In 1546 this decree was rescinded.

The German movement did not begin in force until the nineteenth century. Political upheaval, and the urge for adventure in virgin lands, drove many Teutons to the New World, especially Brazil, where the first colony was established in Rio Grande do Sul in 1824. At an earlier period Alexander von Humboldt, the great German traveler and scientist, had made a journey to the northern section and defined the current on the west coast that bears his name. Various Germans explored the Amazon.

German trade in South America followed the general rules observed in every other country. The foundation upon which that $5,000,000,000 world structure was reared embodied, first of all, the fundamental that the German exporter and manufacturer must give the customer just what he wanted no matter how absurd it seemed. A story not without its element of humor shows the extent to which this idea was carried.

In 1913 a German consul in France was horrified to observe that the mustard pot on the table at his favorite restaurant was made in the form of a pig's head surmounted by the Prussian helmet stamped with the imperial eagle. He complained to the local authorities, who, upon investigation, discovered that it had been made in Germany. It developed that the dealer, irritated by the persistence of the German salesman, had given the order to get rid of him. His house had solemnly filled it according to specifications.

The same procedure was followed in South America. If an Argentine wholesaler wanted a green saddle with purple straps and a pink pommel, the German salesman would say, "That is a fine idea and we will have pleasure in following your wishes."

Until a few years ago this sort of acquiescence was just the reverse of the Yankee conception of salesmanship in foreign parts. When a South American, in particular, expressed a desire for a certain kind of merchandise that conflicted with the standard Yankee type, he was told that he had to accept what was offered. This take-it-or-leave-it policy cost us dearly, until we discovered that the consumer's wishes had to be consulted.

Made in Germany

The natural result of Germany's energy, imitation and, most of all, ability to adapt merchandise to local needs, was that the sun never set upon the label, Made in Germany. Another story familiar, perhaps, to those who have studied penetration in various parts of the world, which bears on this subject, brings the one-time "All Highest" into the picture again.

During a period of British trade depression, some years before the World War, a distinguished North American traveler was discussing Britain and her problems with the former Kaiser at Potsdam.

In the course of the conversation the Emperor remarked, "The trouble with England is Mig."

The Yankee looked a trifle dazed, whereupon his royal host proceeded to elucidate. He said:

"The word 'Mig' is a contraction of the first letters of the phrase 'Made in Germany.' Most Englishmen shave with German razors, ride to their offices in trains or trams that have German equipment, buy German toys for their children and use German dyes in their textiles. I have only cited a few instances. This is why their foreign trade is on the decline."

Although the Germans were proud of this Made-in-Germany label, they were wise enough to camouflage it when circumstances dictated. Before the war, 75 per cent of the "American shoes" sold in Russia were made in Germany, and the rest were sold through German houses. In Holland during the war, I discovered a German imitation of one of the best-known Yankee safety razors which was so ingenious that the European manager for the American house had difficulty in detecting the deception. Germany is following the same tactics today in several South American countries with machine tools and agricultural implements that are exact copies of ours. The German-made ponchos on sale in Bolivia and Peru look exactly like those turned out by the Indians. They are cheaper, but inferior.

When the war broke in 1914, Germany was economic master of Italy; she dominated the Russian market, and she had established a second commercial capital at Constantinople. The trade of Austria, Belgium, Sweden, Spain and Holland was plastic in her hands. France was well-nigh flooded with German stuff and the United States was a huge importer of her wares. She even rivaled England in South Africa.

The Delbrueck Law

The intensive German penetration in South America had rolled up a business of nearly $500,000,000, principally in Brazil and Argentina. Chile also came in for a good share, with Uruguay fourth. This was possible because the German, as elsewhere throughout the world, took root. He not only came out as a young man, but he married into a native family. This was notably true in Chile. Moreover he learned the language, which is always a first aid in selling. I have already indicated how German officers trained South American armies and how the seeds of Teutonic culture were planted.

In addition to all this, Germany had, and still has, the essential tools of trade. Prior to 1914, her shipping ranked second only to British. The great Berlin overseas banks, including the Deutsche Überseeische Bank, the Banco Aleman Transatlantico and the Banco Germanico, as well as the Deutsche and the Dresdener Banks, had big branches in every important South American center. The German business man, therefore, was not forced to depend upon aliens for his credit information, or any of the other machinery with which to carry on. Finally, he packed his goods so as to meet the peculiarities as well as the deficiencies of transportation. He knew, for example, that much of the merchandise in the mountain regions of Peru and Bolivia was carried by llamas A llama will bear a burden of only 100 pounds. The Hamburg or Bremen shipper adapted the package to meet this need.

Though the German became part and parcel of the national life, whether it was Chile, Brazil, Uruguay or Argentina, he remained in most instances a loyal German, even after he had assumed citizenship in the country of his adoption. This grew out of what is known as the Delbrueck law, which was devised early in the twentieth century, when Germany was marching to her place in the sun. If you will examine the little black book which contains the laws relating to German citizenship—and I have one before me as I write—you will discover that Section 25, translated, reads as follows:

"German citizenship will not be lost if, before the acquisition of foreign citizenship, the written consent of the competent authorities of his native state has been obtained, and a declaration of his intention also made before the German consul of the place where new citizenship is sought."

This means that if a former resident of Heidelberg, for example, wants to become a citizen of Brazil, he must first get the consent of the authorities at Baden. If he happens to live in the Brazilian capital, it is

(Continued on Page 80)

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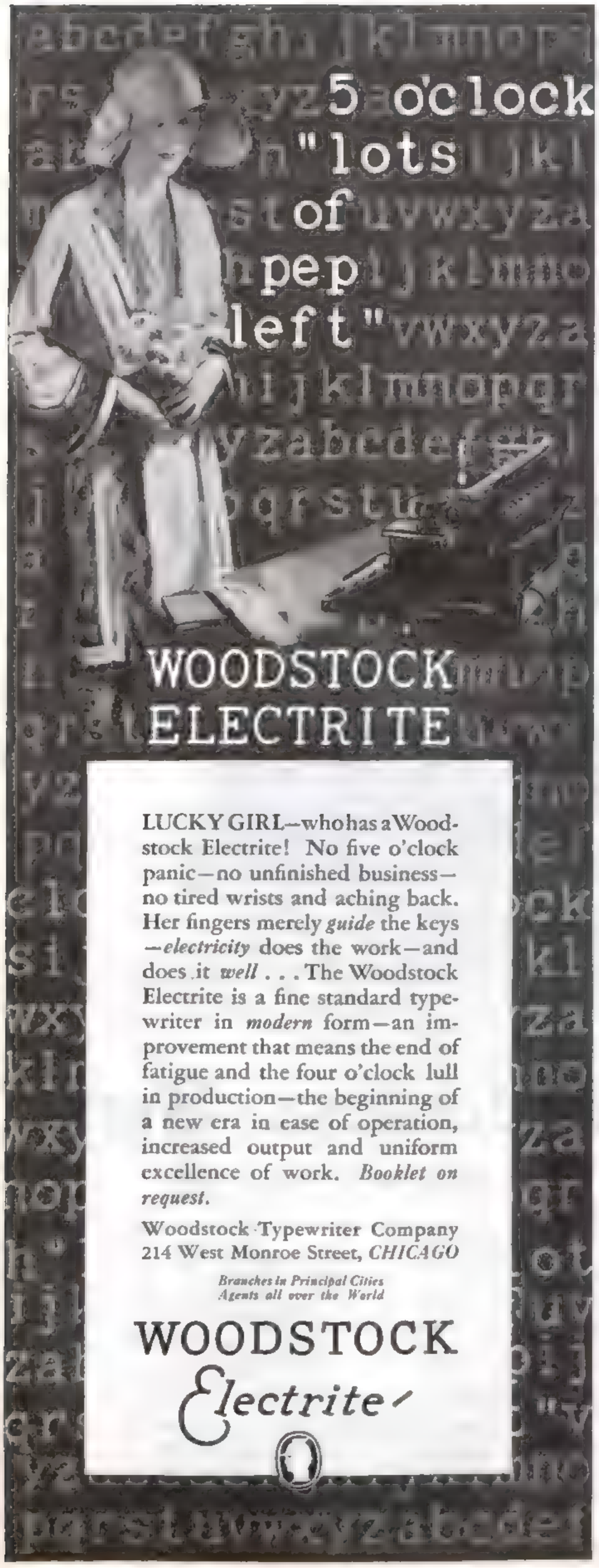
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(Continued from Page 78)

also necessary for him to get an affidavit from the German consul-general at Rio. When all these requirements are met, a man can be a citizen of Brazil and of Germany at the same time.

On the other hand, if a German resides continuously in South America for ten years without taking the precautions that I have just described, he automatically loses his German citizenship. This happened to the father of Mrs. Hugo Stinnes, widow of the German industrial king. Her maiden name was Wagenknecht. The elder Wagenknecht was a merchant in Montevideo for nearly forty years. His daughter was born there. She was therefore a Uruguayan subject when she became the wife of the Teutonic Crœsus. This made her a German.

With this glimpse of the German in South America before and during the war, the next step is to see how the comeback there has been effected. When the Armistice was signed in 1918, Germany had lost the bulk of her European trade with the exception of Scandinavia, Austria and Turkey. Her organization was still effective in the main in the United States and Italy and in some parts of the Balkans. It remains practically intact, however, in the four republics south of Panama where she carried on the bulk of her South American trade.

Whatever resentment existed against her in Brazil and Argentina was practically dissipated with the advent of peace. Germany at once concentrated on a drive in these countries, with the result that in many lines, especially machinery, she is back to her prewar volume. Until the operation of the Dawes Plan, which brought about an increase in the cost of production because of the stabilization of the mark and heavier taxes, she was able greatly to undersell her British, North American, Belgian and Italian competitors, and is still at it on a more reduced scale.

The farm mower will illustrate. In 1923 the Krupps sold it in Argentina at a price which was 100 pesos cheaper than the rate for the Yankee product. At the time of my visit last April, the difference was only twenty pesos. While I was in Brazil one of the great steel establishments of the Ruhr obtained an order for rails at 20 per cent less than the North American offer. Ours was f. o. b. New York, while the German was c. i. f. laid down at Santos.

Financing Our Competitors

In connection with the sale of German machinery in South America just now is a fact that should be known to every North American exporter. One reason why the Germans have been able to intensify their machinery offensive, and it applies to locomotives too, in South America, is that they have expanded their imports with the proceeds of loans made in the United States. In short, we have been financing our competition.

Because it bears directly upon this vital matter, the following extract from a British publication in Buenos Aires, and reproduced in a bulletin of the National Machine Tool Builders Association, whose headquarters is at Cincinnati, will be found illuminating:

"In London financial circles some attention has been given of late to the fact that English manufacturers, and the iron and steel industries particularly, have been finding foreign orders passing them every day as a result of cutthroat competition from Germany. It has been suggested that the lending of money on easy terms by the London and New York markets to German industrialists has had a considerable influence in stimulating German competition throughout the world, and in aggravating trade depression and unemployment in England. There is no disposition to criticize the foreign loans granted to Germany under the Dawes Plan, but loans which are directly detrimental to the industries of the lending countries are naturally regarded as altogether in a different category."

Though the whole subject of foreign loans as an aid to trade will be discussed in a subsequent article, it is important to state here in passing that if we inserted a clause in loan agreements which made it necessary to devote the whole or at least part of the proceeds to the purchase of our machinery or equipment, as the case may be, we should be farther advanced in the alien field. The British and the Germans have done this in the majority of instances, and there is no reason why we should not do likewise.

No phase of the German comeback has impressed the east coast of South America more than the shipping end. Whether you go to Rio, Buenos Aires, Montevideo or Santos, the Teutonic liner or cargo vessel crowds the British and the Italian for berthing space. In 1913, German shipping ranked second in the port of Buenos Aires, with a total tonnage for the year of 855,740, or 12 per cent of the total. Last year the tonnage was 669,485, or 6.6 per cent of the total. The indications are that this year the figure will be back at the prewar volume.

Perhaps the best way to analyze the German penetration in South America is to take it by countries. We will begin with Peru, the first important stop if you start your trip with the west coast. Here the Germans are less numerous than in Chile, Argentina or Brazil, but they have made a distinct impress.

The Huancayo Market

The biggest sugar plantation in the country is owned by the Gildemeisters, who are also engaged in the import and export business. This family has resided in Peru for more than four decades and some of its members have married Peruvians. Their sentimental affiliations, however, are Teutonic. The most imposing business structure in Lima—the Edificio Weise—is the property of the two Weise brothers, who, although of German extraction, married Spaniards and are Peruvian subjects. They came out from Alsace as young men and got employment in the Wagner machinery establishment. When Wagner, who was a German, retired in 1915, they were able to buy him out.

In Lima, as in all other important South American communities, the German shopkeeper is a factor. Everywhere you see *Aleman*—German—bazaars and German names on signs. A leading drug store is not only bilingual, but also international. One window bears the words "English Chemist" and the other "*Deutsche Apotheke*," which means German pharmacy. It is really German-owned, but plays no favorites with nationalities when it comes to trade.

The German influence extends far to the interior. At Huancayo is one of the most famous Sunday open-air markets in Peru. Here gather thousands of natives who often walk 100 miles from the mountain hamlets to sell their homemade wares. I was interested to see that most of them used German dyes for their blankets and other products. A leading hotel in this town is German-owned, and likewise the largest department store.

In Lima I observed one phase of the new German invasion which is common to all South America. It is the presence of many young Germans who left the mother country soon after the close of the war in order to escape the unrest that came with peace. While most of them are employed in the German banks, factories and trading houses, a number are engaged in undertakings owned by other nationals, particularly Latin Americans.

Not until you reach Chile do you strike the real German belt. Here you find the Teutons intrenched for the first time in what amounts to actual colonies all their own, with traditions and customs, to say nothing of breweries, that savor of the vaterland.

The story of German immigration into Chile is a striking narrative of persistence

Continued on Page 82

"NOT ENOUGH"

the cause of most motoring troubles

NEARLY all car trouble comes from "not enough" of something. Not enough water, not enough oil, not enough gas, not enough grease.

Not enough air cuts short the life of good tires. Further, when tires are *unevenly inflated*, steering is more difficult, the car is off balance, and you ride with less comfort.

Use your tire gauge to check your inflation. Use it not only when you know you need air but when you wonder if you do. Check your air as you check your water, oil and gas.

Own a Schrader Gauge and use it frequently. It saves tires. It pays.

Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

This Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge is calibrated in 1-lb. units. The figures are well spaced, and easy to read. The ball foot makes it easy to use this gauge with any type of wheel.

We Ride On Roads of Coal

FOR miles and miles stretches the road of concrete—hard, durable, smooth. You glide over that perfect surface scarcely conscious of the generations of experiment and research that have made it possible.

It is as much a road of coal as of cement, sand and stone, for a ton of coal must be pulverized and burned in a kiln with other materials to make ten barrels of cement.

It is vitally important that this coal be *clean* coal.

Dirty coal not only prevents uniformity in cement production but it is doubly wasteful because of its low heating value. Because Consolidation Coal is clean coal of high heat content, a large volume of it is used annually by several of the most efficient Portland Cement manufacturers.

Facts About Cement

In a mile of concrete road, 18 ft. wide, there are 3,400 barrels of cement. It took 340 tons of clean coal to make that mile. Of the 137,377,000 barrels of cement produced in this country annually about 25% are used in concrete road construction. Seven million tons of clean coal are pulverized and burned annually to produce these 137,377,000 barrels of cement.

Kiln used in Cement making

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building—New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
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CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
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NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Rockefeller Bldg*
MILWAUKEE, WIS. *830 South Canal Street*

Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Billiter Sq. Bldg.* / GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg* / TORONTO, CANADA *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Royal Bank Bldg* / GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*

...d by the Consolidation Coal Company, Inc., 1925

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and development. It began in 1846, when a handful of artisans—there were eight families in all—left their native Cassel and settled in what is now the thriving city of Valdivia, the principal community of the province of the same name. They were at sea for nearly four months and landed at Corral. Although the country was rich in timber and pasture land, it was undeveloped. Valdivia, the town, was a collection of mud houses.

Those pioneer Germans, however, were undaunted. With the thrift and industry which is their inheritance, and aided by several hundred of their countrymen who came out during the next five years, they laid the foundations of what became the most compact and characteristic German development in South America, with the exception of those three colonies in Southern Brazil.

Within three decades the Germans had not only made Valdivia and Corral thriving ports—the former is on a river about eight miles from the sea—but they had spread south to La Union, Osorno and Puerto Montt, which is named after a Chilean president. The hinterland of these communities comprises the backbone of the Teutonic domain. It is the heart of a lovely lake country.

At the present time there are approximately 40,000 Germans, or German-Chileans as they might be called, in South Chile. Of these, only 10,000 are 100 per cent Germans. The remainder are their children or children's children. Most of the second and third generations are Chilean subjects.

I asked a prominent government official of Santiago what would be the attitude of these Chile-born descendants of the Teutonic pioneers in case of war and he replied, "They would fight with Chile against any country except Germany. In a war with Germany they would be loyal to the country of their fathers."

In its adherence to old German customs, in the almost universal evidences of German influence, and in what amounts to almost complete German rule—for all the towns have mayors with Teutonic names—this part of Chile is strongly reminiscent of some sections of the Middle West. The Valdivian farmer has many of the characteristics of our Pennsylvania Germans. He is among the most successful in South America. Wheat is a big crop and there are numerous fine orchards. The fruit of Central and Southern Chile is not surpassed anywhere south of Panama.

Teutonic Dominance

The city of Valdivia is a conspicuous example of what German thrift and energy have accomplished. It is a prosperous, bustling municipality with fine streets, piers and imposing commercial structures. The largest department store, owned by the Carstens, would do credit to Valparaiso or Santiago. I need scarcely add that the Carstens are Germans. Nearly every other business establishment bears a Teutonic sign.

So with industry. The Andwander Brothers operate the biggest brewery in Chile and their beer is sold throughout the entire country. The Rudloffs and the Schulers have large shoe factories, while the most pretentious shipyard is the property of Behrens & Co. Canning is dominated by the Hoffmans. Thus you see that practically every outstanding enterprise flies a German name.

The German industrial investment in Valdivia and vicinity aggregates nearly 30,000,000,000 pesos, of which one-third is employed in breweries. Another third is in flour mills and soap and shoe factories, while the rest is in shipbuilding. The investment in shops and other undertakings is almost as large as that in manufacturing enterprises.

Though the German is the dominant alien race in South Chile, there are many other foreigners, especially French, and curiously enough, a scattering of Boers. The Germans, however, practically control business and production. Here, as elsewhere, they have followed the plan of taking stock in commercial undertakings, instead of cash, in payment for goods or equipment. In this way they acquired control of the Cia Siderurgica de Valdivia, a large steel concern.

Although South Chile is the German stronghold, the Teutonic influence, racially and commercially, has spread throughout the republic. Wherever you go you find a blond type which is in sharp contrast with the usual dark Latin cast of countenance. It is a direct result of the German presence.

Valparaiso has a large and influential German population. You hear German spoken on all sides, and nearly every big German or Hamburg bank and exporting house has a branch there. Germans are large owners of stock in many international enterprises and also Chilean undertakings. Their nitrate holdings rank with those of the British.

The German Club at Valparaiso is only exceeded in numbers by the British social organization. The German club was host to Admiral von Spee after the great naval battle off Coronel, when the gallant Cradock's squadron went down in glorious defeat. The German fleet put in for repairs, and the officers and crew were lionized. It was their last taste of the good things of life, because not so long afterward they were overwhelmed off the Falklands by Sturdee's avenging guns.

Long-Term Credits

With Argentina we arrive at the point of strongest German economic contact in South America, and the domain where her art of penetration has reached the finest stage of development. Where the mark, *Hecho en Alemania*, which is the Spanish for Made in Germany, was incidental in Peru and Chile, here it is to be seen on all sides.

The appearance of Germany as a serious competitor for Argentine trade dates back fifty years. Teutonic manufacturers eventually enjoyed all the advantages, with the single exception of investments on a large scale, that made England's supremacy in Argentine possible. The remarkable industrial expansion of modern Germany, as well as her place in the political sun, was dependent upon the retention of foreign markets, as I have already indicated. No sacrifice was considered too great to gain that end. German credits abroad based on long-term paper that was rediscounted in Germany built up an internal credit situation that was well-nigh impossible to maintain. Had the immense German foreign trade been reared upon a safer and saner basis, the war might not have been precipitated.

The principal factors for German success in Argentina were premiums on exports; cartels, which are syndicates; export and shipping subsidies; and finally a large local German consuming and merchant population that was particularly strong in Buenos Aires. The current of immigration from Germany that began after the political disturbances of 1848—they drove Carl Schurz to the United States—formed the vanguard of German commerce in Argentina, and continued to be the most valuable asset in a development that was little short of remarkable up to the outbreak of hostilities in 1914. This indirect colony, as it might be termed, was the nucleus around which German trade expanded.

The association of these immigrants with the native population was more intimate than that of any other alien people, with the possible exception of the Spanish. The Germans who came over included farmers, merchants, chemists, engineers and laborers. They not only came to stay, but intermarried with the people of the country.

Moreover, the establishment of branches of German banks; an excellent passenger and freight steamship service; the encouragement of small manufacturers and of

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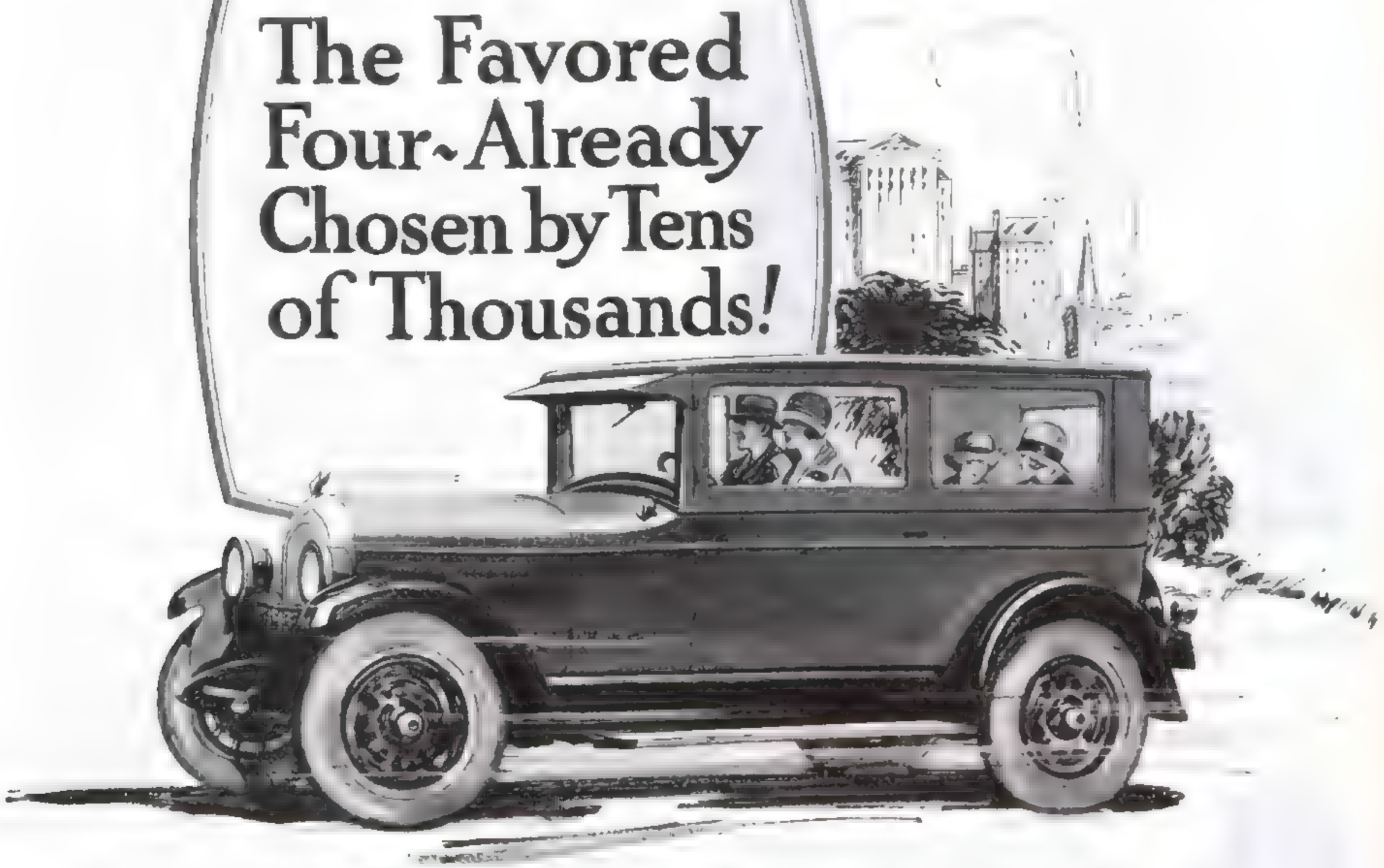
The Favored Four—Already Chosen by Tens of Thousands!



Bearing the same standards of surpassing value which characterize its companion car, the famous Chrysler Six; built by the same skilled Chrysler craftsmanship and of the same high quality of alloy steels; of the same distinctive beauty of color and line—little wonder that the new Chrysler Four is sweeping the country.

Literally sweeping the country, for Chrysler production has been forced by public demand to the great total of more than 800 cars per day.

Tens of thousands of new owners have chosen the Chrysler Four in the three months since its announcement in comparison with both fours and sixes of equal or greater price.

So velvety smooth is its power flow even at the lower speeds, so lightning-like its effortless acceleration, so free from resonance and any sense of vibration, that the Chrysler Four is acclaimed as the ultimate development of the four-cylinder principle.

We are eager to have you test the Chrysler Four in your own way, at your earliest opportunity. It will not take you long to learn the reason for such universal favor.

CHRYSLER FOUR—*Touring Car, $895; Club Coupe, $995; Coach, $1045; Sedan, $1095.*
Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.
CHRYSLER SIX—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Imperial, $1995; Crown-Imperial, $2095.*
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.
Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by an exclusive, patented car numbering system, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER FOUR

Mr. Ray says:—

For twenty days we exposed to the weather a regular stock Laminex door. The June sun in Memphis is hot. Until July 4th this door underwent the test. Sun beat on it during the day—and the rain at night. To make sure, when there was no rain, we laid the door down and soaked it thoroughly with water from a hose and allowed the water to stand in the panels level with the stiles. See below what he says about the result!

How Mr. Ray tested a Laminex Door

IMAGINE soaking a door in water for 244 hours! This famous Laminex test—originated by Prof. Bror. L. Grondal, Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington, and since conducted in scores of cities—proves that Laminex will not warp or come apart; that Laminex waterproof cement is stronger than wood!

LIONEL RAY was a "Doubting Thomas." For years he had sold doors—and he knew what *could*, and what could *not*, be expected of them.

Laminex advertising claimed too much, he said! He doubted the severe water, heat and strength tests conducted by Prof. Grondal at the Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington. His experience had taught him that any wood door would shrink, swell or warp.

So on June 14th, 1924, he took a Laminex door out of his stock and put it to the test quoted alongside the picture above! Result:

(1) The door did not shrink, swell or warp. It came through as straight as the day it was made. (2) No open joints resulted. The waterproof cement held. (3) The surface did not peel or crack.

"To our mind, you've produced *a hundred per cent door*," declares Mr. Ray, who, by the way, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Cole Manufacturing Company, Memphis, Tennessee.

Your building material dealer has Laminex. Write for interesting booklet, "The Why of Laminex," and actual sample of Laminex wood, so you can make the famous Laminex water test yourself. Mail the coupon! Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Brussels.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY,
Tacoma, Washington.
Gentlemen: Please send free booklet on Laminex doors and sample of Laminex wood. I wish to make the water test myself to prove that Laminex construction will not warp or come apart.

Name

Address

Am interested as a

(Please state whether Home-owner, Architect, Contractor, Dealer or Realtor)

(Continued from Page 82)

household industries through facilities offered by export commission houses back in Germany, and the combinations of large manufacturers, were important developments of the later years of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the chief weapons employed by the Germans in making the most out of the initial foothold they had gained by the methods just outlined were low prices and long-term credits.

Before the war, it was not uncommon for German exporters to extend credits of from three to four years in South America where a large volume of trade was involved. The interest rate was frequently from 6 to 8, and sometimes 10 per cent. Renewals at maturity were usually granted without difficulty, and in some cases even proffered to the drawee by the manufacturer, or his agent or representative.

On a sale of machinery amounting to 10,000 marks, for example, the purchaser would sign and deliver to the manufacturer fifty notes of 200 marks each, payable monthly. With these notes as security, the manufacturer would discount a three-months note for the total amount of the invoice at his bank. At maturity the bank would renew the note, but for 9400 marks instead of 10,000, three of the purchaser's notes having been paid in the interim. So it went until the total amount had been liquidated. The German banker in turn was able to rediscount these notes at another bank and the vicious circle was extended.

It was largely due to German competition that long-term credits became the vogue in South America, and that the usual terms demanded today are 120 days. This enables the importer to turn over his merchandise before he is obliged to pay for it. In other words, the South American buyer makes the manufacturer or exporter finance his business.

One reason why we lagged so far behind in the Argentine trade until late years was that we refused to give the long-term credits fathered by the Germans.

Aside from the advantages that accrued to German exporters from their ability to offer long terms of payment, they never hesitated to give their overseas clients exactly what they wanted and packed in any way that might strike their fancy. Argentina has always been a price market. Add to these assets the services of well-trained salesmen speaking Spanish fluently, and it is obvious how difficult became the way of both the British and the Yankee competitors.

Underselling

Though German trade in Argentina languished during the war, the German banks and merchants were able to carry on without any difficulty, largely with the help of their North American connections, until we entered the struggle. By that time they had wisely invested in and encouraged local industries, and really suffered less than their British and some of their American competitors.

Since 1920 the German comeback has been marked. During the three years beginning 1921, German machinery, hardware, cutlery, electrical goods and novelties flooded the market, in spite of an inability to extend the long-term credits that obtained before the war. This was due to depreciated currency at home which made almost abnormally low prices possible.

Today the situation has changed. The Germans have had to increase their prices, because of the stabilization of the mark and increased taxation. As soon as the present stocks of German goods in Buenos Aires are disposed of, it is highly probable that the spread between British and American prices on the one hand and German quotations on the other will not be so great as a year ago. German goods are vastly inferior to the prewar product. At the same time the Yankee article has cut into both German and British selling.

Perhaps the best revelation of German methods in Argentina is gained from their success in bagging government orders. A large part of railway material and equipment, including bridges, freight and passenger cars, as well as machinery and tools for the various arsenals and shops of the different government departments, are purchased by public tenders. Practically all this business since 1921 has been going to European bidders, principally Germans, because of the low prices quoted. In this line German success has been due entirely to underselling.

In the case of some of the railways the tactics are different. In 1922 the Argentine State Railways invited bids for 10,000 rolled, forged car wheels, and subsequently placed the order with a German mill, the successful bidder promising delivery within a certain period. I might interpolate that the lowest North American bid for these wheels was about 25 per cent higher than the German. At the expiration of the time within which delivery was to be made, the agent of the German mill informed the State Railways that, owing to conditions in the Ruhr, delivery at the price quoted was impossible. New bids were called for in February, 1923, and the same mill was again the successful bidder. The Germans, however, were able to deliver only half the order, and the rest, by the way, went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

A World-Wide Empire of Trade

I mention this incident as illustrative of a well-defined policy on the part of German manufacturers in South America, especially during the immediate postwar period.

Despite the temporary setback due to their failure to maintain low prices, just now the Germans continue strong in Argentina. Not only are their banking facilities as good as ever, but most of the great industrials, like the Krupps, Thyssen, Siemens-Schuckert, and the A. E. G., have active sales branches in Buenos Aires, and are quietly obtaining control of local industries.

Buenos Aires is the chief South American outpost of the world-wide empire of trade and production reared by the late Hugo Stinnes. On the Calle San Martin are the offices of the Stinnes Steamship Lines. Upstairs are the main quarters of Hugo Stinnes & Co., the trading end of the huge enterprise which operates as an Argentine concern.

The Stinnes interests in Argentina are ramified. They not only include the importation of electrical and other machinery and heavy chemicals but also embrace cattle growing on a large scale. The Stinnes *estancia*, as a ranch is called in those parts, covers more than 100,000 acres. The head of the whole Argentine venture is Edmund Wagenknecht, Jr., who is a brother of Frau Stinnes. Like her, he was born in Uruguay, and therefore speaks Spanish as readily as German.

In Uruguay, the Germans have duplicated their Argentine performance. Prior to the World War, Germany controlled 17.50 per cent of Uruguay's foreign commerce, Great Britain had an equal amount, and the United States only 8.20 per cent. By 1918, the Teuton had been completely eliminated as a factor, while we had assumed first place, with 21.30 per cent. England followed, a close second with 19.80 per cent. By 1922, Germany had made astonishing progress in recovery, because her participation in that year's trade amounted to 11.70 per cent. Last year found her only 4 per cent behind her high record of 1913.

The principal items in Germany's shipments to Uruguay since the war have been electrical equipment and motors, hardware, chemical substances, iron and steel construction material and textiles. The Germans have also sold a number of freight cars to the Uruguayan State Railways in competition with various North American concerns. Germany has made heavy purchases of raw material, such as wool and hides, which have swelled the debit side of the exchange.

(Continued on Page 86)

Fine One-Profit Studebakers

Worthily made—worthily sold

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

By *Your Studebaker Dealer*

Out of every eight cars sold for more than one thousand dollars—one is a Studebaker. This is because buyers have considered these facts:

1 Studebaker is the only one-profit car in the quality field—the only car which has all bodies, all engines, all axles, all clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, gray iron castings and drop forgings designed, engineered and manufactured by one organization. Therefore prices are down to bed rock.

2 Studebaker demands such high quality in steel, wood, upholstery and other materials used, and maintains such high standards of precision, that scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation are assured to owners.

3 Studebaker protects its cars from artificial depreciation by its policy of "no yearly models."

4 Studebaker's $100,000,000 of net assets concentrated upon the production of one-profit Studebakers, guarantee owners that their cars will never become "orphans."

5 Studebaker cars are sold and serviced by a world-wide organization of responsible merchants.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

THE best type of automobile dealers are naturally attracted to the best automobiles. Thus substantial business men are attracted to Studebaker.

The sound business basis upon which Studebaker dealers operate, their integrity and fair dealing, their confidence in the merit of Studebaker's fine One-Profit motor cars; all these are strikingly attested by the Studebaker Dealer's Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales, which is reproduced on this page.

Read this Pledge and you will understand why it is only common sense to go to a Studebaker dealer, whether you intend to buy a new car or a used car.

Remember that every fine car you see on the streets is a "used car." This pledge enables you to buy with confidence and safety the "unused transportation" which is the essential element in every used car.

Friendly Service

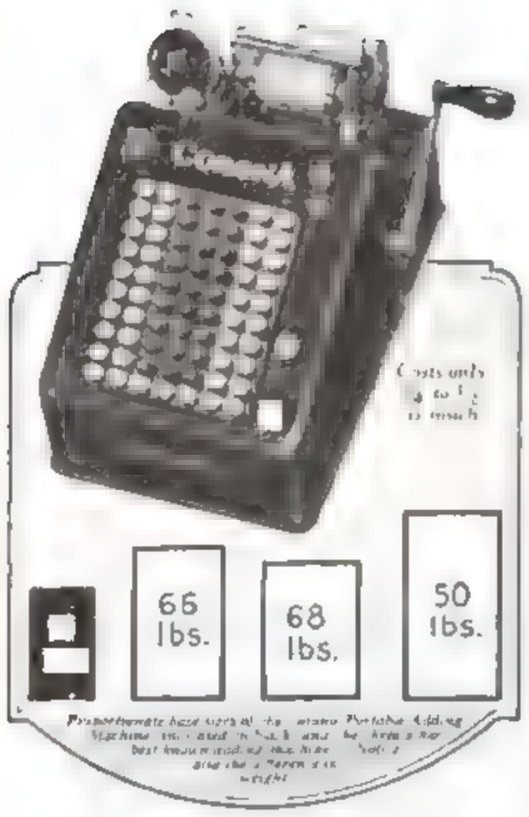
Courtesy you may find in practically all automobile salesrooms, but the Studebaker dealer offers something more—friendliness.

He maintains a stock of genuine Studebaker parts for all repairs. Usually he has tools specially made to save you time and money. Often his mechanics have been trained in the factory service school at South Bend.

But beyond these matters of detail is the character of the merchant himself—friendly, square dealing—as evidenced by the "Used Car Pledge."

The Studebaker dealer organization and fine, one-profit Studebaker motor cars reflect credit on each other.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



Two Vital Differences

IN TWO respects the Corona Portable Adding Machine differs from any other high grade, standard adding machine. But these are vital, all-important differences. They mean greater efficiency and greater economy. One is —*Size* and *Weight!* The other—*Price!*

Why the Size* Increases Efficiency!

How much costly time is wasted daily in walking to and from a big, permanently set adding machine? The Corona Portable Adding Machine covers no more desk space than an ordinary letterhead—so handy it can be reached for as easily as the telephone and so light a child can carry it. Yet the Corona Portable has *all* the desirable mechanical features of even the biggest hand operated adding machines.

Why the Price Is So Much Lower!

Utmost simplicity of design plus the Corona Typewriter Company's matchless manufacturing facilities makes the Corona Portable Adding Machine as much lower in price as it is smaller in size. It costs only ¼ to ½ as much but does all the work, speedily and accurately, any adding machine can do, regardless of price or size.

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(Continued from Page 84

There is the usual active German colony in Montevideo, with the inevitable club. As is the case with the British overseas, after the establishment of a bank, the Teutons invariably set up a social center. Here they dispense lavish hospitality with which is mixed a considerable amount of propaganda.

Having journeyed through Peru, Chile, Argentina and Uruguay under German conduct, as it were, we now reach the republic where Teutonic population and racial prestige are at their peak. It means, of course, that we have arrived in Brazil. With more than 300,000 Germans or descendants of Germans in the three southern states alone; with both city and state of São Paulo liberally sprinkled with them, and Rio, Bahia and Pernambuco not without their influence, a rich field for observation is available.

The first German immigrants to Brazil arrived in the early days of the nineteenth century and settled in the vicinity of Rio. This attempt failed because of adverse climatic conditions and also because the newcomers received no financial assistance. A few years later a small colony was established in the state of Minas Geraes at Nova Friburgo, named after Freiburg in Germany whence the colonists had come. Other Germans took up their abode about the same time in the state of Espirito Santo, which is north of Rio

The fourth and decisive phase of German immigration into Brazil began in 1824. The objective was the state of Rio Grande do Sul, which became, and remains, the Teutonic stronghold. These immigrants came at the invitation of Dom Pedro I. They were given free passage from the port of embarkation to the locality of settlement, the same rights as enjoyed by Brazilian citizens, religious freedom, free title to a tract of land, a subsidy and exemption of taxation for a period of two years, freedom from military service for ten years, and enough horses and cattle with which to start farm operations.

The First German Settlers

There were twelve families—thirty-eight persons all told—in the movement that really launched German colonization. They established themselves at São Leopoldo, which is therefore the oldest established German settlement in Brazil. The pioneers bore the same relation to this section of Rio Grande do Sul that the Pilgrim Fathers bore to a section of our New England. They not only inaugurated an epoch of development, but had to fight Indians and endure various hardships.

Happily for those early German settlers Rio Grande do Sul readily lent itself to exploitation. The climate is temperate, the soil is rich, and the mineral resources, especially coal, ample. São Leopoldo became the center of a big expansion.

From those thirty-eight original Germans has grown a population of 47,501 souls. It is really a German community with German schools, clubs, churches, newspapers and shops. Even the black policemen speak German.

An amusing story is told about some newly arrived Germans in São Leopoldo. They accosted one of these black policemen in German, never dreaming that they would be answered in their own language. To their delight and astonishment he did. At once they asked him if he were German.

Evidently he had a sense of humor, for he retorted, "Yes, I was once white; but after you live here a long time you become black."

The immigrants were so horrified that without making further inquiry they left by the boat that brought them, which happened to be sailing the next day.

It was largely due to German immigration that Porto Alegre, the capital of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, became an important shipping and productive center. Another well-nigh 100-per-cent community is New Hamburg. In 1877, the Germans built a railroad connecting Porto Alegre with New Hamburg. It passes through São Leopoldo.

Rio Grande do Sul was naturally the center of disaffection during the World War. Here the Germans unfurled the flag of the fatherland, drilled troops and engaged in various clashes with the federal forces.

Although the descendants of those first settlers are all Brazilian subjects, there was no question as to how they stood once Germany was involved in a struggle. That Brazilian-Germans keep in close touch with the land of their origin was shown last March, when the German Republican Union of Brazil addressed a letter to the German Foreign Office asking if it were true that organizations were permitted to participate in celebrations that ignored the republican colors and displayed only the old imperial flag.

In the Agricultural Belt

After Rio Grande do Sul, the next ranking German state, historically and commercially, is Santa Catharina, which adjoins Rio Grande do Sul on the north. The first Germans arrived in 1825 and were headed by Doctor Blumenau, a scientist, whose name was given to the town which was at once established. These settlers received no government subsidy. They purchased a large tract of land outright.

Blumenau, like São Leopoldo, is German in every detail. German is the language of the majority of residents in a wide area, which includes Brisque, Luis Alves, Joinville and São Francisco. In all these communities the Germans have their own schools, newspapers and churches. They practically control industrial production, which includes tanneries, foundries, flour mills, soap, candle and tobacco factories, and cement plants.

The third Brazilian state to receive a large influx of Germans was Paraná, which is to the north of Santa Catharina. You will now have observed that the three states with the big German populations form a continuous area at the southern tip of the republic. Whether it was accident or design, this geographical continuity would have made it possible for Germany to annex the whole territory and have a compact empire overseas.

Tower Falls, in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming

Though the Teutonic penetration in Paraná is not on the same scale that obtains in Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina, it is sufficient to give the state a German flavor. Germans are conspicuous in the big agricultural belt, where, among other things, *herve matte*, the South American substitute for tea, leads in output Coffee also is an important product. So widespread has become the planting of coffee that the supremacy of São Paulo as a coffee center may be imperiled by 1929.

Though the Germans are more concentrated in the three southern states, the Teutonic influence is evident throughout Brazil. Petropolis, the charming summer capital located in the hills two hours distant by train from Rio, was founded by a German major, Köler by name, in 1844. He was seeking a road from Rio to the mountain range known as Serras dos Orgos. In a valley approximately 2800 feet above sea level, he established a German colony, and in honor of the Emperor of Brazil, who had befriended his countrymen, he named it Petropolis. Although it is no longer German in atmosphere, save for the residence there of the German ambassador during the hot season, its existence is tribute to the German instinct for colonization.

Both the city and the state of São Paulo have large and influential German populations. In the former every big German bank has a branch. Since 1920 these institutions have taken second place in alien financial operations, greatly outdistancing the British. Only the Italians surpass them in volume of business. German shops are seen on all sides and you hear German spoken everywhere. As in Argentina and Chile, the Germans have intermarried with the Brazilians, which gives them an added importance.

The Germans have been particularly active in coffee production. Of the 13,197 plantations, or *fazendas*, as they are called, owned by foreigners, 642 are the property of Teutons. The late coffee king of Brazil, Francisco Schmidt, came out from Hamburg a penniless emigrant. When he died he owned forty-eight *fazendas*.

Victims of the Revolution

Germans had a tragic part in the revolution which began in the city of São Paulo in July, 1924. About 200 immigrants had just arrived. They were lured into the rebel ranks with promises of high pay and free land if the cause triumphed. Most of them fell into the hands of the federal forces and were shot. This episode led to a wide belief that the Germans had a hand in fomenting the civil strife. This was not the case.

Although we have taken first place in the matter of exports to Brazil during the past six months, England is hot on our heels, with Argentina third and Germany fourth. The Germans have displaced the French as exporters and are crawling up on Argentina. The bulk of German exports to Brazil are machinery, chemicals, agricultural implements, paper, cement and hardware.

As elsewhere throughout South America, the Germans enjoyed a big volume of trade so long as they could undersell everybody else. Now this advantage has been minimized. Like the United States, Germany is a big buyer of Brazilian coffee. The extensive shipments have made Hamburg the leading coffee port of Europe.

Thus, racially and economically, the German has been a big factor in the development of the major South American republics. As a political menace he has practically ceased to figure in affairs. Whatever colonial aspirations animate the Berlin bosom will doubtless find expression in an effort to regain the lost possessions in East and Southwest Africa. It is on the commercial side that Germany will mobilize her strength beyond the equator.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to immigration.

If you want the Truth, go to a Child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS — LISTERINE

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We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

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The *Liquid*
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KOVERFLOR gives floors super-protection against water and wear. It creates a beautiful surface, fresh and wholesome in effect, tile-like in appearance. Koverflor is used on the floors of porches, kitchens, cellars, garages and public buildings, and on the decks of steamships and yachts. It is applied with a brush. Hardware and paint stores sell it.

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Prove the Merits of KOVERFLOR Yourself

If your dealer hasn't it send us $1 40 for a quart or 75c for a pint can Sent postpaid (Pacific Coast Points—quart, $1 60, pint, 90c) State color desired: Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Grey, Russet.

A practical booklet on Koverflor sent free on request. (S. E. P.-10-10)

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MYSELF WHEN YOUNG

(Continued from Page 11)

of One Hundred Wives, despite the support of Georgie Drew Barrymore and a generally excellent cast, disposed of what was left of my heritage and I returned to Broadway to look for a job on my merits—in the theater, of course.

In these four years we played the road as far south as New Orleans, west to Kansas City and north to Montreal, week stands in the larger towns, one-night jumps in between. This was routine in the theater from the time when the railroads first pushed West to the Missouri River until labor and transportation costs and the movies virtually destroyed the legitimate stage in all save a handful of the greater cities. Hundreds of actors of the first rank did not play New York at all, or for no longer than a week or two in a season. The road was the theater and the theater the road until about 1910. Plays customarily were financed and cast in New York and launched there, because the boast that a play had come from a run at such and such a theater on Broadway was worth money at the box offices in the hinterlands. The Broadway engagement frequently was played to a loss, but what of it? Six months' losses in New York could be retrieved usually in three months on the road. Last year, according to Billboard's annual compilation, three out of four new dramas produced on Broadway failed. More than half did not survive six weeks. And there was no road to anoint and heal their Broadway wounds.

PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT DAVENPORT COLLECTION

Harry Davenport, Who Smoked the Cigar

A twelve weeks' run on Broadway once was phenomenal, but whatever the run, the production went on tour as a matter of course. Now a play may run a year on the Great White Way without finding anyone willing to gamble on it as a road venture.

A Broadway Show on the Road

The play of today is designed for Broadway and must make its money there or not at all; certainly not one in fifteen New York productions is seen any more on the road other than in stock or rep shows, and that one, barring such occasional prodigies as Lightnin', will confine itself largely to cities of 150,000 or more. Cincinnati and Kansas City see fewer good plays now than Zanesville, Ohio, and Springfield, Missouri, did twenty years since. Booth, at his zenith, played such towns as Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Saginaw, Michigan.

I was about to say that one-night stands were history except for rep shows, Tom shows, medicine shows, and the like, which play under canvas and still wheedle a living out of the towns of 500 to 10,000, when I happened to glance at the route list in The Billboard. There, in the second week of July, I found Miss Blanche Bates in Mrs. Partridge Presents, a moderate Broadway success of last season, listed as playing Pueblo and Grand Junction, Colorado; Price and Logan, Utah, and Pocatello and Idaho Falls, Idaho, all within seven days. Here are one-night stands as actors knew them before Hollywood.

Pueblo may continue to see infrequent number-two and number-three road companies in new plays, but it is a safe hazard that Price, Logan, Grand Junction, Pocatello and Idaho Falls have not watched another Broadway cast headed by a star in a recent success in at least ten years. Many larger towns between Maine and Oregon have not been so favored in more years than that, their opera houses abandoned, torn down, burned or given over to films, occasional minstrels and political rallies.

The Small Town and the Stage

In one week in middle August, again, I found that splendid all-star revival company of The Rivals, headed by Mrs. Fiske, playing Everett, Tacoma, Yakima, Walla Walla and Spokane, Washington, and Missoula and Helena, Montana. I'll wager that there were young men and women of voting and marrying age in the Yakima, Walla Walla, Missoula and Helena audiences who never had seen a stage play before. A teacher of elocution and dramatic coach in a town of 22,000 in the Middle West canvassed the graduating class last spring and learned that only ten of its members had seen a play other than amateur in their lives.

Perhaps the country is hungry again for the sound of the human voice in its drama. I hope so, but until there is more evidence of it, Miss Bates' and the all-star revival of Sheridan's old comedy will have to be classed as missionary enterprises.

To play in Pueblo on Thursday, Grand Junction, thirteen hours distant across the summit of the Rockies, on Friday, Price, Utah, six hours farther across the desert, on Saturday, followed by Logan, Pocatello and Idaho Falls, can be no festive pleasure excursion, even in 1925. Hardship, discomfort and misadventure are inescapable in trouping. Forty years ago they were vastly more so. Hotels were bad as a rule, train service infrequent and unreliable, theaters individually owned and operated and each stand a law unto itself; companies usually wildcat enterprises compounded of hope and enthusiasm, the business unorganized and the player with no protection beyond the good faith of the manager. Thanks to Equity, the actor or actress left stranded or unpaid today has only himself to blame.

Then we accepted conditions as a matter of course, expected them when we set out, muddled through them with as much ingenuity as we could muster and forgot them with the week or the season.

In those four years on the road in the late seventies and early eighties, we encountered enough slings and arrows to keep an actor of this generation in anecdotes for an idle winter at the Lambs Club, but only one left a lasting memory with me.

Christmas fell upon a Saturday in the first season of One Hundred Wives and

(Continued on Page 90)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

August and September Sales Equaled 38% of Total Sales for 1924

Racing ahead at record-breaking speed Nash sales struck an even faster pace the moment new models were announced July 23rd.

In the first two months (*August and September*) since the new Special Six and Advanced Six series were placed on display the vast volume of orders pouring in from all over the country pushed combined sales for these months up to a point equaling 38% of total sales for the whole of 1924.

Each of these months swept far beyond the greatest previous record for a single month's business in all Nash history.

And September took its place as the 14th consecutive month to eclipse the sales mark set by the corresponding month of the year previous.

There's only one answer—*buyers today want QUALITY and VALUE*—and the figures show they know exactly where to get what they want.

NASH

(2280)

Let your Hinges be worthy of Admiration

THIS is the McKinney touch—a perfect blending of utility and beauty—wrought into the design and fabrication of every superb hinge.

Picture the charm of a McKinney Antique Bronze finish, dull rubbed, ready to take on the subtle colorings and texture of age. Or, if you prefer, the velvety smoothness of dull brass. Imagine the mellow softness of Old Iron, one of the many special McKinney finishes on a foundation of finely wrought steel. Proper companion pieces, these, for your choice of other hardware fittings.

An alluring display of these McKinney styles and finishes may be seen at your Builders' Hardware Merchant's. Make your selection carefully and, above all, make it early. Then you will have time for a thoughtful matching of hinges with your general scheme of interior decoration.

You will, naturally, leave wholly technical matters to your architect and builder. But here where you may so delightfully combine personal taste with utility, join your choice to theirs. Select your McKinney hinges, and do it soon. You are choosing for a lifetime of service.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
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McKINNEY HINGES

You can obtain McKinney Hinge quality in sundry hardware articles, including complete hardware for garage doors

(Continued from Page 88)

found us in Mississippi. Out of some experience with chambers of commerce and local pride, I refrain from naming the city even after forty-five years. The real celebration would come on Sunday, but preparation had begun early. I do not care to say that there was no sober citizen in the town on Saturday, but I speak advisedly when I say that he was not visible. The baggage-wagon driver and the entire stage and house crew were missing. Fortunately we carried our own stage carpenter. He and the rest of us trucked our trunks and enough of the scenery to set the stage from the station, set it up, took it down, hauled it back to the station, loaded it into the baggage car, lighted the kerosene footlights, manned the box office, the curtain rope, the props and ushered.

Matinées in the South in those days were played at noon. At twelve o'clock when not a five-cent piece had been offered at the box office, we hastily printed a sign on a strip of canvas to the effect that the performance had been postponed until one P. M., found a darky still able to walk, gave him a dinner bell and sent him through the business streets carrying the banner and ringing the bell.

At one o'clock there still was not a soul in the house nor a nickel in the treasury. Not even the complimentaries distributed by the advance man had been offered at the door. We reversed the canvas, painting the joyful tidings that the matinée of this sensational drama, fresh from one hundred frenzied nights at Booth's Theater, New York, would positively be given at two o'clock, come one, come all, and sent our sandwich man forth with his bell to weave and ring again. At two o'clock not even the traditional boy and a dog—and the matinée was called off.

At the night performance fifty-three dollars was taken in at the box office, every cent of it drunk and demonstrative. The theater was an old-fashioned opera house, the first floor of the house on the second floor of the building. A flight of broad wooden steps led up from the street to the box office and the lobby. The house was still standing when I was there three years ago.

During the first act a belated citizen stumbled up the long flight of steps, slapped a quarter down at the window and demanded the best seat in the house.

The Holiday Spirit

The volunteer who was substituting at the window said, "Excuse me, sir, but downstairs seats are seventy-five cents. Our twenty-five-cent seats are in the gallery."

The customer announced belligerently that he did not intend to pay more than two bits, and that he expected the best that money could buy.

He said it so pointedly that the treasurer pro tem came out of the box office declaring, "You'll go down those stairs for nothing, you big bum!" and was as good as his word.

The repulsed lover of the theater bounced down forty-two steps, picked himself up and left. But he returned. He returned with at least a tenfold two-bits investment in firecrackers, with which Dixie always has celebrated Christmas. Bunch by bunch he lit his crackers and hurled them up the steps into the lobby, where they exploded like a sham battle. Inside, the fifty-three-dollar audience took the recurring fusillades to be part of the show and applauded madly.

It was not a troupe of barnstormers that played to these indignities, but a company that included Mrs. Barrymore and Ada Gilman, two of the first actresses of their time, and John Ince, father of Tom and Ralph Ince. Will Harris, father of Averill Harris, who is playing in When You Smile at the Walnut, Philadelphia, as I write, took one curtain by himself. A dagger in one hand and a revolver in the other, he kissed each to the audience, and escaped.

The Mobile and Ohio train, which was to carry the company to Mobile, where we would catch the L. & N. for New Orleans, had been held two hours for us.

I was walking on the station platform while the conductor was getting his orders from the dispatcher, when two citizens lurched up and demanded thickly of me, "Say, young feller, are you part of this here show that played town this evenin'?" I coyly admitted the soft impeachment and prepared to dodge around a freight car.

"Well, we jes' wan' t' tell you tha's bes' damned show ever did see," they hiccuped. That, if not praise from Sir Hubert, was as gratifying at the moment.

A Wreck on the Road

My partner, Jacob Gosche, had remained in Mobile, and I had planned to wait up until he should join us there. From the first time I saw a railroad train I had yearned some day to ride on a locomotive. I had persuaded this Mobile and Ohio engineer to let me ride on the steps of the cab, already was ensconced there and the train about to start, when Harris came in search of me to complete the poker game which was to occupy the men of the troupe until we reached Mobile. I protested that I could play poker any time, while this was my first opportunity to ride on an engine. Harris was so insistent that I was needed to complete the game that I gave in and took a hand.

Harris thereby saved my life. Near State Line station on the Mississippi-Alabama border, our train collided head-on with a freight train in a cut an hour and a half later.

The engineer of the passenger was killed, the fireman so burned and mangled that he lost a leg, and all three men in the freight locomotive killed. The freight-engine crew were drunk on Christmas cheer, it developed, and ran by a signal at State Line, where we were to pass.

Other than cuts and bruises, the passengers escaped, but the most of them huddled together in shock and bewilderment. The one doctor who chanced to be on the train did his utmost, the rest was left largely to us actors, but a troupe that had just finished with a Christmas Eve performance such as that was alert for any emergency. I remember Georgie Drew Barrymore laying her new and costly fur-lined circular under the head of the dying fireman of the freight. She sent that fur piece to the cleaners three times later. It would return apparently spotless, but always a day's dust and sun would bring back telltale stains, until she discarded it.

We carried the body of the dead freight engineer into our sleeper and laid it in a berth. The mangled and scalded fireman was laid across two seats in the smoker. I had used up the vaseline in my make-up box rubbing it into the man's burns, and returned to the sleeper to borrow more. It was the first time I had been in the immediate presence of death, and returning, I tiptoed past the berth where the dead engineer lay. Just as I passed, the corpse seized me by the left wrist and pulled me down. My heart stopped and I sank, numb with shock, to the berth edge.

The engineer was not yet dead. He had recovered consciousness, coldly sober and self-accusing. He held me there by a vise-like grip and cursed himself as I never had heard a man revile himself, and never wish to again. He consigned himself to the farthest reaches of hell, and was dead in five minutes. There was not an external wound on his body, but the autopsy disclosed scarcely a whole bone.

The negro feeder of the freight train was crushed under his engine almost against the fire box. He was singing hymns, delirious with pain. Harris begged the doctor to give the man something to end his hopeless suffering. The physician passed over a vial of chloroform.

"Don't give him all of it or you will kill him," he warned.

(Continued on Page 92)

Caught between two fires, every atom of gasoline is exploded instantly and completely by Marmon's new and ingenious system of combustion, utilizing DOUBLE-FIRE IGNITION in combination with the efficient New Marmon gas intake system in the proved Marmon valve-in-head type of engine.

Now *The* NEW MARMON

with its new and exclusive features becomes an even Greater Automobile

The new ability of the Greater New Marmon is evident in the first half-mile you drive the car.

1—*Even smoother power-flow, even more pronounced acceleration and even greater power on hills due to Double-Fire Ignition in combination with other new features.*

2—*New factors of economy and convenience, including Self-Lubricator and Three-Way Oil Purifier (exclusively Marmon).*

3—*New Body Styles—Victoria Coupe for four passengers and Two-passenger Coupe—making line of four luxurious Standard Closed Cars at exactly open car price.*

ONLY MARMON PROVIDES MAXIMUM BUILT-IN SAFETY

THE NEW MARMON *has struck an entirely new theme in motor car performance. . . . By a new and ingenious application of proved principles, Marmon engineers have endowed the New Marmon with a magna-power quality which is conspicuously evident, even in the first half-mile you drive the car.*

It is evident in a new wealth and smoothness of power-flow—a new aggressiveness and a new eagerness.

It is evident in a startling new rapidity and quietness of acceleration—particularly at traffic speeds.

It is evident on hills—especially difficult hills, where the car hangs on and pulls in high gear, quietly and without apparent effort.

Even the non-technical layman can understand the reason for these amazing results in Marmon's *new system of combustion* which squeezes every ounce of power out of the gasoline—even the lowest grades of gasoline.

Three-Way Oil Purifier Furthermore, the life of the engine is increased by the Three-Way Oil Purifier (exclusively Marmon)—a simple, foolproof device which preserves the lubricating properties of the oil and does away with frequent oil change. It automatically removes *all* forms of extraneous matter from the oil, both solid and liquid.

New Self-Lubricator Still another evidence of the time-saving, labor-saving and money-saving improvements in this Greater New Marmon is the New Self-Lubricator. Simply by pushing a conveniently located pedal all of the points of the chassis which require frequent lubrication are oiled instantly and adequately.

These new pleasures of Marmon ownership are available in a wide range of strikingly beautiful models, including four standard closed cars—now at exactly open car price.

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Remember that you can get this rare combination of qualities in a Marmon and in a Marmon only, and that these new improvements have been added at no increase in price

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SHOES *for Men and Women*

A shoe-style tip that says good style

OF course you want style in your shoes. In Walk-Overs you get it. From *pear-shaped heel* to style tip, Walk-Over shoes say style.

One look tells you better than a million words that Walk-Overs are the finest-looking shoes that ever pleased a masculine eye.

What you have yet to learn is this: Walk-Overs, in any style, ultra-fast or conservative, have personal fit built into them with half-century-old quality. That makes them the most comfortable shoes you ever paired your feet with for work or play.

Look at a Walk-Over shoe. See the exclusive Main Spring* Arch. Ask to have the comfort-secret of the *pear-shaped heel* explained to you.

Then wear a pair. They look good, feel better, and wear best. You'll like them for the same reason that has made them the largest-selling trade-marked style shoes in the world. That is their comfortable, personal, uncopyable Walk-Over fit. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Main Spring* Arch, found only in Walk-Over shoes, is a new kind of arch support, supported at three points and padded with rubber. It rests your feet while you walk

(Continued from Page 90)

Harris turned his back and emptied the vial into a glass of whisky and I, holding my hat in front of my face to shield it from the blistering heat, held the glass out for the darky's groping hand. He downed it all, and died an easier death.

The tender of the freight engine remained on the rails. Its top was about level with the top of the cut. Fore and aft, the cut was blocked with wreckage, and it was a problem to get the recovered bodies away from the burning débris. The first car of the freight held lumber. Some of us wrenched three planks from the wrecked car and laid them from the top of the tender to the bank of the cut, a span of ten feet or so. When Harris essayed a gingerly trial trip the planks sagged ominously; so two volunteers stood beneath the center of the span and held the planks in the hollow of their arms. One of these volunteers was a man in his eighties. With an unnatural strength, born of the excitement of the moment, the octogenarian bore up his side more surely than did his companion, a man half his age, as Harris and I stumbled across the bending planks with the body, but once we were across, the old man collapsed in a heap.

I am one of two survivors of that company, I believe. The other is Miss Vivia Ogden, who played the child part. She made a name for herself later as a character woman, notably in Way Down East and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and she is one of David Wark Griffith's stand-bys for character bits in his pictures today.

That was early on Christmas morning of 1880. Mississippi was only four years out of carpetbaggery and Rutherford B. Hayes was President. Jack Barrymore was a babe of six months. I was twenty-two. At twenty-two the sixties are of an incredible antiquity, and were infinitely more so in 1880, when strong men retired to the chimney corner in their early fifties. The frontiers of old age have been so extended in my life that I never have caught up with that receding boundary.

Back on Broadway

The following summer, my wife, Helen Gardner, and I were waiting in the Erie station at Binghamton, New York, for a two A.M. train. It was a dingy station, the waiting room lighted by one flickering oil lamp. All engineers look alike in their working clothes, I have observed. An engineer opened the door, passed mistily through the gloom, removed the lamp from its bracket and lit his pipe at the flame. To my drowsy eyes he was the image of that Mobile and Ohio freight engineer, and the illusion brought back the scene so vividly that I had to put the pipe aside and go out into the air to shake myself together.

Ten or twelve years later, I dined one evening with Richard Mansfield in his private car in the railroad yards at New Orleans. There were no interlocking switches then and a railroad yard swarmed with bobbing lanterns carried by switchmen. I stopped one such, hobbling along on one leg and a wooden stump, and asked if he could direct me to the Mansfield car.

"Yes, Mr. Hopper," he said and showed the way.

"Do I know you?" I asked.

"Well, I had both of these when you saw me last," he answered, pointing to his legs. It was the fireman of the Mobile and Ohio passenger train, a son of the dead engineer.

I was back on Broadway at twenty-three, my patrimony gone. There still was ample time for a glorious career at law, which should have by this time, let us hope, made me Mr. Justice Hopper. My friends and relatives pointed out the follies of my ways, even mapped them with the care of a topographical engineer. Had I been in a mood to listen, which I was not, of course, my empty pockets would have spoken forcefully enough without any supporting arguments. A young man may have some doubts of his fitness for running a restaurant, for example, after four losing years and bankruptcy, but no succession of disasters in the theater has yet given one actor or actress pause for thought. And if one is to lose a fortune, there is no better age than twenty-three.

So the next season found me in the Harrigan and Hart Company at their theater at Eighth and Broadway, playing the young hero in The Blackbird. This engagement had no significance in itself, but it marked the forking of the roads for me. Annie Louise Carey, then one of the finest contralto voices in America, was having tea with my mother one afternoon early in my Harrigan and Hart weeks.

"Annie, I want you to hear Will sing," my fond mother proposed, and Annie Louise listened with that polite attention an artist gives to the precocities of a friend's children, while I sang The Palms in French. I never had sung a note on the stage, I could not even read music, but I did unquestionably have the makings of a voice. Miss Carey was pleasantly surprised and flattering.

"That is a fine natural voice," she exclaimed. "By all means it must be cultivated."

Honored by Garrison

Immediately I enrolled under Luigi Meola of the New York College of Music, and when the Harrigan and Hart engagement ended I gave my undivided time for eight months to my voice. Three months after I began, Meola's pupils gave a concert at Steinway Hall. I sang Schumann's Two Grenadiers, Miss Carey came, held her hands high above her head and clapped them noisily.

For practice in reading music by sight, I joined Samuel Warren's choral union. Warren was organist at Grace Church, then the parish of the Reverend Doctor, later Bishop, Potter. And at Grace Church I shortly became basso in the volunteer quartet which sang opposite the paid quartet.

I have two stock stories, one of how William Lloyd Garrison, the great antislavery leader, blacked my boots, and the other of how Bishop Potter put me out of Grace Church. There is a bronze statue of Garrison on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston across from the Hotel Vendome. When I am in Boston I like to steer some friend by the statue, pause idly to glance at it, read the inscription aloud, and say casually, "Ah, yes. William Lloyd Garrison. He once blacked my boots."

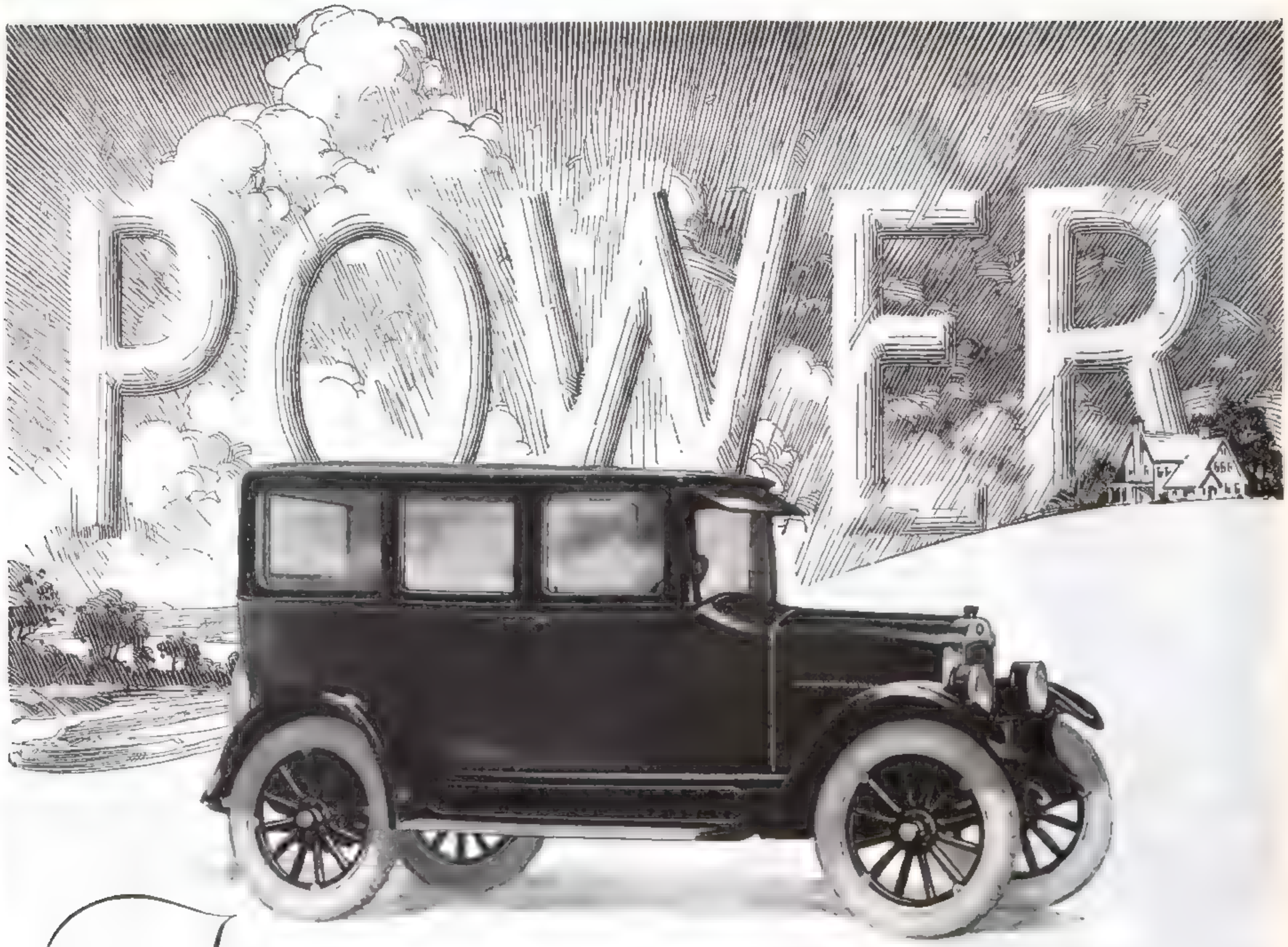
As Garrison has been dead nearly fifty years, and as few men ever have been farther removed from shoe shining, my boast could hardly be more absurd; yet it is true. In my childhood my mother and I were guests at the Garrison home, and the gallant old idealist, who had been a close friend of my grandfather, took me for a walk before breakfast one morning.

We wandered about the ruins of an old mill, and I came away with my shoes white with mortar dust. Before we entered the house Mr. Garrison carefully dusted those shoes for me.

In much the same sense is it true that Bishop Potter once put me out of his church. At the morning service he had announced that a returned missionary to the Indians would occupy the pulpit that evening, and bespoke the presence and the generosity of his congregation for the worthy man. The church was full that night and the platform crowded with clerical dignitaries magnificent in their sacerdotal robes. On each side at the rear of the pulpit of Grace Church there is a niche containing an elaborately carved and fashioned sacerdotal chair, high-backed and roofed. The chair opposite the position of the volunteer choir was occupied this evening by a pastor emeritus, who caressed a beard, the peer of those surpassing whiskers which trade-marked St. Jacob's Oil, a sovereign household remedy of the hirsute eighties.

Next to me sat a stout and giggly contralto. I whispered to the contralto that the reverend gentleman surely must be

(Continued on Page 94)



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(Continued from Page 92)

Saint Jacob himself, and added George Ade's comment that a clubfoot is a deformity, a harelip a misfortune, but that a beard is a man's own fault. At this moment it is in order for the hairsplitters to arise and confute me with documentary evidence that Ade was a boy in high school in 1882 and wrote nothing about whiskers prior to 1897. What of it?

Whatever the vintage of the joke, the contralto was convulsed and in no state of mind to resist what followed. The missionary was more eloquent in Choctaw, I trust, than he was in English. He was tedious and statistical and he mumbled his words. Saint Jacob cupped a hand to his near ear and strained, but after a time he gave it up. He fidgeted in his chair, then fell asleep, which he could do the more readily in that he was hidden from the sight of the congregation. In a sleepy stirring he raised his right foot in a way that brought his knee against a support of the chair roof. The support gave way and the roof fell with an appalling racket to the tessellated marble floor. Had all the Indians detailed by the missionary attacked the church in a body, their war whoops would have been the cheep of a muted violin by comparison.

Saint Jacob awoke with a start, and as a realization of the truth came to him, he looked at Doctor Potter with a schoolboy's please-mister-I-didn't-do-it expression.

The fat contralto and I exploded. If I managed to regain control of myself, her muffled squeaks would set me off again.

Doctor Potter tiptoed across the platform and whispered, "Willie, I think you had better retire to the rectory."

"Please, Doctor Potter, may I go too?" the contralto pleaded hysterically.

"You may, and I wish I might go with you," the future bishop of New York replied.

I found no one anxious to engage my singing voice the following season and fell back on the legitimate. Fred Williams, father of Fritz Williams who has been playing the doctor in Rain for these past three years, was stage manager at the Madison Square. Williams was the author of The Blackbird in which I had played with Harrigan and Hart, and through him I found a place as Pittacus Green in Hazel Kirke with the road company of the Madison Square.

In the Leadville Camp

Hazel was, I believe, the first of the wronged heroines, the Our Nells, of our drama, a theme that later was done to death and to burlesque. A simple Scotch lass wooed and won by a plausible Englishman and cast out by her stern father, she discovered too late that she had been married under the Scottish rite on English soil—but not altogether too late, for eventually they lived happily ever afterward. Probably Hazel Kirke has not been played in America for at least twenty years, but few plays have had more performances on our stage; Uncle Tom's Cabin, of course, and East Lynne and Charley's Aunt, perhaps. It played continuously from 1881 to 1885.

The Hazel Kirke tour carried us into the Rocky Mountains to Leadville, two miles high on the flank of the Great Divide, then the lustiest boom camp that ever buried its dead with their boots on. Leadville drowses today in the high Rockies, dreaming of its fierce youth, but in 1883 it was only four years old, the most spectacular mining camp in the world and producing a fifth of the silver and a third of the country's lead.

Easy come, easy go was the town's shibboleth, and the coming and the going was a startling spectacle to a New York youth in his early twenties. The greatest of the camp's gambling houses was the Brick Exchange, operated by a man from Brooklyn still in his thirties. The lower floor was a public gambling house, the upper a private one under the guise of a club of 360 members, the badge of membership being a key to the premises. Harry Davenport and I wandered pop-eyed into the lower floor and were given the privileges of the club above. The first words I heard as we topped the steps were "And a thousand more," spoken by a player in a seven-handed poker game, and the goose flesh rose on my skin like a relief map of the Colorado mountains.

Champagne, the finest of Havana cigars and the best food in Leadville were served like the free lunch of New York bars. Having tried all, Davenport and I felt under certain obligations. We agreed to pool twenty-five dollars on a roulette wheel and were buying checks, when the proprietor ordered the croupier to return our money.

"Take it out in looking, boys," he told us, "and keep your money in your pockets. The odds are against you."

Our manhood thus impugned, we objected that we paid as we went.

"Give us a song then," the Brooklyn man suggested. "The boys would enjoy it."

My Début as a Singer

Harry could play the piano after a fashion, but his repertoire was severely limited. When we came to canvass it we found only one song that both he could play and I could sing, and it was not a tune that the environment suggested.

"We're sorry," we reported back, "but the only thing both of us know is Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"Fine and dandy," the gambler applauded. "There's nothing I like better than a good hymn."

Davenport displaced the professor at the piano and to his accompaniment I sang that bass sailor's dirge. It was, now that I think of it, my professional début as a singer, and a singularly gratifying one, too, after a fashion. Certainly I never since have sung any song to quite such a response. Something more than 10,000 feet above sea level and 1000 miles away, the citizens of Leadville appealed to me as reasonably safe from watery graves, and, so I assumed, apt to be correspondingly indifferent to a sailor's woes. Any of them were likely enough to be carried off suddenly by Colonel Colt or timber-line pneumonia, but there was not enough water within many rifle shots to drown a litter of kittens. And though the song is not exactly hilarious, I never had thought of it as likely to wring a tear from anyone less susceptible than the immediate family of a lost mariner.

The roulette wheels were stilled, the faro banks closed, the poker players laid down their hands and the bartenders folded theirs. We were given the most decorous silence and as I got well into the song, red-shirted miners began to wipe their eyes furtively and white-shirted gamblers to blink mistily. The vigorous applause at the close was heightened by the apologetic blowing of noses in red bandannas here and there. Such a response left me dumfounded and vaguely ill at ease.

The next morning Charles Wheatly, who took his morning's hike as Leadville did its eye opener, took me on a long walk out among the mines, which, in that rarefied air, had my tongue hanging out. We stopped at an outlying saloon and ordered two bottles of beer at fifty cents a bottle.

The bartender looked me over closely and asked, "Are you the fellow that sang that rocked-in-the-cradle song up at the Exchange last night?"

I defiantly declared that I was, wherewith he pushed the dollar back across the bar.

"Your money's counterfeit here, partner," he told me. "You treated us last night, now we treat."

Nor were Davenport and I permitted to spend a cent in Leadville while we stayed. Wherever we went our fame had preceded us and what the house offered was ours. I learned then, what I have observed often since, that the most sentimentally responsive of audiences, the one most surely and easily reached by any suggestion of God or home or mother, is the audience that has no

(Continued on Page 96)

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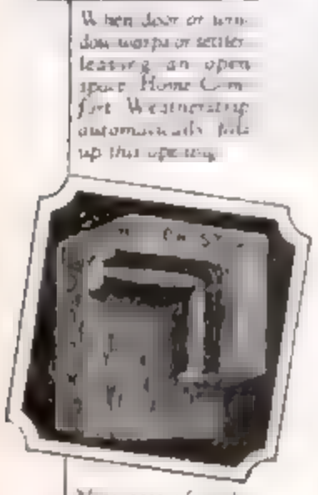
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(Continued from Page 94)

God, no home, and hasn't given a thought to mother in a year.

I was in good company with Hazel Kirke. Among the cast were Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Annie Russell, Ada Gilman, Mrs. Cecile Rush, C. W. Couldock, Charles Wheatly, J. G. Grahame and young Harry Davenport. The son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport—he one of the finest tragedians, and she one of the first actresses of our stage—and a brother of the great Fanny Davenport, my accompanist in Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep is an actor and a gentleman worthy of his antecedents, but in 1883 he was an insufferably fresh youth of about eighteen. One of his most objectionable habits was that of helping himself to a cigar from any pocket but his own, and lighting it airily without so much as a by-your-leave.

Somewhere in the South I bought a loaded cigar, then a prime American practical joke and a favorite with the village cut-up. Removing my coat to my arm, I strolled up and down the platform of the railroad station, elaborately exploiting that cigar cuddled all by itself in a vest pocket. Harry lifted the cigar the moment he saw it, put it in his mouth, but did not light it. When the train came the men of the company found seats in the smoker. Harry sat down beside a countryman and struck up a conversation at once, as he did at all times with the strangest stranger. The boy being something of an amateur gardener, he soon found a common ground of interest with the farmer.

At length Harry was reminded of the cigar. He borrowed a match from his seat mate and lighted up. On the sixth puff the cigar exploded like a Roman candle, directly into the farmer's whiskers, which began to resemble an illuminated Christmas tree.

The farmer leaped to the conclusion that Harry was a Smart-Aleck city feller bent on making sport of a countryman, and our huge relish of the joke confirmed him in that suspicion. The most direct way of recovering his lost dignity that suggested itself was hammering the daylights out of young Davenport, and it took all of us to drag him off the boy.

A Cigar Plant

Harry was not the sort to be cured in one lesson. For perhaps a week he bought his own cigars, but he soon returned to our vest pockets. We tried burying the teeth of rubber combs in our perfectos, but he only tossed the doctored smoke aside and reached for another.

In a Savannah hotel I encountered George K. Foster, a friend of my boyhood. Foster was traveling in the South for his firm, Foster Brothers and Fairchild, manufacturing chemists. He heard our grumblings about Davenport and suggested asafetida.

"It's probably the vilest-smelling stuff in the pharmacopœia," he explained, "a fetid gum resin, and a little of it will go a long way."

We rehearsed the plant as carefully as a new play. Foster provided a pellet of asafetida, and I enlisted the man at the hotel cigar counter as an accomplice. With a penknife we removed a conical section from the blunt end of a cigar, inserted the pellet and replaced the cone of tobacco. I then arranged the doctored cigar in next to last place in a box containing just six cigars.

Foster and the men of the company all dined together in the hotel.

As we got up from the table I said, "Gentlemen, I have found an excellent cigar at the stand in the lobby; will you join me?"

We sauntered toward the stand. "Let's have that cigar you sold me yesterday," I asked the dealer. He brought the box from the case, as arranged, and I passed it to Couldock, as the eldest, then to Wheatly, Foster, Grahame in that order, and finally, before taking the last one myself, to Harry. I took the added precaution of holding my thumb upon the last cigar.

The Asafetida Perfecto

All except Harry lighted up immediately and lounged in a row of lobby chairs. Davenport, by some caprice, put his cigar in a vest pocket, but sat down alongside. Under the influence of this contretemps, our conversation was a bit forced for a time, but Harry was oblivious of that. He was delighted to sing solo at any time.

The hour grew late, our cigars grew short and Harry's still remained in his pocket. When the clock behind the desk pointed to 7:45 we were forced to start for the theater. We walked, Harry with us and still without the consolation of tobacco.

The theater originally had been a church, and a great stained-glass window extended the full height of the back wall of the stage, doing service for both floors of the dressing rooms that had been built back of the stage. Incidentally, the window was deeply inset, leaving a sort of shaft between the first and second floor dressing rooms. Grahame and I had the room directly over one occupied by Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Rush and Miss Gilman.

When Harry had made up, he called upon his mother, as was his unvarying custom before each performance.

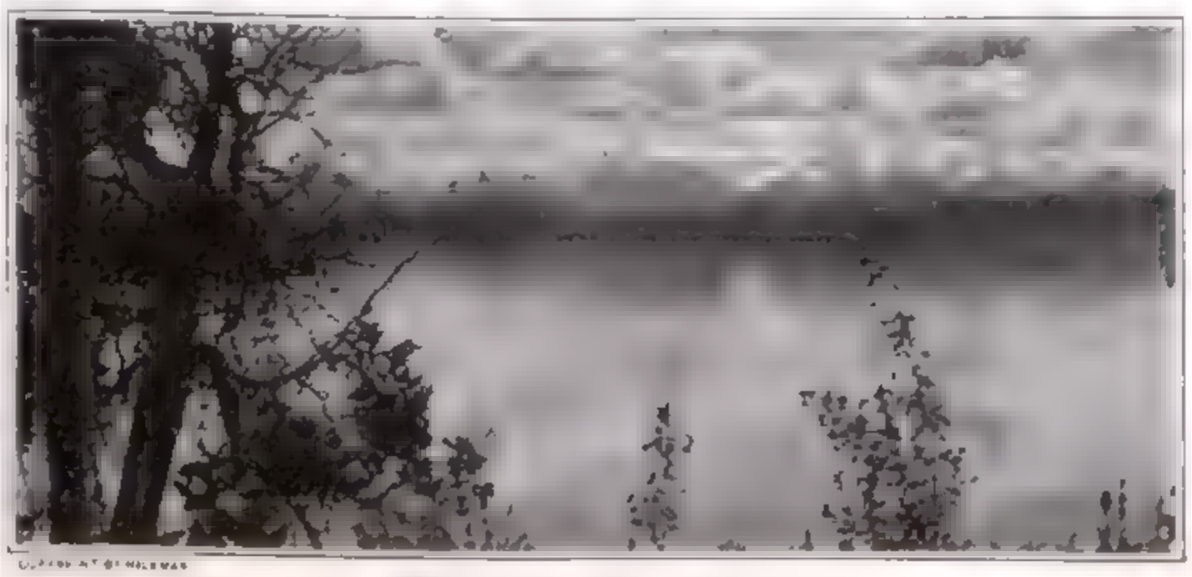
We heard him enter and greet his mother, and a moment later our ears were startled by his voice asking, "Do you ladies object if I smoke?"

The ladies, in their hapless innocence, did not object. The cigar was lit, Grahame and I held our breaths. Suddenly a chair was overturned below us, three women screamed, and the skirmish line of the world's most stupendous stench came up through the shaft. The concentrated essence of all the reeks in the aggregate that ever assailed my olfactory sense did not even suggest the plague that rolled up that shaft. It drove us and all of us out of the dressing rooms and out of the theater, and it was fifteen minutes before we dared to return. The curtain was that much late.

Harry played his part with a deathly pallor on his face, but as the curtain fell on the first act he mustered a sickly grin and said with a vestige of his old sureness:

"I thought I smelled a rat!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Stout. The next will appear in an early issue.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Like the best camps of the country, this is a pay camp. For fifty cents one gets a 20 by 20 plot upon which to park his car and pitch his auto tent, and the price gives him full privileges of hot and cold baths, the use of the recreation hall and access to the kitchen. For seventy-five cents a day one may set up housekeeping under picturesque Rustic Row, which is a large, long shed built out of pine logs and roofed with pine slabs. For one dollar the camper may rent a tent home equipped with two beds, electric lights, good floors, and located in a well-shaded spot. Should one care to go a bit higher he may pay a dollar and a half for a rustic cottage, which is built so that it is comfortable in winter or summer. For winter occupancy a gas stove is furnished and the canvas curtains can be buttoned up tightly. The floors are covered with neat rugs, and the furniture consists of tables, chairs, a gas stove for cooking, beds and a clothes closet. The mattresses are furnished with covers, which are removed after each tenant. One's car is driven up close to a door underneath the shed so that all personal belongings are under cover and close at hand.

But these are not all of the options at Camp Grande. One may go into the aristocratic class by spending two dollars for a small bungalette, or two dollars and a half for a large bungalette. These unique quarters offer nothing less than the accommodations of a hotel; private bath, bedroom, living room, and kitchenette with complete furnishings. A de luxe bungalette rents for five dollars a day per car.

The recreation hall in Camp Grande cost $12,000. The floor is of maple and is suitable for dances. A piano and phonograph are provided. This building is completely furnished about like a country club and is highly appreciated by the campers. The commodious kitchens are kept sanitary by being closed between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock each morning, when they are thoroughly disinfected, and a spray is used to kill the flies. Within this same building there is a laundry with eight laundry trays, ironing boards and electric outlets for irons. Irons are rented from the camp office at ten cents per hour. Between the kitchens and the recreation hall there is a patio inclosed by four walls, where the family wash is hung to dry, entirely hidden from view. There is a children's playground equipped with slides, swings, rings and other means of healthful amusement. The camp is afforded police protection day and night. The water supply is of the best. Sanitary conditions are adequately cared for and the city health department gives the camp a weekly inspection

Denver's motor camp—Overland Park—built at a cost of $250,000, is situated along the Platte River about three miles from the heart of the city, and comprises 160 acres, of which one half is covered with fine groves of cottonwoods, maples and other trees.

Overland Park was once the site of an interstate exposition and several of the old exposition buildings have been utilized in the scheme of development. One of them has been turned into an exhibition hall, with space for county exhibits. Another was fitted up last year as a moving-picture theater, seating 400 people. The first floor of the camp clubhouse is a modern grocery and meat market, lunch counter and grill, steam table from which hot foods are served, barber shop, billiard parlor and showers.

The city of Denver now buys gasoline and oil in carload lots, and this is piped direct from the railroad tracks a hundred feet distant to the camp. There is a garage and battery-service station inside the camp. Visitors are assigned a lot and block number when they register at arrival, so that they have parcel, telegram and mail delivery to their tents. City engineers have surveyed over 1500 lots, each twenty-five feet square, and these are all marked and charted. Overland Park is frequently a tent city of 5000 or 6000 souls each night, the 1924 registration numbering 49,034. Campers paid fees last year amounting to $14,702. In 1915 Colorado had two auto camps that extended frugal accommodations to about 4500 tourists. During last year 693,127 gas nomads registered in the 276 camps in Colorado.

No one has been able to count the motor caravansaries that are scattered up and down every main highway in the country, but there must be 4000 or 5000 of them. Almost every city or town in the West without exception has one or more camps, and other sections are not far behind. Even New England, which held back longer than any other region, is now wide open to the motor camper, thanks to the splendid educational work of the National Recreation Club of Boston. Both coasts saw fine camps opened on large proportions last spring. The new Portland, Oregon, camp is patterned somewhat after the open-air hostelry at El Paso, where in a natural amphitheater, camping space for 100 cars, as well as twenty cottages, has been attractively laid out on ground that has been landscaped and tiled to insure a dry surface at all times. This camp offers the usual equipment as well as a huge radio-receiving apparatus, electric irons, considerable furniture, the service of a store, three community kitchens with gas plates, a cafeteria where hot food may be purchased, and many other facilities.

Along the Atlantic Coast, motor gypsies will find a number of newly established havens this year, and even New York has stepped in line by opening within the city limits a camp overlooking Pelham Bay and Long Island Sound. Here one finds almost everything that he could possibly want.

FRANK E. BRIMMER.

Interior of the Kitchen and Rustic Row at Camp Grande

What can you do to help prevent fire?

The President's proclamation calling for the observance of National Fire Prevention Day is an appeal for help in wiping out that larger percentage of the national fire loss which results from preventable fire.

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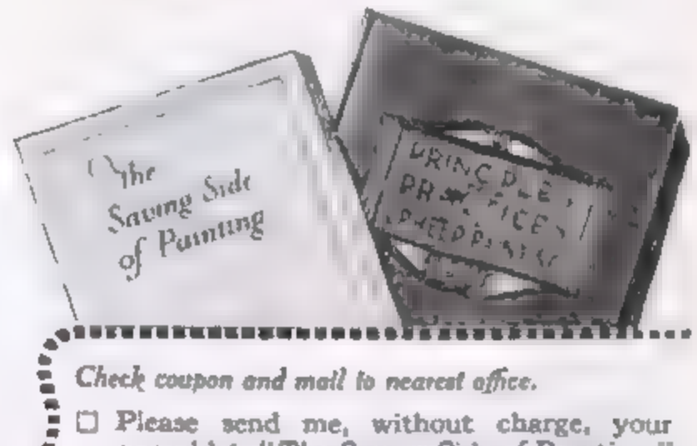

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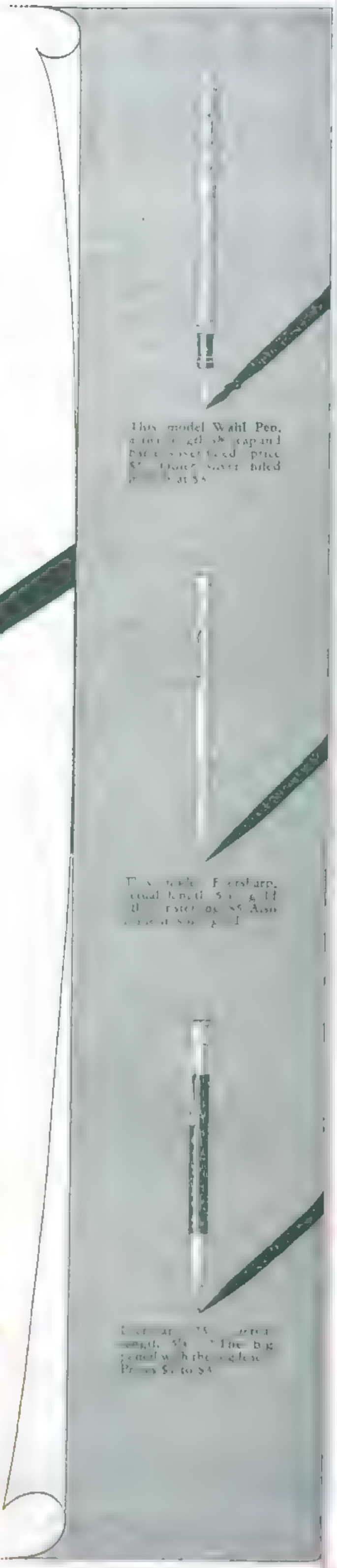

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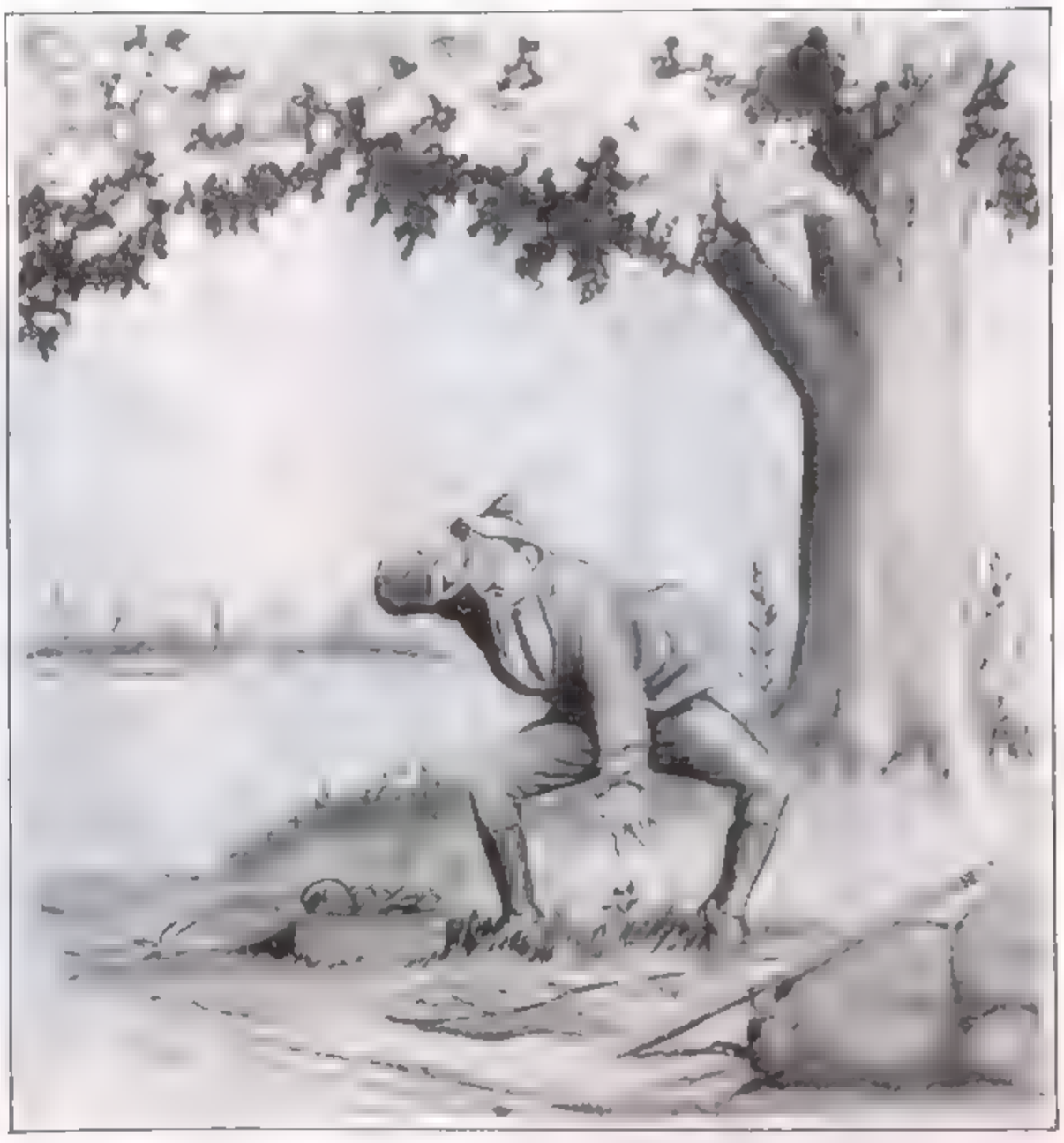

The Fisherman Who Walked Miles to His Favorite Lake Only to Find That Instead of His Fishing Kit He Had Brought His Wife's Sewing Basket

The Irony of Fête

The Boy Who Left the Farm Because He Had to Get Up So Early

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THE HOUSE OF THE CANDLES

(Continued from Page 12)

I've never taken to wireless, and that's a fact. People say that it gets you out of yourself, and that is just where I don't want to be. My mind has got a comfortable home, and as soon as it starts paying calls I'm going along to my doctor and arrange that I be put under restraint.

What I noticed about this house was the candles. They were everywhere—big yellow candles in sconces and in fancy holders, little white candles hanging in clusters on a silver candelabrum, big red candles in the hall and on the stairs. He saw me looking and laughed.

"I hate the garish glare of electric light," he said. "You have no idea of the beauty of candles until you have used them."

This Mr. Buckland was an interesting sort of bird, and not altogether unknown to me. Twice a week he used to be put into a motor car and driven about the country for an hour or two, with his own chauffeur at the wheel. I expected to hear a whole lot about his illness, because invalids as a rule haven't very much more to talk about; but he was an exception. He asked me what sort of man Brett was.

"It's a queer thing, my sister falling in love with a detective," he said, shifting himself with a moan; "but I suppose there are decent people even in the police force."

As he was an invalid, I did not swat him. You've got to make allowances for the afflicted.

"Evelina is a clever girl," he went on, "and crime has always interested her. She will be a great help to Brett. Though what my poor, dear father would say if he could only look down from heaven and see Evelina walking to the altar with a detective sergeant, I shudder to think!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that maybe his poor, dear father wasn't in a position to look down; but, as I remarked before, you've got to exercise a lot of patience when you're dealing with the sick.

When I went downstairs I found that Brett had arrived, and that the two were poring over a Sunday newspaper, discussing their favorite murder.

Age takes people different ways. It takes me so that I can stand for almost any kind of foolishness on the part of my fellow humans. When I find young detectives taking a romantic interest in crime, and raising theories about cases that are in other people's hands, I pat 'em on the shoulder and let 'em go on to their doom. And when I meet an outsize in fools I just stroll out into the night and watch the stars twinkling miles away, and realize that I'm next to nothing, riding free on a big chunk of stone, which, according to the books, is slightly flattened at each end and goes shooting round the sun once in twenty-four hours, or maybe once a year. And no properly intelligent man can think of himself as nothing without having a pretty mean opinion of most everybody else.

So, though it made me ill to hear a man like Brett theorizing and deducting, I just thought of the stars and how mean the cleverest cop would look from a distance of umpteen million miles.

That newspaper should have reminded Brett that the majestic pageant of life was rolling on in the grand old way in spite of ten-pound engagement rings. The courts were still sitting, Dartmoor was open for the season, judges were still saying "I should not be doing my duty to society if I did not pass a severe sentence," and the ratepayer was as usual putting his hand in his pocket to provide boots for policemen.

Just about that time Notting Hill was a pretty notorious place. We had the Yellow Man operating in the houses and Looey the Dip working the shops, with an occasional private burglary thrown in. I knew Looey was on the job, because the lady who used to wear his brass wedding ring came up one night and spilled everything.

"He's got a new girl called Annie, and if ever I get hold of her she'll want a new chassis," said the late Mrs. Looey. She said a lot of other things which didn't get past, but I gathered that Annie wasn't qualified for a Sunday-school teacher.

We went after Looey, but didn't find him, and the Yellow Man was just a name.

I had the brightest bunch of boys under me that any superintendent could wish. They could do everything except catch burglars. With a tape measure and a pair of rubber gloves, they'd reconstitute the crime—to use a foreign expression—so that you could almost see Looey climbing up the rain pipe or the Yellow Man swinging lightly onto the balcony. They'd deduce from the elbow mark on the mantelpiece that he was sixty-nine inches tall, had a yellow mustache and was separated from his wife. They knew he had a yellow mustache because the policeman on point duty had seen him walk out of the house as bold as brass, and had bade him good night.

After about six of these burglaries, four in Ladbroke Grove, one in Colville Gardens and another in Elgin Crescent, I called together the Criminal Investigation Department.

"Boys," I said, "I'm going to give you a lecture on crime. Let me start right away by telling you that if Looey or that Yellow Man gets away with another bust, I shall return you to the uniformed branch of the Metropolitan Police. Having seen your work as detectives, I think you'd make good traffic cops. Nothing smaller than an ice wagon will ever get past you without you noticing."

I was a little rattled at the time, because Scotland Yard had been sending out all-station warnings every few hours about the Stricklands. I suppose the treasury had been raising Cain. The one-pound notes that this gang printed looked better than the genuine article, and their thousand-franc notes had been cashed by the Bank of France without question. One of the messages I had ran:

"Please render an immediate return showing the names and addresses of all users of electric power for driving machinery, photographic purposes, heating and cooking, and so on. Report must be returned to Room 1275, Scotland Yard, by Monday without fail."

Fortunately I had the sense to get onto the local office of the power company, so I wasn't called upon to employ my detectives as electric-light inspectors.

I had never met the Stricklands. They were an Irish crowd that had worked in Dublin till the Free State police got after them, and Scotland Yard wasn't much better off than I.

As I say, all these smoking confidentials from headquarters began to get on my nerves, and when they were followed by requests for special reports on our local burglaries, I felt like taking a gun up to the Thames Embankment and giving the reporters something to write about.

I'm not complaining very seriously that my boys couldn't pull Looey, because he's one of those fellows who has no locality. All criminals are homing pigeons, and picking them up is about as easy as finding a phone number in a guidebook. When they are through with a job they go back where they live, and their idea of hiding themselves is to move into the next street and change their names from Smith to Smyth.

But Looey was different. As soon as he'd finished a job he'd float away into Scotland or somewhere nobody would think of looking for him. He'd go over to Paris or drop down into Cardiff—and he didn't booze. Drink and talkative women are the ruin of high-class criminals.

Matters had quietened down in Notting Hill and we hadn't had a burglary for a month, and the Yard had lost interest in the Stricklands, when Looey came back. A patrolman was crossing Wormwood Scrubbs, toward the prison, at about two o'clock in the morning. A thin drizzle had been falling all evening; it was a cold and miserable night, and the patrolman was stepping lively to get that part of his job over.

His duty was to reach the prison wall, make a circuit and rejoin the road, and he was within fifty yards of the wall when he found Looey.

Wormwood Scrubbs is a bit of rough common, and the officer was using his lantern to guide him; otherwise the poor devil wouldn't have been found till morning. The first thing the policeman saw was a boot sticking out of a bush, and turning aside to investigate, he saw a man lying huddled on the ground. It was Looey, and he was dead.

The local station phoned me and I drove down with the police surgeon, and was with him all the time he was making his examination. The body lay on the top of a crushed bush. There was no sign of shooting or stabbing, and it looked almost as though it were a case of death from natural causes, when Doctor Hackett made his report.

When I Went Downstairs I Found That Brett Had Arrived, and That the Two Were Poring Over a Sunday Newspaper, Discussing Their Favorite Murder

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"This man has hardly a sound limb in his body," he said. "He has fallen from a considerable height."

Except the prison, there was no building within five hundred yards.

"Has he fallen out of an airplane?" I asked, and the doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "it's not bad enough for that. I should say he fell some fifty feet. And the curious thing is that there's no vital injury to him, not sufficient to cause death."

We had half a dozen policemen on the spot by now, which was unfortunate, because their big feet blotted out all footprints. By the light of their lanterns he continued his examination, and then he made the discovery which puzzled me for a long time.

Across the two palms of the dead man ran the ugly mark of a burn. It was as though poor Louis had tried to pick up something nearly red-hot, for not only the palms but the tips of his fingers were scorched.

The doctor moved him into the nearest hospital for closer examination, and I went back to my office to puzzle out what looked to me like a mystery.

Now if there's one thing that a real policeman hates, it's a mystery. We have burglaries and murders that are mysteries to the public and the newspaper boys, but as a rule there's nothing mysterious about them to the man in charge of the case. In nine instances out of ten he knows the man who did it, and the only hard work he has is to connect the killer or the burglar with the crime so surely that a puddin'-headed jury will convict.

But this was a real mystery to the police, though it was not to the newspapers, because we told them nothing about the broken bones or the burns, and all they could see in the case was that a man had been found dead on Wormwood Scrubbs.

I sent for Brett.

"Sergeant," I said, "if you can tear yourself away from Ladbroke Close, and can bring down your mighty mind to the study of human perversity, I'd be glad if you'd take charge of this case and worry out the how-it-happened of it."

He was a bit touchy on the question of his love-making; but being a good officer, he swallowed his feelings and went about in his usual bloodhound way to trail Looey to his last place of residence. There were no papers on the body—nothing that could give us a clew, except that the watch in his pocket was one he'd pinched from Gardner's, the jeweler in High Street, and this only told us that he was a burglar, and we knew that already.

A night or two later Brett came to see me at my house just as I was going to bed.

"I've been wondering, chief," he said, "whether there might be some sort of trouble between the Yellow Man and Looey. They were both working the same district, and from what I heard today they were pretty bad friends."

"Where's the Yellow Man?" I asked.

"I don't know," he snapped.

He got sore at me for that, and I don't blame him. We'd searched every dive in London, and we'd had a report from every nose—you don't know what a nose is, I suppose. On the other side you call him a stool pigeon, and, if you're being very polite, you describe him as a police spy. Anyway, there wasn't a nose who'd smelled him, and we'd reached the dead end of our investigations in spite of all the expensive sleuths they sent down from the Yard to help us, when the Yellow Man was picked up at three o'clock in the morning in almost exactly the same spot as we'd found Louis.

It was a cyclist sergeant who found him, and he phoned to me direct. I happened to be at the station when the call came through. We'd arrested a member of Parliament for driving his car whilst he was in a condition that wasn't excusable even in a politician. Naturally we had to send for his own doctor and a dozen Harley Street specialists to prove that what a low-down policeman thought was drunk was merely the after effects of the war. By the time we got him bailed out, the street in front of the station was filled with motor cars belonging to half the medical faculty of England.

I was seeing Sir Charles Bromgrove into his car—he's the biggest surgeon in London—when the policeman came running down the steps to tell me about the Yellow Man.

It would be an hour before I could get the police surgeon, and it struck me that it would be an excellent idea if I had the assistance of Sir Charles. In a few words, I told him what had happened, and he was a good scout, for he drove me out to Wormwood Scrubbs in his own car, and on the way I told him about Looey.

It was Eric, right enough, I realized when I saw the body, and I was curious to know what Bromgrove would say.

"He has had a bad fall, but that did not kill him," he said; and then he opened the clenched hands, and there was the black mark across both palms!

"What do you make of that, Sir Charles?" I asked.

He looked up over his shoulder.

"He was electrocuted, the same as the other man," he said. "I thought so when you told me the appearance of the hands, and I am convinced now."

"Electrocuted!" This theory got me all tangled up.

"My supposition is that this man was either climbing a wall or was feeling his way along a roof, when his hands came into contact with a live cable," said Sir Charles. "He must have been killed instantly, and fell."

Now if there is one thing that Wormwood Scrubbs doesn't own it's an overhead cable.

I'd sent for Brett before I left the station and he turned up at about five o'clock in the morning. I told him what the doctor had said.

"Brett," said I, "these two poor nuts were burgling, and in the pursuit of their unlawful occupations they struck a house that has a live wire exposed, and they dropped, probably into the back yard. And for some reason the owner of the house didn't want people to know that he had a live wire, and as soon as he found they were dead he moved these fellows to the nearest open space. Go out and find that shy householder and pull him in."

"Miss Buckland's theory ——" he began.

"Put it in your report, but sign your own name to it," said I, for I didn't want any amateur female to come interfering with the processes of justice.

Brett reported at the end of the next day.

"The power company say there wouldn't be a live wire left exposed on a roof, so that doctor's theory goes west," he said. "Now Miss Buckland thinks ——"

"That woman's got brains," said I. "Tell her I'm coming to call on her this afternoon. I'd like to get her theories first-hand."

I don't know what made me say that. It is an idea of mine that the Lord has given me a superinstinct. But I somehow felt I had to go along and see that young lady and catch hold on some of her deductions. It's revolting to me to listen to any kind of woman talk about crime. But there was I, looking forward eagerly to taking tea with little Miss Sherlock and seeing all the beautiful candles.

Brett wasn't there when I arrived, and I thought her manner was a little bit reserved.

"I've been talking to Ronald," she said when we'd got through with speaking our mind about the weather. "And do you know, Sooper, I've got a notion that these terrible accidents have happened on the railway."

That notion had never struck me before. There is certainly an electric railway running through Notting Hill, and it's true as anything could be that, if these two burglars had made up their minds to loot car rails, they would have got very badly killed. *(Continued on Page 110)*

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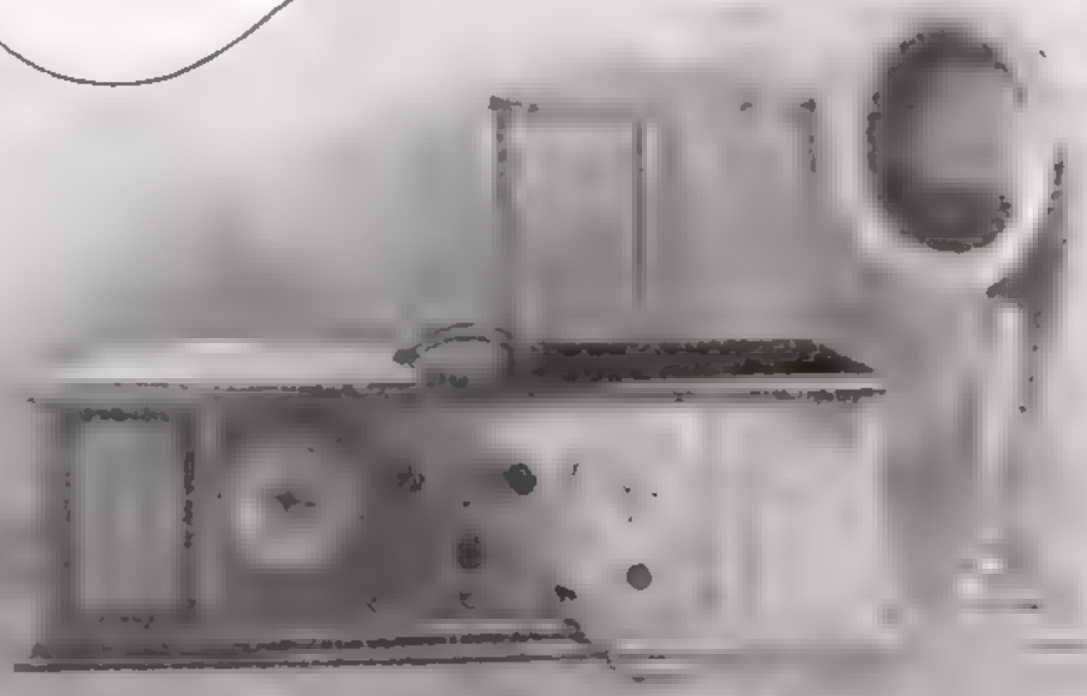
They had every known kind and variety of radio set to choose from. They had every facility for research, test and exhaustive study. And they had a firm determination to combine with the Brunswick phonograph and the Victrola only that radio set which proved to be the leader today and which carried full promise of holding that leadership through the years of tomorrow.

Both chose the Radiola.



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A
Striking and
Conclusive Test
of the Steel in
NICHOLSON Files

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, an Osage Indian in Oklahoma made this razor from a NICHOLSON File of regular stock. For eight years this "file-razor" was used for shaving the Indians' heads, around the scalp lock.

Now, from the South a man sends us samples of razors he is making from NICHOLSON Files which have a ready sale because of their superior quality.

Incidents like these, twenty-five years apart, prove conclusively that year in and year out there is only one kind of file steel—the best—used in NICHOLSON Files.

For the shop or home, there is a NICHOLSON File for your every need. Each one is tested repeatedly and is mechanically perfect before it leaves our factory.

Your hardware dealer sells NICHOLSON Files and will be glad to help you select the ones best suited for your purposes.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILES
~a File for Every Purpose

Continued from Page 108

"That's a good theory of yours, Miss Buckland," I said. "These poor fellows went out to pinch the line, and the shock of a live wire flung 'em into the middle of Wormwood Scrubbs—which can't be more than a mile away."

There was a queer expression in her eye when she looked at me.

"Of course, the theory may be stupid," she said: "and I really know nothing about electricity. We never have it in the house; as you know, my brother has a passion for candlelight."

"And music," I said, very gentle. "That's what I like. Give me a man who loves music. Are you listening in to Madame Reiacho this afternoon, Miss Buckland?"

"I expect my brother is," she said, and rather hurriedly—"He's not very well today."

"That's a pity," I said, "because I wanted to see him."

She hesitated and then went out of the room. In about five minutes she came back.

"Frederick will see you, Sooper," she said; "but don't stay long with him, will you?—because the doctor has given strict orders that he is to be kept quiet."

I went up the stairs into the big room where Mr. Buckland was lying on the sofa, and my first glance round was for the loud speaker. There it was, standing on its little pedestal. He looked sicker than usual, and his conversation was strictly limited.

I got in a couple of good ones about the weather, and then I said, "I see by the paper that Madame Reiacho is singing this afternoon. I'd like to listen. Would you mind if I switched her on?"

"The set is out of order," he said shortly.

I looked at the wires trailing from the speaker, then I looked at the wall.

"Where do you connect this, Mr. Buckland?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, shorter still. "My man looks after it. Would you think I am very uncivil if I asked you to leave me now? I have another spasm coming on."

"I guess you have," I said, and went out of the room.

Miss Buckland must have thought that our talk would be a little longer than it was, for she wasn't waiting for me on the landing, as she had been the last time. There was another flight of stairs leading to the second floor, and I wandered up, and found myself prevented from going much farther, for on the landing above was a strong-looking door that hadn't even a handle to turn.

I looked through the keyhole, but could see nothing; and then I went downstairs again, just as Miss Buckland came up. She saw me coming down and went white.

"We never use the upper part of the house," she said, without being asked a question.

Behind her on the stairs I saw two of the footmen, and I had the impression that they were listening.

"I was looking for your wireless connection," I said. "I thought I'd hear Madame Reiacho. But it doesn't matter—we've got a set at the station. That brother of yours looks pretty bad, Miss Buckland."

"He isn't at all well," she said, her eyes not leaving my face.

I went down with her to the drawing-room, and I saw the footmen scurry down ahead and disappear. There was a wall phone in the hall.

"Do you mind if I call up the station?" I asked.

She shook her head, and stood by whilst I got the number.

That instinct of mine told me lots of things. It told me that the footmen had their ears stretched somewhere in the servants' passage.

It was tough luck that the man who answered my call was Brett.

"Is that you, Brett?" I said. "I wish you'd tell the inspector to send my letters up to my house for signature. And will you ask him to ring up Mr. Colwards and tell him I shan't be able to see him tonight?"

I heard Brett gasp.

"Mr. Colwards" is the code word which means "Send reserves to me at once."

"Where are you speaking from?" he asked, and his voice was very hoarse.

"I'm speaking from Mr. Buckland's house," I said, and hung up the receiver.

When I looked around she was smiling slightly.

"Now come along and have your tea, Sooper," she said, and I walked into the dining room behind her just the same as any poor mental deficient might have done.

It was not a big room, but there was one peculiar thing about it that I'd noticed before—the windows were barred. I sat down and she took up the teapot, and then put it down again.

"These wretched servants have forgotten to fill the milk jug," she said.

It was so natural for her to walk out with the little jug in her hand that I suspected nothing. It was when the door closed with a bang and I heard the lock snap that I knew just where I was going to get off. Outside in the hall I heard her speaking quickly, and caught the words "police reserves." That man Brett certainly took her into his confidence.

There was a rustle of feet, and five minutes later the front door slammed.

I threw up the window of the dining room; it looked out on the back garden and to the embankment of the Metropolitan Railway. The bars were steel and thick. I tried the door, and then with a chair I made an attempt to hammer out a panel. But the door was oaken, and there wasn't a bit of furniture in the room that was strong enough to dent a panel, let alone break it. Half an hour afterward the reserves had surrounded the house, and I saw one of my men in the back garden and gave him a few instructions.

They released me at last, and forcing the door on the landing above, we found just what nobody expected to find except me—I hate saying nice things about myself, but justice must be done—a complete photographic and printing plant, four or five hundred French bank notes, I don't know how many thousand English treasury notes; in fact, just the outfit you'd look to find in a swell forger's workshop.

Poor Brett was terribly upset.

"Brett," I said, "you've lost nothing, because you never had it. And anyway, you've talked too much, and you're lucky that I'm not bringing you before the commissioner for giving away the key word."

I went out into the garden and made a survey of the "wireless aerial." And now I could see how poor Looey and the Yellow Man got theirs. The second pole of the aerial was near the side of the house. Any self-respecting burglar could climb it, and, once on the top, could reach a window through which the wire ran—if he didn't happen to touch the wire. For the aerial was a very simple affair. It tapped the juice that runs on the live rail of the Metropolitan and gave the Stricklands all the light and power they needed. And as for the candles ——

"That kept suspicion away from them. You'd not dream of looking in a candle house for a plant run by power."

Poor Brett was almost in tears.

"I don't know why Strickland faked being an invalid," he said miserably.

But that was easy. He had to go out of doors to get rid of the stuff, and there was no more convincing way of leaving the house than to be carried.

"Nobody would stop him and search the pillow behind his head," I said. "Don't you know that everybody's kind to a sick man?"

"Then they ought to be kind to me," said Sergeant Brett very bitterly, "for I'm the sickest thing you've seen in years!"

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FLORSHEIM *Styles of the Times* have the smart look you like—their style is authentic—their quality is above question—the world's best, at a price that is reasonable. Wearing FLORSHEIMS means better appearance; most miles per dollar.

Wider toes—heavier leathers—finer designing for Fall and Winter

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Most Styles $10 THE FRAT *Style M-182*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

For the Man who Cares

The Florsheim SHOE

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Two kinds of people Two kinds of homes

THINK over the men and women you know. See how truly they fall into two classes . . . those who lead and those who follow.

The leaders are alert . . . alive . . . thinking . . . planning . . . quick to grasp, and use, better methods, better things. The others keep to the rut of their dull lives . . . mentally asleep . . . far behind the times.

And note how differently they live!

Four years ago, when Celotex Insulating Lumber made it practical to build homes that really keep out heat and cold, progressive people built this better way.

Today, there are *sixty thousand* Celotex homes . . . evidence in every community that there are only two kinds of people.

The new standard of living

Thinking people now secure a wholly new degree of luxurious home comfort—at no added building cost. For their Celotex houses keep snug and warm in the bitterest winter weather; refreshingly cool throughout a sweltering summer.

Their children's health is guarded from cold-giving draughts and sudden temperature changes.

Always these Celotex homes are quiet; restful. Disturbing noises are subdued.

These are homes whose air of solid comfort is the envy of all who enter them.

Comfort with fuel-saving at no extra building cost

Celotex is Lumber—the only Insulating Lumber. It is the one material that combines higher insulating value with greater structural strength, and is not an extra item in the building.

A home built with it costs no more than an ordinary house, because Celotex replaces *five* other building materials.

1. It replaces wood lumber as sheathing, giving greater structural strength
2. Plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex, forming a stronger wall than lath and plaster.
3. Celotex replaces building paper, giving better protection against wind and moisture.
4. It replaces deadening felt, giving a restful quiet.
5. Wherever used, Celotex replaces any extra insulation or heat-stopping material.

A smaller, less expensive furnace, fewer radiators, will be required to heat a Celotex house. Year after year, your fuel bills will be cut by one-third.

The owners of Celotex homes have more money to spend on luxuries; for the cost of upkeep is much less than that of ordinary homes.

They have sounder investments: houses that are stronger, more enduring, worth more money!

Yet some people still build old-fashioned, heat-leaking homes . . . cold-in-winter, hot-in-summer, expensive to operate, difficult to sell.

Indifference is an ugly thing . . . particularly when family comfort and vital health protection are involved. Yet some people live in half-comfortable houses. Millions of dollars worth of wasted heat passes through the walls and roofs of ordinary houses every winter.

There is no excuse for not using Celotex Insulating Lumber in building a new home today. And many who built before Celotex was available are now lining their attics and basements with it. That helps . . . and it costs very little.

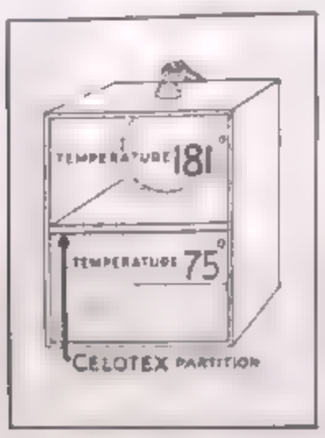
Write for these facts

These are living improvements so vital that every progressive person will demand the facts before building or buying a home. They make the ordinary house as out-of-date as one without electricity, modern plumbing or a central heating plant.

Ask your architect or contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Everywhere leaders in these lines advise its use.

If you are going to buy a home already built, get Celotex construction, if you possibly can.

And by all means write to Dept. 70 for the Celotex Building Book. Even if you are not thinking of building soon, you will be interested in this great advance in building history.



Note this actual test. A Celotex box is divided in half by a layer of Celotex. The upper half is heated by an electric lamp.

The lower half is 106° cooler. In the roof and walls of a house, Celotex keeps heat in during the winter, out in summer.

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Branch Sales Offices: *(See telephone book for addresses)*

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All Lumber Dealers Can Supply Celotex

CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

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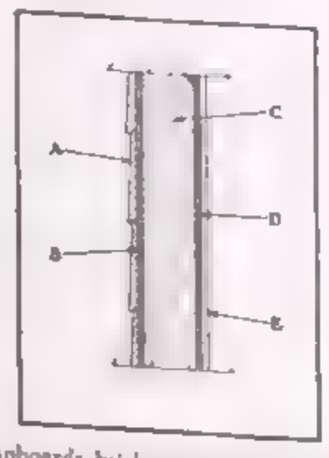


(A) Clapboards, brick or stucco. (B) Celotex Insulating Lumber. (C) Studding or framework (D) Celotex Insulating Lumber. (E) Plaster. Cross-section showing application of Celotex Insulating Lumber: (B) in outside walls, as sheathing, where fireplaces, chimneys, or heating devices are used; and (D) on inside walls, where plaster is applied directly to its surface.

THE IMPOSSIBLE PRATTS

(Continued from Page 19)

"That would be very nice," said Mrs. Foster.

"My little girl, Mildred, is a Soul-Vitalist child," said Mrs. Pratt. She raised her voice, "Mildred love, come to mother."

Mildred appeared with so startling a celerity that some of the more cynical ladies were led to think that she had been listening at the keyhole. She was a stout, mature-looking child, with long banana-colored curls and a short silk-and-lace dress.

"Make a curtsy to the ladies, Mildred love," said Mrs. Pratt. Mildred gave the ladies a hard look.

"Don't want to," she said.

Mrs. Pratt smiled.

"Very well, darling," she said. "I never coerce her," she explained. "I want her always to express her own little individuality."

Mildred expressed some at the moment by saying, "Gimme a nickel."

"Mother has no more nickels," said Mrs. Pratt. "She gave her precious two this morning."

"Lost 'em," said Mildred. "Want another one."

"Now, darling ——"

"I'll kick and scream," promised Mildred.

"But, darling ——"

Mildred made good her promise.

"Oh, do let me give her a nickel," said Mrs. Hummell. Mrs. Pratt nodded. Mildred took the nickel with the hasty gesture of a crow picking up a grain of corn.

"Now," said Mildred, "gimme another one or I'll swally this one."

"Let her," Mrs. Cusack advised Mrs. Hummell, in a very low whisper.

"I think you'd better give her one," said Mrs. Pratt. "She has such a will."

Mildred got the nickel.

"She's very delicate," said Mrs. Pratt.

"She doesn't look it," said Mrs. Foster.

"She has the appetite of a bird," said Mrs. Pratt. "There are few things she will eat. And she's so temperamental. For a time she'd eat nothing but muffins and strawberry ice cream. One day I offered her a plate of strawberry ice cream. 'Mother,' she said, in that earnest little way she has, 'I will not eat it. I want bunilly.' That's her way of saying 'vanilla.'"

"Cute," said Mrs. Cusack.

"Terribly," said Mrs. Bentley.

"Well, I got the vanilla, but she wouldn't touch it. 'Mother,' she said, 'I don't want bunilly; I want chukky.' That's her way of saying 'chocolate.'"

"The little humorist," said Mrs. Hummell.

"Well," continued Mrs. Pratt, "I got her chocolate, and do you know, she wouldn't eat a spoon of it!"

"No?" said Mrs. Foster. "You don't say!"

"I do," said Mrs. Pratt. "Not a spoon. Another time I had the cook make her some floating island. Mildred asked for it specially. 'Floaty iley,' she calls it."

"Don't tell me she wouldn't eat it," said Mrs. Hummell.

"She wouldn't even touch it," said Mrs. Pratt.

Mildred, in the corner, trying to put the nickels in her ears, smiled complacently.

"I think we'd better be going," said Mrs. Hummell. "Such a nice visit."

"It's early," said Mrs. Pratt. "I'd like to tell you some more about the work we did at home. We agitated for a curfew law. All in favor of it wore little brass bells. We'd go into a shop—the butcher's, for example—and say, 'Good morning. Before I order my meat, may I pin a little bell on you to show you are in favor of a ten o'clock curfew for our young people?' If he said no, we turned right around and walked out of his shop. Our campaign was very successful."

Little Mildred, no longer the center of interest, had been stirring restlessly in her corner. Now she broke in with a penetrating, "Mother!"

"What, love?"

"Tell them," said Mildred, "about the time I wouldn't eat the scrambled eggs."

"We really must be going," said Mrs. Hummell.

"I'm glad you called," said Mrs. Pratt. "I know we'll be good neighbors. Mr. Pratt will be pleased when I tell him that the members of the little group up here are such sane, normal folks. I'm sure we'll have a lot in common. Good day."

They went at once to Mrs. Foster's house and closed the door.

"Damn!" said Mrs. Foster for the first time in six years.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Hummell. "And we live right next door!"

"Unless I greatly underestimate the character of my husband, Francis Joseph Bentley," said Mrs. Bentley, "one of the prettiest murders in the annals of crime in New Jersey will be committed within one week right here on the Elbow."

Mrs. Cusack said nothing. She was snuffling out soft sobs, for she was of an emotional nature.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Hummell, hopefully, "Mr. Pratt is all right."

"You've seen the wife and you've seen the child," said Mrs. Foster gloomily. "Who wants to bet that the husband is a regular fellow? My new fur coat against a dish of floaty iley he's worse than they are. Come on, where's your sporting blood?"

There were no takers. Mrs. Foster's intuition proved correct. The four husbands had ridden out on the train with Willis G. Pratt. He had introduced himself to them.

"He called me brother," said Leonard Cusack, savagely hacking at his evening steak.

"I offered him a cigarette," said Chester Hummell. "He simpered and said, 'No small vices.'"

"Don't tell me any more," said Mrs. Hummell. "Eat your food. You look wild-eyed."

"Sweetness and light!" muttered Mr. Hummell. "Sweetness and light!"

"I met that Pratt man," Frank Bentley told his wife.

"Like him?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"I think," was Mr. Bentley's somewhat cryptic reply, "that this evening I shall fall off the wagon with what is sometimes called a dull thud. I shall then search out a particularly muddy gutter and lie there and bark at the moon. Later, if able, I shall march through the public streets of Mertonia singing ribald songs in a loud, vulgar voice."

The comments of Arthur T. Foster on Mr. Pratt were not quoted by his wife when the four ladies next assembled.

"I am a liberal," said Mrs. Foster, "and there are few things I won't say—or quote, anyway—but I must draw the line somewhere. Arthur, I regret to say, in his engineering work must have to associate with some very coarse men. He talked straight through dinner from cantaloupe to peach pie without repeating himself once. I didn't know there were such words."

"I'll bet you tried to stop him," said Mrs. Cusack.

"You lose," said Mrs. Foster.

"She called on me today," said Mrs. Cusack.

"The lady who beautified her home town?"

"Yes; Leonard has a name for her. He calls her the civic cat."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing," reported Mrs. Cusack. "For three hours. She was explaining Soul Vitalism. I'm dizzy. She was quite hurt because I wouldn't start taking soul exercises on the spot."

"That awful child of hers tried to feed Junior poison ivy," said Mrs. Bentley, with unusual ferocity for a mild and pretty woman. "If I catch Mildred alone sometime, I'll feed her a hatful of nickels and make her like them."

"What are we going to do?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"What can we do?" said Mrs. Cusack.

"They might decide to move," said Mrs. Hummell, who was still young enough to have fits of optimism. "They rented the house for three months, you know, with the idea of buying it if they liked it."

"And they do like it," said Mrs. Bentley morosely. "And I'm afraid they like us—that is to say, they don't disapprove of us much."

"We might send them a round robin," offered Mrs. Cusack. "I'm not sure just what a round robin is, but I think it's something insulting."

"A large lot of good that would do," said Mrs. Foster. "Did you notice that rolling-pin jaw on her? That spells pugnacity. Believe me, under that fixed sirupy smile, Mrs. Curfew is as hard as a door knob. I had a small argument with her the other day—about child rearing or canning cherries or something—and let me tell you a balky mule is a weak and yielding character compared to that girl. She's the kind of woman you make turn left by telling her to turn right. As sure as we let her know plainly that we didn't want her here, she'd stay, just to spite us."

"And be sweetly reasonable about it," said Mrs. Bentley. "He's the same way, Frank says. Let 'em know they ought to go, and they'd stay, like missionaries among the Hottentots."

"I wish," said Mrs. Cusack fervently, "we were Hottentots. No more picnics. They don't approve of what they call soiling the Sabbath. And inquisitive? Say, I can't brush a crumb off Len's chin without her seeing it."

"According to her, every single thing about my house is wrong," said Mrs. Hummell. "She wasn't nasty about it; just amiable—and superior."

"Good-by our little Arcady," said Mrs. Bentley.

"Arthur and I were talking about it last night," said Mrs. Foster.

"What did he say?"

"I wish I could tell you," said Mrs. Foster. "He did make one repeatable remark though."

"What?"

"He said, 'Why don't you girls do as Mrs. Pratt suggests, and organize a Town Betterment Association—husbands admitted if accompanied by legal wives—and get together and discuss ways and means for a little scientific uplift?'"

"Well, why not?" said Mrs. Cusack.

"Why not, indeed?" said Mrs. Bentley.

"Arthur said," went on Mrs. Foster, "'Pass the word around for the clan to gather in our cellar at the dark of the moon tonight. Sneak into the house, one by one, in disguise, so Mr. and Mrs. Curfew won't know.'"

"The only thing that will keep Frank and me away," promised Mrs. Bentley, "will be our arrest for a neat double murder we planned in detail last night."

"What was it she said we were?" mused Mrs. Hummell. "Sane, normal people?"

"'Folks' was the word she used."

"I know, but I tried to forget," said Mrs. Hummell.

"Tonight then," said Mrs. Foster. "In our cellar."

It was a bright clear morning. Mr. Willis G. Pratt was nibbling his breakfast bacon. From his chair he could observe the Hummells' garden, and he was doing so.

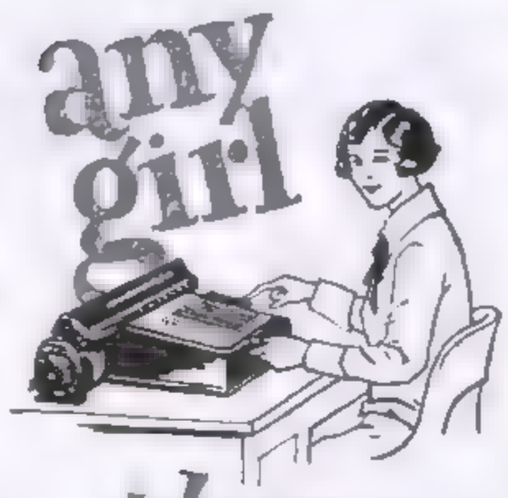
"He's doing it again," said Mr. Pratt.

"Odd," said Mrs. Pratt. "Odd."

"I must admit," said Mr. Pratt, "that I am a bit apprehensive about Hummell. I talked with him on the train last night.

Continued on Page 117

A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS



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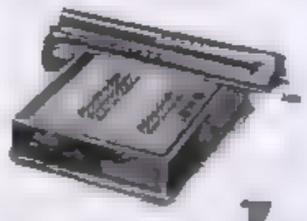

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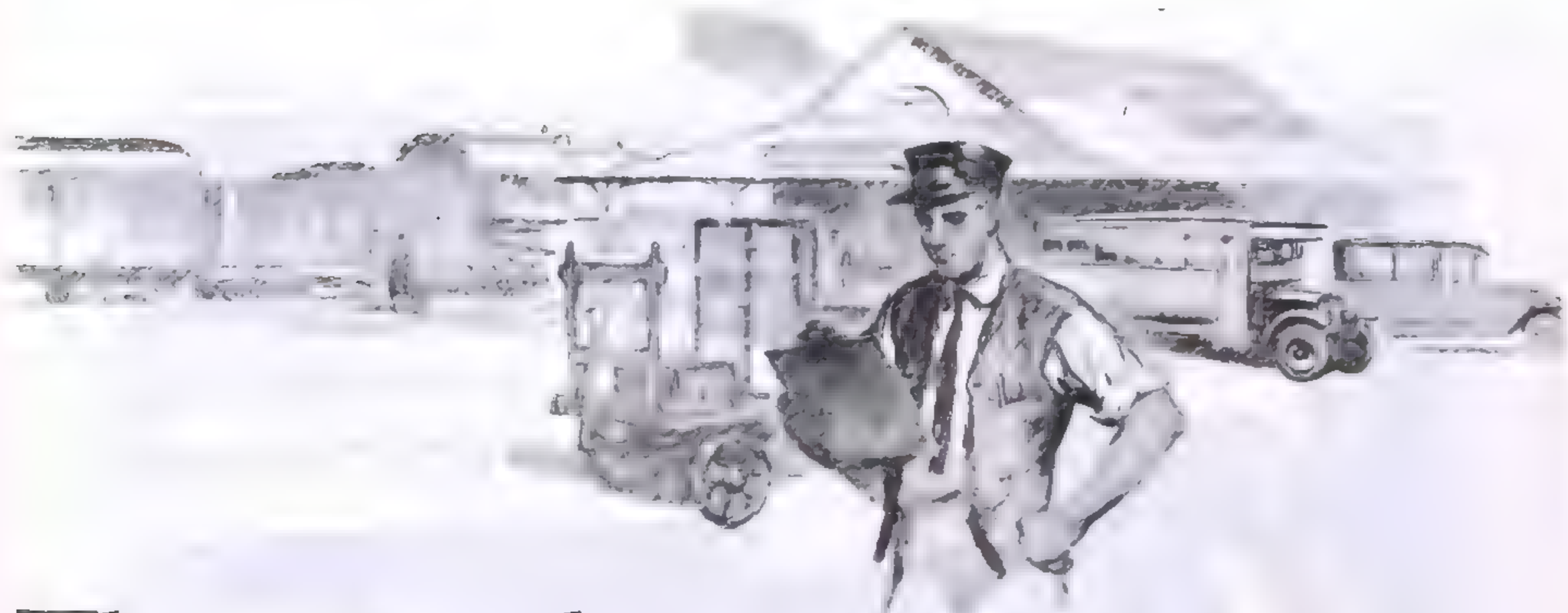

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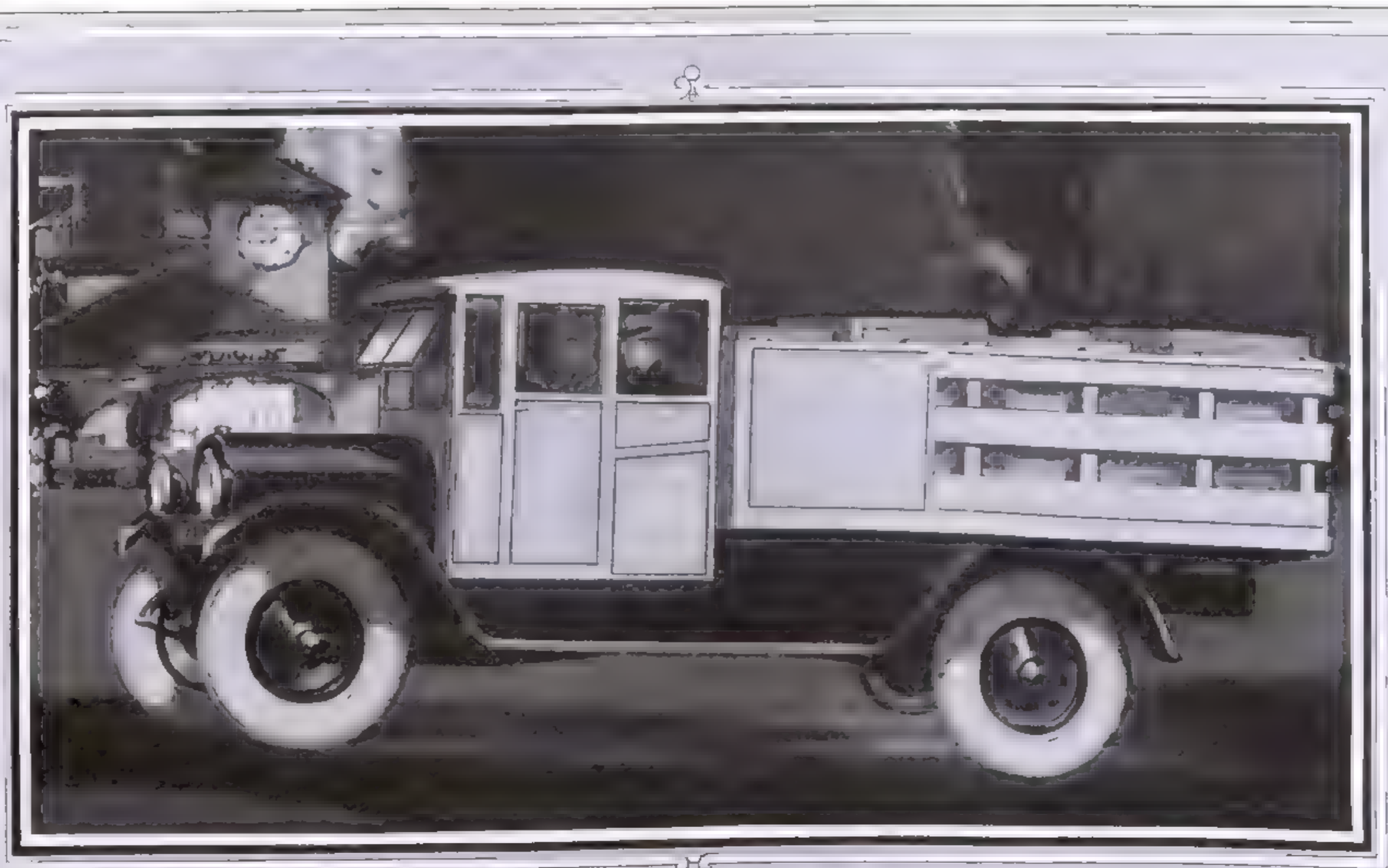
MOTORS



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(Continued from Page 113)

He seriously proposed that he and I swim the English Channel next Christmas Eve. He actually tried to convince me, all the way out, that it was my duty as a good American to do so. When I first met him, two weeks ago, he struck me as being a thoroughly sound fellow, quiet and sensible. But look at him now!"

Mrs. Pratt, who had been looking at Chester Hummell, continued to do so. Chester Hummell, very grave of mien, had come from his house, and though it was morning, he was dressed in evening clothes, even to a somewhat ancient top hat. With solemn deliberation he began to dig a hole in the patch of grass in his back yard. He dug steadily, and without glancing to left or right for some moments, until he had made a hole several feet deep. Then he expectorated, gently but accurately, once, into the hole. Then he carefully filled the hole up again. Then he shouldered his spade, and with the utmost dignity, marched back into his house.

"He has done that every morning this week," said Mrs. Pratt.

"I know; but why?"

Mr. Pratt neglected his coffee to puzzle over the problem.

"It might be for exercise," he thought.

"But why the dress suit?"

"My dear," said Mr. Pratt, "that is a phenomenon for which I have been unable to find any rational explanation. It is most annoying too. It keeps me from concentrating on my work. I find myself, right in the midst of an important conference, wondering (a) why Hummell digs holes; (b) why he wears a dress suit while so doing."

"You might ask him, Willis."

"One should not pry into the affairs of one's neighbors, Mrs. Pratt."

"The Bentleys have asked us to dinner tonight."

"We accept," said Mr. Pratt. "They, at least, are not given to—ah—peculiar practices. A serious-minded couple, the Bentleys."

Dinner at the Bentleys' began at seven. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were too well bred to give any sign of surprise when Mr. Bentley appeared for his evening meal in the gray uniform of a soldier of the late Confederacy. They concealed their astonishment when the first course served to them consisted of ice cream, a quart brick on each plate.

"We had hoped," said Mrs. Bentley most pleasantly, as she helped the Pratts to the second course, four rather large roast chickens, one for each of the diners, "that we could have Frank's favorite dish."

"Yes?" said Mr. Pratt.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Pratt.

"Frank just dotes on clams with chocolate sauce," said Mrs. Bentley. "We ordered four dozen clams, but Junior ate them."

"Your little boy?" Mrs. Pratt practically gasped the words, for she had definite ideas on hygiene.

"He's only three," smiled Mrs. Bentley. "But he does love his clams. 'Kwams,' he calls them. Frank says Junior is a regular little clam-eating fool."

"Has he had his beer yet?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Not yet, dear," replied his wife.

"Light or dark today, darling?"

"Dark. Always dark on Thursday, dear."

"I'll get it for him," said Mr. Bentley. "Where is he?"

"Sleeping in the cellar," said Mrs. Bentley, offering potatoes to the Pratts, who took them dazedly. "But mind now, Frank, not more than a quart."

"Yes, dear." Mr. Bentley arose and presently disappeared cellarward with a pail, known in some environments as a growler.

Mrs. Pratt found speech.

"Do you mean to say, Mrs. Bentley, that you give your little boy"—the word was hard to say, but Mrs. Pratt pulled herself together and made it—"beer?"

This question seemed to surprise Mrs. Bentley.

"Why, yes," she said. "After all, Junior is only three. That's much too young for gin. Much too young. . . . Will you have some more potatoes?"

The meal ended with beet soup. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt gave indications that they planned an early leave-taking.

"But you must see our museum first," said Mrs. Bentley.

"Oh, have you a museum?" Mr. Pratt looked relieved.

"Yes. It's Frank's hobby. Show them, dear."

"It's not very complete yet," said Mr. Bentley modestly. "I've been working on it only six years. But if you wish ——"

They wished.

"This way then," said Mr. Bentley, ushering them into a small room off the living room.

The Pratts stared at what they saw. On tables lay an assortment of commonplace objects which at first sight appeared to be pieces of rope, hammers, kitchen knives and the like; at second sight they turned out to be pieces of rope, hammers, kitchen knives and the like. Each was labeled.

"Now what," asked Mr. Bentley, picking up a common hammer with the care of a connoisseur handling a Ming vase, "do you think this is?"

He placed it in Mrs. Pratt's hands.

"A hammer," said Mrs. Pratt.

Mr. Bentley beamed.

"Yes," he said, "but what hammer?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You remember, of course," said Mr. Bentley almost reverently, "the famous Baxter Street murders, don't you, Mrs. Pratt?"

"I can't say that I do," replied that lady.

"What?" Mr. Bentley was politely shocked. "Dear me! They were the most interesting murders in the history of crime in Rhode Island. The victims," said Mr. Bentley, warming to his subject, "were three maiden ladies named Pettigrew, very respectable and active in reform work in Pawtucket. They were found hammered to death. A man named Walter Goff was hanged for it. The only reason he could give for his atrocious act was that he didn't like the Misses Pettigrew. And that hammer"—Mr. Bentley pointed dramatically—"was the very one he used."

There was a sound as of a hammer being dropped on a rug. Mr. Bentley picked it up, dusted it off solicitously and replaced it on the table.

"This," he said, holding up a foot of rope, "was part of the rope used in his execution. I tried to get all of it, but it was divided and sold to other crime fanciers."

Mr. Bentley smiled.

"You see," he said, "I had more than a collector's interest in this case. I had what might be called a sentimental interest. The unfortunate Mr. Goff was a distant relative of mine. My mother's people were Woonsocket Goffs. Do you happen to know them, Mr. Pratt?"

"I have not had the pleasure," said Mr. Pratt. "Harriet, had we not better be going home? I have some work to do tonight."

"This knife," said Mr. Bentley, "figured in an amusing small murder in Poughkeepsie five years ago. A dentist named Edgar B. Whipple stabbed a druggist named Howard T. Bush in an argument over whether a St. Bernard is a better dog than a Newfoundland. What do you think, Mr. Pratt?"

"I never gave the matter thought," said Mr. Pratt. "Harriet, I think we really must be going."

"And this," went on Mr. Bentley, with the rapt manner of an enthusiast, "is the saw that the notorious Ernest Saltpeter used in dismembering his victims. A genius in his way. I bought this saw from him the day before he was electrocuted. I have his written guaranty that he used it in five, possibly six, of his cases. Funny thing about him—all his victims were neighbors against whom he had some real or fancied grievance. For example, he dismembered a well-to-do cost accountant named Henry S. Poole, for no better reason than that Mr. Poole, who was an ardent churchman, objected to Saltpeter playing halma on the Sabbath. Saltpeter was one of the best amateur halma players in the country, as you doubtless know."

"I didn't," said Mr. Pratt. "Come, Harriet, we must go."

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Bentley. "Do come again soon. I have a lot of other items to show you."

At breakfast next morning Mr. Pratt worried his shirred eggs somewhat nervously.

"I'm asked to a tea party at Mrs. Hummell's house this afternoon," his wife announced.

"Hummell," reported Mr. Pratt, "is digging again."

"I see him," said Mrs. Pratt. "And have you noticed Mr. Cusack?"

"No," said Mr. Pratt, moving so he could get a view of the Cusack yard. He gazed, speechless, at Mr. Cusack for some moments.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Pratt. "What sort of place is this, anyhow?"

Leonard Cusack was dressed in the blazing red wool shirt and patent-leather helmet of an old-time fireman of the Davy Crockett Hook and Ladder Company school. He had two large tin pails, such as are used in watering horses. One was full of water, the other was empty. Standing in the exact center of his yard, he was pouring water from the full pail into the empty one. Having emptied the first pail, he poured the water back into it again. He did this without haste, but with great earnestness, again and again.

"I'll go mad if he doesn't stop," prophesied Mrs. Pratt. "He's been doing that for fifteen minutes."

Leonard Cusack, a look of the utmost concentration on his freckled face, was still going through his mysterious rites with the two pails, and Chester Hummell, dressed for the opera, was still digging his daily hole, when Willis G. Pratt, unable to stand the strain longer, hastily fled his home and took an early train to the city.

When Mr. Pratt, after a day during which he accomplished little work, for his mind was full of perplexities and fears, returned to his home, No. 3, the Elbow, he found the door locked. Long ringings on the bell finally brought his wife to the door. Agitation was written on her face as she cautiously unbolted the door and admitted her husband.

"It's you, thank heaven!" she said, and exercising self-control, did not give way to tears of relief.

"Why, Harriet, what is the matter? You're positively upset. That's not like you. Courage! Fortitude! Soul-Vitalism! What's happened?"

"Willis," said Mrs. Pratt, "lock the door. Pull the hatrack in front of it. I do not feel safe in this house."

"Calm, my dear, calm," enjoined Mr. Pratt, his own voice fluttering a bit.

"Willis," said Mrs. Pratt tensely, "I went to that tea party at Mrs. Hummell's this afternoon."

"Surely," said Mr. Pratt, "that is no reason for these signs of alarm and trepidation."

"Isn't it? Oh, isn't it? Listen!" said Mrs. Pratt. "Mildred, leave the room."

"I won't," said Mildred.

"You will," said Mrs. Pratt, temporarily laying aside her principles relative to the coercion of the young, "or I'll skin you alive."

Mildred went.

"Now then?" said Mr. Pratt

"I went to the door of the Hummell home," said Mrs. Pratt, and she was pale and distrait, "and Mrs. Hummell opened it for me herself—and oh, Willis, what do you think?"

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 117)

"I do not think," said Mr. Pratt, "until I know the facts."

"Willis," said Mrs. Pratt, "Mrs. Hummell was wearing a bathing suit!"

"Wearing a bathing suit?" repeated Mr. Pratt.

"A red one—bright red," said Mrs. Pratt. "And a picture hat."

"You astonish me, Harriet."

"And what is more," went on Mrs. Pratt, "all the other ladies were dressed the same way. Red bathing suits—at a formal tea! I was too amazed to say anything."

"You must have been amazed," said Mr. Pratt.

"I should have protested, I suppose," said Mrs. Pratt, "or asked an explanation. But I was a guest; and oh, Willis, the most terrible part of it was that they seemed entirely unaware of their condition. They actually talked and served tea without making any mention of their state."

"Red bathing suits and picture hats!" said Mr. Pratt. "Dear me! Dear me!"

"And that wasn't all," his wife went on. "They smoked and they drank."

"I'd believe anything now," said Mr. Pratt. "What did they drink?"

"The bottle said Non-Alcoholic Crême de Menthe," said Mrs. Pratt, "but Mrs. Hummell said it was real absinth. They drank tumblerful after tumblerful."

"Heavens above!" cried Mr. Pratt. "Heavens above! Where is our child? Did you lock the back door?"

Down in the cellar of the Fosters four ladies and four gentlemen were congregated.

"They never even called to say good-by," said Mrs. Foster.

"I move," said Mrs. Hummell, "that the Town Betterment Association of Mertonia adjourn indefinitely."

Nobody paid any attention to her. Crowded against the cellar window, the others were watching the last Pratt moving van crunch and mumble its way down the hill.

THE POETS' CORNER

Congratulations on a Marriage

WEEP and cry and long to die;
And then, when another man goes by,
Put a smile within your eye ——

Trap yourself again, again!
Haven't you had enough of men?
Haven't you learned to tell Fate when?

Black of eye or gray or blue,
There's not a man that's kind or true.
Hadn't you heard? I thought you knew!

Black of hair or gold or brown,
There isn't one but will turn you down
When a younger woman comes to town.

But this one's different? Yes, I know.
It's the luck of the men that he should be, though,
For we think each different, and so ——

Kiss his curls and his forehead, then
Try the tricky game again.
But the cards are stacked when you play with men.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Dreamer

I

YOUNG Timothy Neil was a backward boy, so all of the neighbors said,
But they never imagined the wonderful dreams that floated through Timothy's head;
Dreams, not for the idle and thoughtless ones, but only for him alone—
Impossible fabrics of gossamer, and ghosts of a glowing stone.

But out of that marvelous stone he built a castle that reached the blue,
And out of the gossamer fashioned wings that into the heavens flew.

He never was much of a farmer boy. He followed the heavy plow,
With weather cracks on his calloused hands and the sweat grime on his brow.
His feet were heavy and awkward, too, as he stumbled across the clods;
And the furrow he turned, so the neighbors laughed, was a spectacle for the gods.

But at evening time, when the chores were done and he sat on the barnyard bars,
His soul took flight on its gossamer wings and traveled among the stars.

II

Young Tim grew into an awkward man, still diffident and alone,
But still he dreamed of his gossamer wings and his castle of glowing stone;
A girl now stood in his house of dreams, and a glory was in her hair,
And Love and Joy and a beautiful Peace sang low in the golden air.

(What dreams to dream when the body stoops and is covered with dust and sweat!
But the stars still beckoned to Timothy Neil and he knew he would reach them yet.)

All day he worked in the harvest field, the sun on his patient head,
A silent and stolid and crude young man who toiled for his daily bread;
And every sheaf that he garnered in was a step on the golden stair
That led to the heights where his castle stood, and the maiden that waited there.

But the years came on and the years went by, and never a maiden knew
Of the wonderful purple of gossamer wings or the castle that reached the blue.

III

The years came on and the years went by and into his dreaming crept
The singing of wind in the far-off pines, where beckoning Fortune slept;
He heard the music of streams that flowed down wonderful golden bars;
He saw the moon in their quivering pools, the tremulous light of stars.

The neighbors grinned when he went away, and none of them ever guessed
That he followed the light of his glowing stone, on the long trail, going West.

. . . . . .

He shivered in many a wilderness. He starved where the hoarse wind sang.
On many a river the click of his pick and the clink of his shovel rang.
He made his camp in the cañon bed; he slept in the icy Pass.
A thousand miles and a thousand miles at the tail of his old jackass,
He trod the steeps with his patient feet while the years went on and on,
And nothing was left but a stooped old man, with all but his dreaming gone;
And nobody gave him a second glance when passing his lonely camp,
Nor guessed the dreams in his shrunken head—he was only a jackass tramp.

For his alone were the dreams he dreamed; and nobody ever knew
Of the constant whisper of gossamer wings or the castle that reached the blue.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The Path

THERE was a path I used to know—
It led into the sky;
Daisies marked the way to go
And grass grew high.
But yesterday I went again
The selfsame way;
Nothing was changed, an old man said,
And yet I found it only led
To barren fields and gray!

—*Mollie Cullen.*

An Autumn Song

LEAVES have turned brown again;
We're back in town again,
Where up and down again
We must go treading while motor horns sound;
Sadly we frown again.
Life seems a shuttle—a merry-go-round!

Leisure has gone again;
Dull is the dawn again;
Oh, how we yawn again
When we must leave our matutinal swound!
Each is a pawn again.
Life seems a shuttle—a merry-go-round!

Fled is romance again;
Mad goes the dance again
Where we chase Chance again,
Chance which the hare is while we are the hound;
Looked at askance again,
Life seems a shuttle—a merry-go-round!

Put on your mask again;
Tackle your task again;
You cannot bask again.
Now in the shackles of duty you're bound;
If you should ask again—
Life seems a shuttle—a merry-go-round!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Unuttered

HOW shall I write of you? How can I frame
In words, however jeweled, what you are?
There lingers such a glory in your name—
Your loveliness so secret is, and far!
Oh, I can praise the color of your eyes,
The sweetness of your laughter and your face,
Full many lines of melody devise,
And in a song your words and gestures trace;
Or passionately I can touch the strings
Of life until, perchance, you smile or weep.
And I can tell in poesy such things
As angels sometimes whisper in their sleep.
But more—ah, ever more than eyes can see,
Lips utter or ears hear—you are to me.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of

HE DOES his job without a single thrill
Or any vision of the end in view.
He toils because his needs compel him to
And there is rent to pay and mouths to fill.
He gains, in time, a sluggish sort of skill
To save his strength, that when the day is through
He may be human for a while, and do
Within his limitations what he will.

He does not know, nor, knowing, would he care
That he is vital to all splendid schemes
Of grace and beauty. He would dumbly stare
If you should tell him he was building dreams
In steel and stone. He works because he must;
The drudge, without whom all our dreams are dust!

—*Berton Braley.*

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The Nickel Lunch

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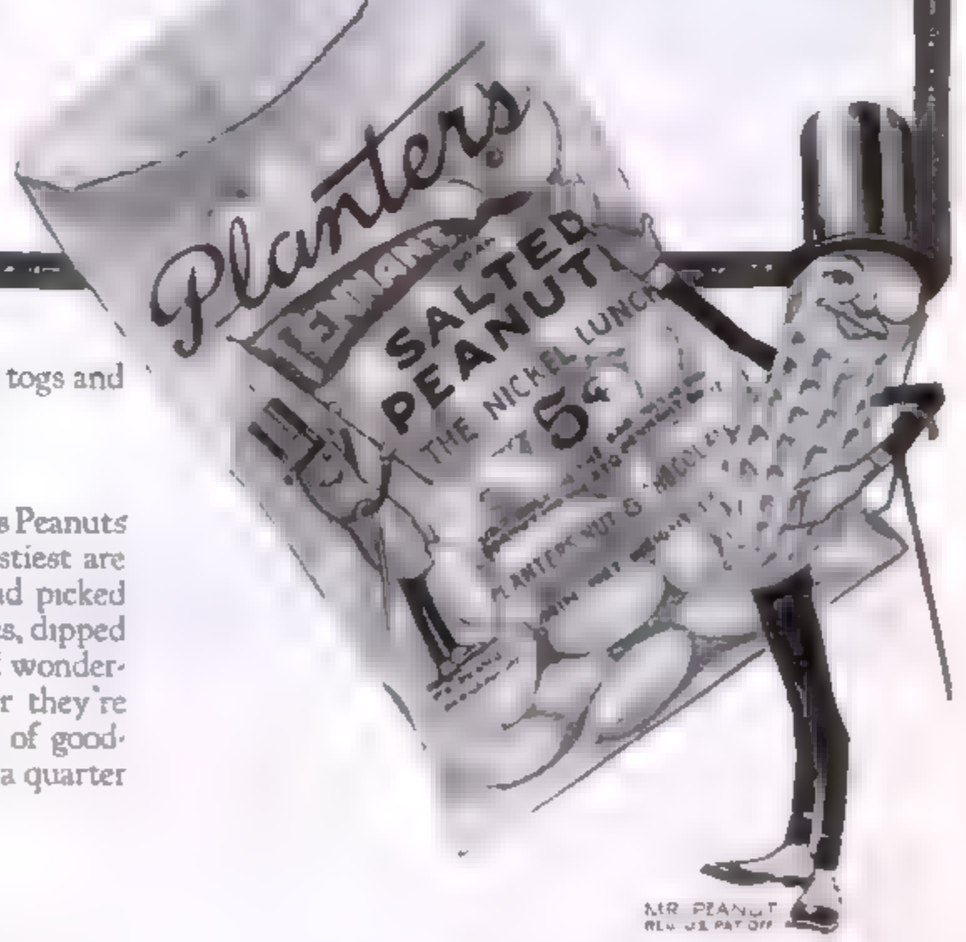

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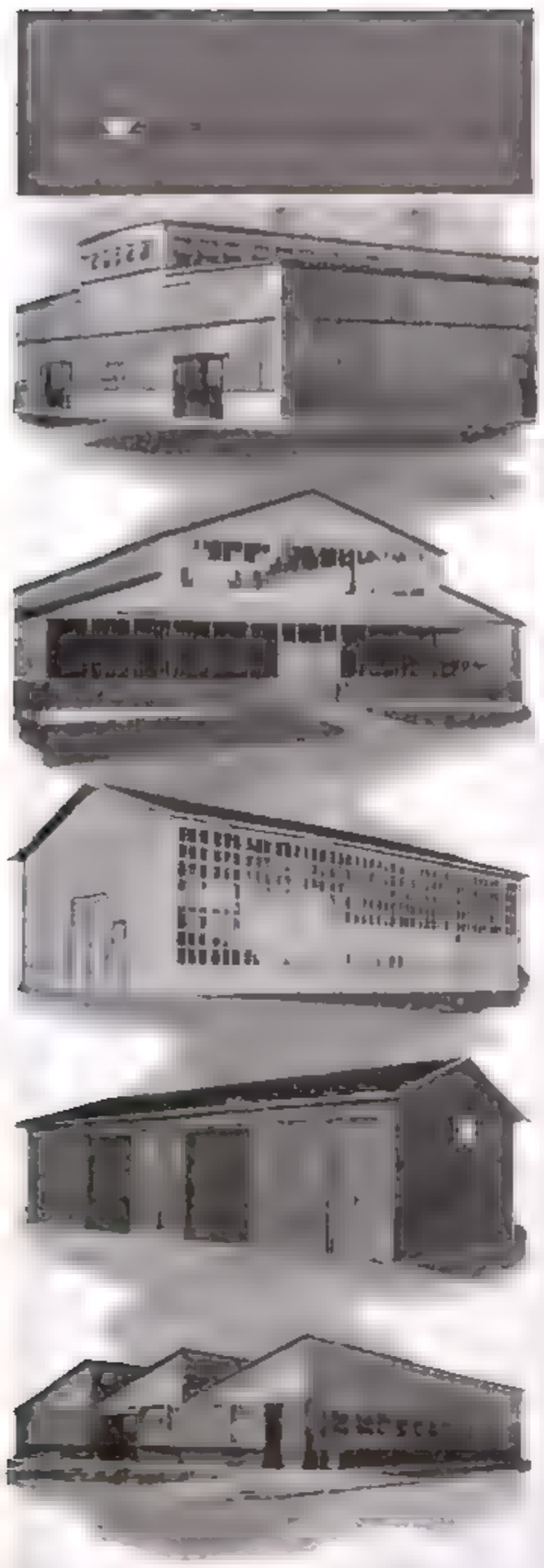

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CITY SLICKERS

(Continued from Page 14)

completely hick-like folk in the world than city people themselves.

Facts are matters less stimulating to urban vainglory than the stories, plays, songs and jests prepared by the city dweller for the consumption of his fellow sophisticates. Contrary to the fiction formula, the girl who leaves the old homestead to match her farm-bred ability against the ravening metropolis usually returns, not through the howling blizzard, but merely for a summer vacation each year. The lamp set in the window to guide her vanquished brother homeward is retired, more often than not, by the wandering boy himself who sends home a portion of his earnings to install an electric-light plant for the old folks.

As for the farmer—the trusting, gullible, spendthrift, unwary hick of urban fable—something is wrong with this picture too. He has wrung a living from the soil too long to cherish the idea that one gets much for little in this world. The magazines he subscribes for and the testimony offered on the porch of the general store while the mail is being sorted have done much to tarnish and chip his bright patina of rural innocence, and have filled his spirit with a tough and gnarled suspicion regarding gold bricks and even more carefully contrived swindles. Furthermore, there is no class in this republic more fully aware of the value of cash. The farmer makes his money painfully. He lets it go with scarcely less agony, and he assuages that anguish as much as possible by obtaining assurances from his neighbors and the president of the rural bank beforehand that he is going to get his money's worth. As a prospect for the blandishments of a bewhiskered German count in distress, the farmer is generally the nearest human approach to a minus quantity.

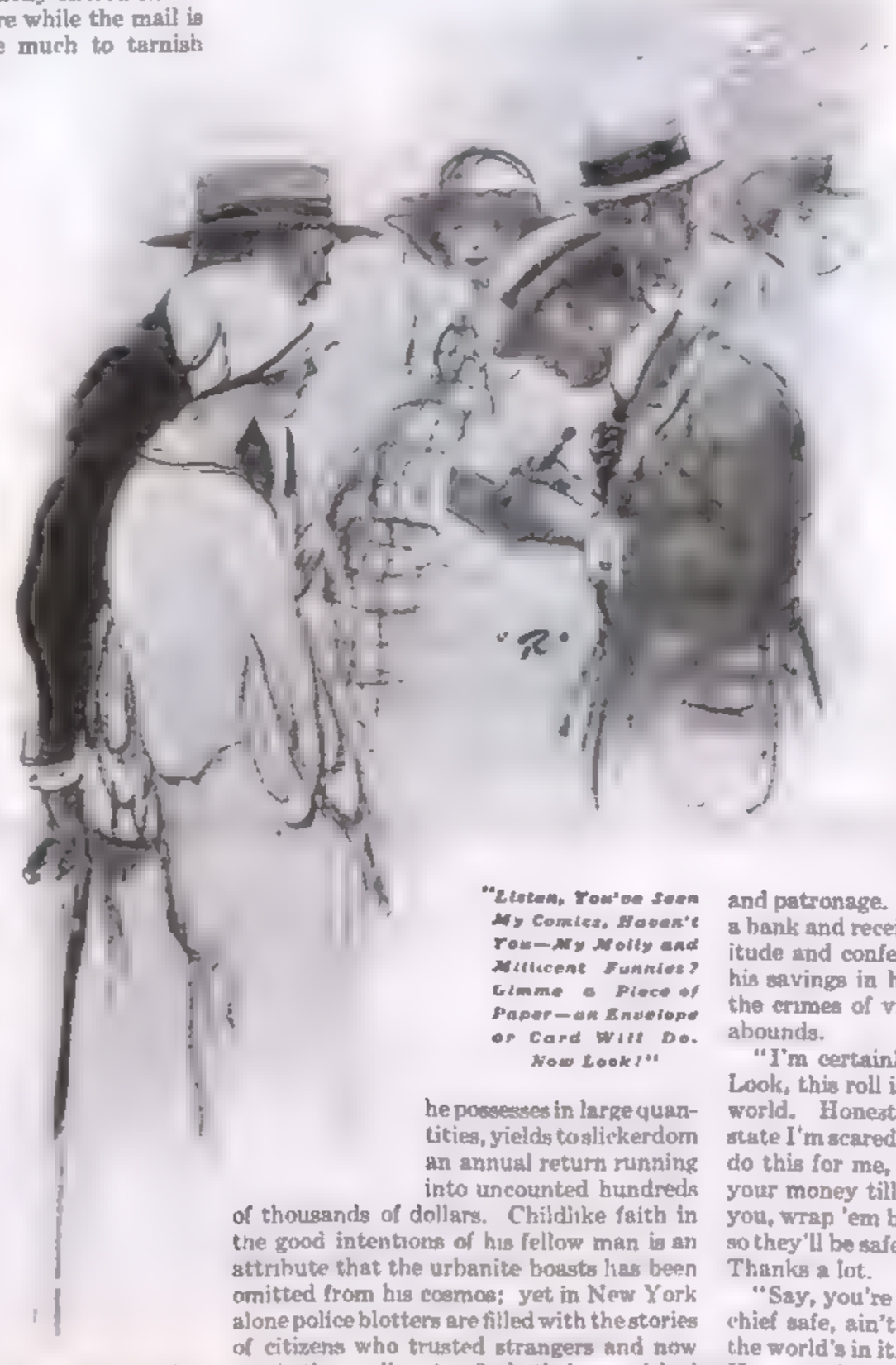
Rich Picking

The Yellow Kid realized this, and in choosing an urbanite for his victim adhered to orthodoxy and common sense. Like thousands who had preceded him and other thousands who are following him, he profited by the legends created by city folk for their own glorification. The farmer or villager, every city dweller knows, is the person who gets swindled. The urbanite is far too wily and experienced to succumb to the snares of the slicker. So the legend runs; and, like many legends, truth can be found in the exact antithesis of its teachings

For every three-card-monte or shell-game man who fleeces yokels at county fairs, circuses and traveling carnivals, a thousand swindlers ply their trade in New York City. For every salesman of wildcat stock who travels the dirt roads of the hinterland, hundreds tramp city sidewalks. For every bunko steerer, sharper and confidence man who appeals to the avarice of the farmer or villager, untold numbers work similar schemes in the big cities of the nation; and for every dollar the rural swindlers accumulate, they take in twenty.

It is not the so-called hick whose hickhood is profitable to the city slicker. It is the urbanite himself who is the perfect dupe, cocksure, extravagant, infinitely gullible, and at the same time believing devoutly in his own canniness and immunity. This is fact, indorsed by the experience of policemen and swindlers the country over. Slickers and cops alike know that the city dweller is the ideal victim for the swindler, that bunko games at which the farmer would turn up a sun-tanned and scornful nose can still be worked with much profit to their operators in a community as supposedly sophisticated as New York City.

The simplicity of the city dweller, the lack of that wariness and experience which he is so supremely confident



"Listen, You've Seen My Comics, Haven't You—My Molly and Millicent Funnies? Gimme a Piece of Paper—an Envelope or Card Will Do. Now Look!"

he possesses in large quantities, yields to slickerdom an annual return running into uncounted hundreds of thousands of dollars. Childlike faith in the good intentions of his fellow man is an attribute that the urbanite boasts has been omitted from his cosmos; yet in New York alone police blotters are filled with the stories of citizens who trusted strangers and now want the police to find their vanished money.

The works of the late Horatio Alger listed the pocketbook game as among the perils of New York in the 1860's. In 1925, New Yorkers are still falling for it. A man, walking at your side, clutches your arm and says tensely, "Look there!" You follow the direction indicated by his trembling index finger, and there, in the gutter, lies a wallet.

The person who has arrested your progress picks it up and opens it.

"Gosh!" he exclaims. "Look! A fifty-dollar bill!"

He hesitates an instant, evidently struggling against the darker impulses of his nature and wins an obvious victory.

"Here," he offers, "you saw it too. Part of it belongs to you. Tell you what I'll do. You gimme twenty-five dollars and you can have the wallet. 'S fair, ain't it?"

This is the moment when the victim should walk sternly away or else clasp the wallet finder firmly with both arms and yell for the police. It is so old and clumsy a game that even the unintellectual heroes of Mr. Alger's improving books sneered at it sixty-five years ago. Truth is stranger than fiction. The victim of today usually has no impulse to call upon the police until he has tried to change the bill for which he gave the generous finder twenty-five dollars and has been informed that it is the shabbiest sort of counterfeit, and the fashion in which he attained it the hoariest sort of confidence game.

Another game, of almost equal age, is still worked upon supposedly sophisticated New Yorkers by slickers with a reverence for tradition. A merchant starts from his store to deposit money in the bank. On his way thither an obvious stranger in the city walks along beside him, casting frightened glances over his shoulder and at length summons up sufficient courage to speak.

The Handkerchief

"Say," he stammers, "I s'pose this is an awful tough neighborhood, ain't it? I'm scared stiff. I gotta lot of money in my pocket. Gee, I wish I was back home! Is there a bank anywhere round here?"

The fright and uncertainty of the stranger fills the heart of the merchant with a mixture of sympathy and patronage. He offers to conduct him to a bank and receives in return a flood of gratitude and confession. The stranger has all his savings in his pocket. He has read of the crimes of violence with which the city abounds.

"I'm certainly obliged to you, pardner. Look, this roll is all the money I got in the world. Honest, my nerves are in such a state I'm scared to death to carry it. Listen, do this for me, will ya? Put my roll with your money till we get to the bank. I tell you, wrap 'em both up in this handkerchief so they'll be safe, and carry 'em. I'm afraid. Thanks a lot.

"Say, you're sure you got that handkerchief safe, ain't cha? Everything I got in the world's in it. Lemme carry it a minute? Here, you better take it back again. I think there's someone followin' me. Gosh, I wish we'd get to the bank! Aw, my shoe's untied. You go on ahead. I'll catch up."

Fifteen minutes later, the superior and patronizing citizen, superior and patronizing no longer, is stammering out his story to a bored police lieutenant at the station desk. When he got to the bank, his protégé had vanished, and the handkerchief contained nothing but strips of paper. The lieutenant yawns.

"That's the handkerchief game," he explains wearily. "He shifted handkerchief bundles on you when you let him carry the money. 'S wonder you guys won't ever learn anything!"

(Continued on Page 125)

Personalities of Paramount

RICARDO CORTEZ

The dark and dashing blade who can make love, war or laughter equally well is the rôle made to order for Ricardo Cortez. As a hot-blooded cavalier in Argentine Love he made a terrific hit, and his star shone equally brightly in Children of Jazz, Feet of Clay, The Spaniard, Not So Long Ago, In the Name of Love. His newest Paramount Picture appearance will be in the great epic The Pony Express.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed mustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in The Spanish Dancer, Shadows of Paris, The Fast Set, Forbidden Paradise, Lost A Wife, Are Parents People. His newest Paramount Picture will be The King on Main Street

WALLACE BEERY

To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV in The Spanish Dancer, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier. New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are The Wanderer and The Pony Express, In The Name of Love.

Paramount Pictures

Don't be too critical to enjoy life!

There is such a thing as being too wise to enjoy yourself, too solemn to know that tonight's the night and Paramount's the show.

There are at least ten thousand audiences every night thrilling to Paramount Pictures, but think of the old-fashioned millions who still don't know that Paramount of 1925 is different from the movies of years ago.

At least five million inhabitants of the United States would get the pleasantest surprise of their lives if they saw a Paramount Picture tonight.

According to our records these five million have not seen a photoplay since before the war, and they still think the Custard Pie rules the roost.

Today the greatest names and fames in literature and drama are allied with Paramount to delight nations. Look at the programs!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and catch up with the dance of life!

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Is All the Light in Your Lap?

You promise yourself a beautiful time, a "nice long evening at home".

You're going to read a book that you've been rather keen to get at—

You want to sit down with the new magazines—

There are letters you really want to write—or maybe it's sewing or embroidery which makes you look forward to a quiet, pleasant, long evening.

But when you get all fixed, after dinner, you find that your enthusiasm doesn't last. Next thing you know, you're yawning.

And pretty soon you decide to go out, or to drift off to bed. You "don't feel like reading". You're tired. You're only half there.

Don't be cross with yourself, or accuse yourself of laziness. It's probably the way the room is lighted that makes you feel that way.

Men who know about these things say it's all wrong to think that plenty of light on book or work is all the light you need to read or work by. You want *the room* light, too.

You can find out in two evenings how right that is.

Sit down under your reading-lamp tonight, with the rest of the room dark. See how quickly lassitude and tiredness get you.

Tomorrow evening, light the other lamps as well as your reading-lamp.

Have light all around you, instead of just a lapful.

Have enough lamps, have them big enough, shade them to diffuse the light, *and use them.*

Have *the whole room* light, and you'll like your evening more.

Don't keep all the light in your lap. That's no way to do it.

National MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 122)

The landlord game is newer, but also based on the amazing ability possessed by New Yorkers for believing whatever is told them. This swindle originated with the housing problem and the upward flight of rents. Two well-dressed men enter an East Side tenement and climb to the top floor, there to knock upon a flat door. When this is opened one of the visitors introduces the other as the new owner of the building.

"I'm your new landlord, Mrs. Cohen," the introduced one explains. "I've called to ask you whether you intend to stay on here. Well, I've been obliged to raise the rents two dollars a month and I've a tenant who wants to move in here right away if you don't want to meet the raise. If you're going to keep the flat I'd like the extra two dollars now."

From top floor to bottom the pair progress, collecting two dollars at each apartment on the way. Then they vanish, leaving distress in their wake and causing the long-suffering landlord of the premises actual woe when he makes his monthly rent-collecting visit.

If this particular swindle reaches epidemic proportions and the police intervene, there are others as simple and requiring no more preparation that the slicker can employ until the storm blows over. In New York the supply of suckers is practically unlimited. They can be found everywhere, even in such unpropitious-looking fishing grounds as the dingy and disheartened crowds that linger about in front of employment agencies, reading with wistful eyes the opportunities set forth on the blackboard mounted in a window.

Working the Janitors

Through these shabby and depressed applicants for whom no opening can be found the slicker ranges until he finds a janitor out of work. He gets all details of the man's plight with an artful tongue—particularly whether he has savings laid aside. If he has, the game gets under way.

"I like your looks," the jobless janitor's questioner says suddenly. "I'll tell you who I am and what I've been asking all these questions for. I'm agent for the new office building that's going up at Dash Avenue and Blank Street. I came down here today to look for a man of experience to take the job of superintendent. We'll pay twenty-five hundred dollars a year and living quarters for the right man. Think you want the place?"

He cuts short the verbal flood of acquiescence and gratitude and raises a warning hand.

"You'll have to come round and see the owner first," he explains. "The old man won't hire anyone for an important job like this unless he sees him first. And another thing, you'll have to pay fifty dollars for a surety bond. Willing to do that? All right, come along and we'll see the boss."

When they arrive before the almost completed building, the owner stands here, registering proprietorship. He is dubious over his agent's selection of a superintendent and is persuaded to employ him only after considerable demurral.

"The thing for you to do," the agent proclaims when the interview is at an end, "is to clinch the job by getting your surety bond right away. The old man likes quick action. Know how to get it? Well, say, I want you to have this job. I like you. Let me have the money and I'll see to it."

Having landed his sucker, the slicker returns to the fishing ground for another. Sometimes he and his accomplice, who poses as the owner, hire four or five janitors for a building in a single day. The next day the persuasive pair move to another almost finished structure, leaving their victims who have paid fifty dollars each in hope of a permanent job to fight it out with the real owner of the building for which they have been "hired."

Money is plentiful in a big city. Life runs more easily there than in the rural districts, and at the same time more swiftly. Existence flows in carefully contrived channels and money is the motive power. Money is a substitute for personal endeavor. It brings one his food, cooks it for him, is even a substitute for the physical effort of locomotion. In the city, money enters into innumerable transactions and affairs of life from which it is absent in the open spaces. Thus, in urban life, there is less thrift and possibly more than normal hunger for wealth. The confidence man takes advantage of both tendencies.

Life is easier and less self-dependent in a metropolis, and emotions flow close to the surface. City folk are more volatile than ruralites. Their sympathy, their generosity and their avarice are more easily aroused. They live always on the borderland of hysteria, great masses of humanity, routine-lived, eager to make and to spend money.

Through these herds of complacent, affluent, emotional men range the blackmailer, the swindler, his little brother the professional beggar, and his cousin the panhandler, finding their victims with an ease and profit that would be impossible in the open country where men's heads and fists are harder and retribution is more certain.

In a big city, however carefully policed, a swindler enjoys an immunity for which he cannot hope in the rural districts. The farmer or villager who is defrauded by the city slicker displays thereafter a lamentable—from the sharper's point of view—lack of self-consciousness. When the ruralite discovers that he has been cheated, everyone within earshot learns about it immediately thereafter.

His squawks of indignation are full-chested and raucous. He tells his neighbors, the constable, the sheriff and his deputies. If possible, he would inform the governor and the President. All available forces are enlisted in running down the defrauder. Confronted by the choice of bearing his loss mutely or displaying himself as a sucker in the eyes of the neighborhood, the rural dweller pauses not for the fraction of an instant. Straightway he casts himself wholeheartedly into the rôle of the hooked sucker and continues to give a masterly interpretation thereof as long as anyone will listen to him or he has any chance of getting his money back.

Such lack of reticence is enormously repugnant to the urbanite. More even than money, he cherishes the reputation for being a wise guy, an individual who cannot be fooled. He can imagine no keener humiliation than to appear in the eyes of the police and before the newspaper readers of his city as a dupe. He would rather lose money unprotestingly than thus to be pilloried. Frequently he does.

The City Dweller's Modesty

This sublime egotism of the city dweller, this delicate modesty that forbids him to call for aid when the jaws of the trap have clamped about his foot, is a trait that has been worth millions to swindlers. Often it has enabled them to rescue their scheme when disaster and possible arrest loomed up ahead.

A New Yorker invested largely in the stock of an oil company whose resources consisted of a suite in a big office building, some mahogany furniture, deep-piled rugs, photographs of oil wells in violent fits of upheaval, a beautifully drawn but completely mendacious map, a whole sheaf of spurious leases and a large stack of finely engraved and delicately tinted stock certificates.

Disaster that overtook numerous purchasers of similar securities woke growing qualms of uneasiness in the investor. He confided his apprehensions to no one. Being an urbanite, he could think of no one better qualified to handle the situation than he was himself. Accordingly, he wrote to the postmaster of a town near where his concern claimed its oil wells were spouting with daily increasing enthusiasm, and in due time received a reply denying the presence of any oil wells whatever within the postmaster's ken.

A single loud squawk of the victim in the ears of constituted authority would have brought the whole structure of deception down about the ears of its builders; but this particular victim, being a New Yorker, refused to squawk. He knew the ensuing publicity would be large and not specially complimentary to his own intelligence. He would be pictured in print as a sucker. This thought made him shudder.

Armed with the postmaster's fatal letter, he invaded the richly appointed offices of the concern, plumped his evidence down before the office manager and asked in a frigidly menacing tone how about it. This rosily genial and confident gentleman immediately lost all his color, half his confidence, but none of his geniality.

Investigating on His Own

Of course, he said, there was some mistake. Breathing hard through his nose, the victim agreed with him. Gradually recovering, the manager then urged the defrauded one not to worry, to put all doubt from his mind and trust in the integrity of the organization. In reply, he heard a passionate speech, emphasized with awkward and unrehearsed gestures and containing such abhorrent words as "police," "district attorney" and "post-office inspectors."

But, of course, the manager retorted smoothly, such action would be hasty and extremely ill advised. Would Mr. Dash bottle his wrath temporarily and wait until that afternoon, when, fortunately, the directors of the company were to hold a meeting at which they would be glad to hear Mr. Dash's fancied grievance and iron out any trouble? After a moment's thought, Mr. Dash decided he would, and retired as the office manager reached for the telephone.

The board of directors, seated about the rented mahogany table that afternoon, listened to the victim's complaint, displaying meanwhile well-groomed and well-bred distress at Mr. Dash's vehemence. Obviously, the chairman of the board purred, when the accuser paused for breath, explanation of the problem was simple. The postmaster was in the pay of a rival oil company which wished to get control of the property and would stoop to anything to destroy the confidence of its rival's stockholders. That was the cause of the trouble, of course. Mr. Dash replied "Of course!" with a nasty inflection, and breathed hard through his nose again, while the opulent directors registered disapproval as well as distress.

With the humorously resigned air of a man who, in the face of all sensory evidence, has been accused of being Siamese twins, the chairman of the board then spoke further. It grieved him, he announced—it grieved and dismayed the members of the board to find that a stockholder should suspect so obviously reputable a concern of the shady dealings that, he admitted, now and then crept into the oil industry. As for the charge that there were no oil wells in that part of California, that was, of course, ridiculous. Consider the photographs; consider also the map; regard, furthermore, the leases they held. But that, alas, in the case of Mr. Dash, evidently was not enough. He needed further assurance. Very well, he should have it. The chairman threw a tremolo into his voice, while the directors nodded sadly in agreement, and proceeded as follows:

"Mr. Dash, the company wants you to go to California and inspect our wells. We want you to do this at our expense and wish you to travel as comfortably as possible. We should be delighted to have you take your wife along. We wish you to go over our property, see the wells that have been brought in, observe the others we are drilling and return when and how you please. We pay all the bills. In return for this, we ask nothing of you except the renewed trust of a valued stockholder in our organization. Is that fair?"

Mr. Dash wavered between bluster and abject apology. Certainly, as the chairman

Jantzen

—the Coat to wear anywhere

Why it excels

There are important basic reasons for the outstanding quality of this knitted coat. One is "Jantzen yarn." Only the longest, strongest wool fibres, *combed straight*, are used. This makes possible a fineness of texture that can be obtained in no other way. Another is "Jantzen stitch." This stitch is knitted on special machines, designed by Jantzen, and gives permanent elasticity.

Jantzen, the coat to wear anywhere, is the most widely usable garment in a man's wardrobe. It is equally well adapted to *work, rest or play*

At your favorite store in latest shades and patterns. Send for descriptive folder and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric. *Dealers—Write or wire. We ship promptly by prepaid express.*

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Companion to the Nation's Swimming Suit

Closed view of Model 1120-R-2

Leave nothing to desire—but possession

LET radio bring beauty into the home. Let the classic furniture periods lend their exquisite lines and details to cabinets of rare woods. Let the top be convenient for flowers. Let the radio and its accessories be concealed yet immediately accessible. All this Pooley makes possible.

Radio has made an immense advance. You see it in Pooley Radio Cabinets with 5-tube Atwater Kent receiving set and built-in Pooley floating horn.

They leave nothing to be desired by lovers of radio and of beauty—except possession. Visit the Pooley dealer near you.

Six beautiful, new Pooley Radio and Radio-Phonograph Cabinets, priced from $75 to $295, are shown and described in a booklet that is waiting for you. Send for it.

Open view of Model 1120-R-2
Stuart Style. Walnut or Mahogany. Price complete, less tubes and batteries, $225

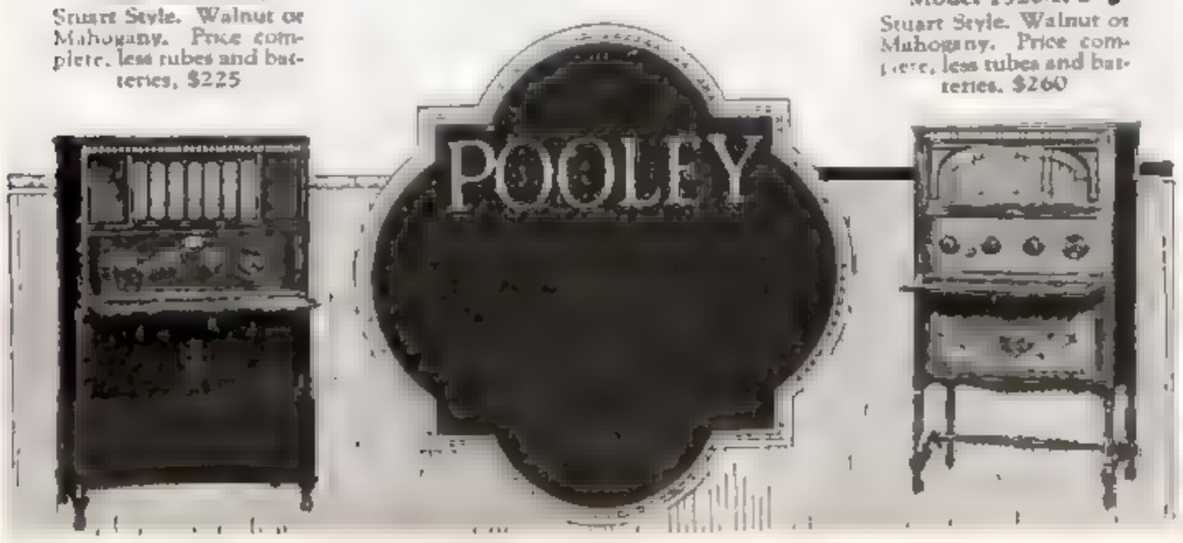
THE POOLEY COMPANY
1646 Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

←Model 1400-R-1
Louis XVI Style. Mahogany. Price, less set, tubes and batteries, $75

Model 1600-R-2→
Italian Style. Walnut or Mahogany. Price complete, less tubes and batteries, $200

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

Model 1320-R-2
Stuart Style. Walnut or Mahogany. Price complete, less tubes and batteries, $260



had said, the offer seemed at least fair. Finally he consented to go. He took his wife along, cannily engaging transportation and a drawing-room each way before he started. The company footed the bill without complaint, and in addition insisted on advancing several hundred dollars' expense money. It was a four-day trip to the alleged oil fields. It was another four days back again; but it seemed longer to the victim, who had substantiated the testimony already sent him by the postmaster. There were no spouting wells in evidence, no drilling was being carried on for oil, not even was there any property such as the map of the concern set forth. By the time Mr. Dash got back to town there was no such concern either.

The nine-day leeway he had afforded the swindlers by his trip had been more than sufficient time in which to wind up their stock-selling campaign and depart, leaving no more trace than the vanished dreams of Mr. Dash and his fellow dupes.

Like all other business men, swindlers must keep up with the times if they hope to succeed. Types of confidence men and the games they play vary with the progress of the years. Slicker methods and slicker personalities that are still utilized in fiction and the drama are actually as obsolete as the gold brick. This has become a metaphor in the language, but its ingratiating vender is encountered today nowhere but in novels. The green-goods salesman of a few decades ago is now extinct as the great auk. No longer does he sell the sucker packages of greenbacks "printed from plates stolen from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving," which later revealed themselves to the criminally minded dupe as just so much waste paper, cut to bill size and carefully wrapped. The green-goods game is dead too. Even smart city men no longer fall for it.

The handkerchief game still clings to life, though it is senile now—only a shadow of the flourishing institution it used to be. So also the antiquarian slicker with a filial reverence for the past succeeds, every now and then, in reviving the money-machine game. In a large city someone always can be found who will buy one, human intelligence being so variable a quantity. The victim looks at the strange contraption that is set upon a table with its cable attached to an electric light socket, and dreams of immense wealth floating before him while the "inventor" lectures on the fashion in which the machine will swallow slips of paper and disgorge dollar bills, freshly printed and apparently genuine.

Famous Swindles of the Past

The swindler throws a switch. In the bowels of the "invention" wheels grind ponderously. He drops slips of blank paper into a slot. The grinding increases, lights flash and flicker on the mechanism, a bell rings, and, lo, emerging from the other end of the contraption is a brand-new dollar bill.

There are still folk who can be convinced that such an invention is cheap at five hundred dollars and will pay that much for it, to discover later that, for some unaccountable reason, the thing won't work when the vender has departed. Even the exploitation and unwelcome advertising afforded these ancestors of modern swindling schemes by reporters, authors and playwrights have been unable to eliminate them entirely; but, in general, these games of a former generation are moribund, archaic, gone with the snows of yesteryear so wistfully referred to by that great prototype of all city slickers, François Villon.

The con man, the bunko steerer of an elder day, has vanished also. You may find him today between the covers of a romance or behind the footlights, but not elsewhere. Florid in dress and florid in manner, with a picaresque imagination and the conscience of an alligator, he has passed to make way for more severely practical and utilitarian successors, the rising generation of slickers. The chief game of the old-time sharper was the hick, the rube, the stranger in the city. The swindles they perpetrated had at least the grace of humor and infinite audacity. It was Grand Central Pete who sold the Brooklyn Bridge to an eager investor. It was Hungry Joe who conferred the newspaper-selling concession of Herald Square upon a stranger, for a consideration.

There was a heartening catch-as-catch-can element in the tactics of these old-timers. They and their methods have passed. Even the victims have changed. They are no longer the rubes and heckers. City slickers now plunder city folk by preference. They have found them easier game. Only occasionally does the mordant humor of their predecessors creep into their work.

Shortly before the Volstead Act made it difficult for New Yorkers to purchase liquor in less than case lots, three men invaded a half-finished room in a building nearing completion. With an air of authority, two of them took measurements, talking meanwhile to a third, who listened to them with obvious respect. When the complicated evolutions with the measuring tape were completed, the trio departed. A day or so later the third man returned and protested at the manner in which plumbers were installing the pipe for this particular room.

"What do you care?" one of these queried, lifting a smutty face from his Stillson wrench.

A Hotel for Men

"What do I care!" the protestant repeated with growing agitation. "If you lay pipe that way, how am I gonna have me bar over yonder?"

"Your what?" the plumber gasped.

"Me bar," the other wailed. "You poor saps, I've rented this room for a bar an' I've paid three months' rent in advance, so I have, an' the owners have told me I can have things the way I want 'em, an' so I'll have 'em or ——"

"And when did you see the owners?" one of the plumbers queried.

"Wasn't they in here with me a coupla days ago?" the man demanded. "You saw 'em yourselves. I paid them three months' rent in advance for this barroom."

"Hey," one of the audience interposed, "do you know what this here buildin's gonna be?"

"And do I not?" the lessee of the barroom retorted. "It's a hotel for men it'll be, and it's a grand barroom I'll have if you apes lay pipe ——"

"Sure it's gonna be a hotel for men," the plumber agreed. "It's gonna be a Y. M. C. A. building."

"Who was them guys what said they owned the buildin'?" the victim demanded in a choked voice.

"Never seen 'em before," was the heartless response. "It's a cinch you'll never see 'em again. Who was it you was callin' saps?"

The dupe, who had neither long whiskers nor cowhide boots, and prided himself upon his metropolitan sophistication, plus a postgraduate course in human nature as bartender in a Ninth Avenue saloon, departed, uttering sounds of bereavement. He never found the men who leased him the barroom.

There is a hierarchy in slickerdom, a well-established caste system. While the big-time confidence man swindles his wealthy victim out of thousands, his feeble shabby relative, the professional beggar, most ignoble of the clan, gleans his quarters and half dollars. His is the lowest and most despicable station in slickerdom. In that sinister domain, others play for higher stakes and shoulder risks. They play upon the avarice of their victim or stalk him through women. In either case, the disaster that overtakes the dupe is largely his own fault.

The beggar, however, takes advantage of the warm-heartedness, the generosity toward the afflicted which city folk are not supposed to possess, but which they display nevertheless with fatuous abundance. The sympathy of the urbanite is easily touched, and when it stirs he reaches instinctively for

his bank roll. The beggar and the panhandler know this and grow affluent accordingly. In the rural districts their appeals for aid would be met with offers of work or food. He has no use for either of these. He wants cash. So he stays in the city.

The subterfuges by which the whining cripple, or the poor old woman who has lost her car fare, or the stranger whose pocket has been picked wrings coined commiseration from the supposedly hard-boiled cynical urbanites, are innumerable and generally shameful. These folk take no gambling chances for big stakes, yet the cash they obtain in a single year of mendicancy probably excels in the total of its driblets the larger plunderings of the wolves of the craft.

In New York City alone, where the term "hick" is supposed to carry the maximum of opprobrium, the money given away thoughtlessly and needlesaly to relieve nonexistent distress runs into hundreds of thousands yearly.

"Not one out of fifty thousand appeals for money made by beggars is genuine," a high police official said recently. "You can be morally certain the man or woman who asks you for cash is an out-and-out fake."

In spite of this and earlier warnings, the New Yorker continues to emulate the bruised blossom of the melodrama and pays and pays and pays. The flopper who can throw a fit with a smoothness and verisimilitude born of long practice can count upon a subscription from soft-hearted passers-by of five dollars or more per fit. The man who has a sick wife in Boston and no money to get there collects the fare ten times over in a working day. The woman who swoons from hunger receives enough relief during an eight-hour shift of swooning to enable her to eat all her meals in a Park Avenue restaurant. The cripple who is able to throw out hip or shoulder at will sits in his maimed condition with a pathetic tray of pencils before him and can make twenty dollars a day without ever selling a pencil.

New York gives to these cheap and petty swindlers open-handedly. It gives to the broken-down waiter who has been offered work but has not enough money to get his dress shirt out of the laundry. It gives to the enthusiastically weeping newsboy who will be beaten when he gets home unless he sells his papers. To all these and to their innumerable brethren, the city wise guys hand cash, without question or afterthought, and continue to laugh in deep abdominal gusts of merriment at the ingenuousness and unsophistication of the hick.

A Touching Relative

One step more exalted than the curbstone swindler is the petty fake who seeks his victim, not abroad, but at home or office. The schemes he devises require more preparation than do those of the beggar, and generally their yield is proportionately higher. Artists must live.

Here again, the appeal is not to the lower elements in human nature, but to sympathy, and it can be based on the most insignificant foundation. Given a newspaper, a city directory, the name of a person and the name of one of his friends—given even the gilt letters on an office door—and the petty fake can turn these into ready cash.

Into the private office of Aminadab Doofus, attorney at law, his secretary brings a card bearing in neat type the legend, "Eleazar Doofus." The Doofus family being no less loyal to its kin than the Smiths, Joneses or Robinsons, Aminadab orders the card's owner brought before him, wondering frantically meanwhile which one of his cousins Eleazar can be.

Eleazar's manner on entering displays mingled relief and anxiety. His clothing, while adequate and neat, is more reminiscent of a mail-order house than a Fifth Avenue tailor. Anxiously, Mr. Eleazar Doofus demands of Counselor Doofus if he, by any possible chance, is one of the New England Doofuses.

Aminadab's home is in New Jersey. There his ancestors have lived for generations, but in the back of his mind there is a hazy impression that the clan came originally from Swampscott. He confides this to Eleazar, and finds, to his amazement, that his visitor is none other than a representative of the Swampscott Doofuses—an indubitably genuine kinsman; and, what is more, a kinsman in distress. For Eleazar, that worthy confides, is the creditor of Wallace Wisser, the insurance broker who occupies offices in the same building with the counselor.

Eleazar confides further that he enjoyed life too enthusiastically along Broadway last night. You know what fellers from the small towns are when they come into the big city. Well, sir, the embarrassing part of it is that Mr. Wisser is away; won't be back before Monday, even though he owes Eleazar money and Eleazar needs it. Sad and disconcerting as it is, when the Swampscott Doofus had paid his hotel bill this morning, he found he didn't have enough left to get back home. Accordingly he had rushed downtown to collect from Mr. Wisser.

Quick Profits

Eleazar was leaving the building, at his wit's end, marooned in a great and heartless city, when the name of Doofus shone from the directory board in the lobby like a harbor light to a storm-tossed mariner. Accordingly he had got right back in the elevator and come up to see Counselor Doofus. Could Aminadab, for the sake of his renowned surname and the memory of their common great-great-grandfather, a founder of Swampscott, lend Eleazar the fifteen dollars necessary to get him back home?

When did a Doofus ever turn his back upon a fellow Doofus in distress? Eleazar showers thanks upon Aminadab, invites him and his family up to Swampscott for all next summer, and declining his rescuer's invitation to lunch departs. Eleazar can't stop to eat. This is his busy day.

In the hall, he smiles to himself. He has got fifteen dollars for fifteen minutes' work, minus the small matter of fifty cents for the printing of the cards. He takes the elevator down one floor, pauses before an office door blazoned with the legend "Rufus Blurge, Contractor," selects a card printed "William Blurge" and a few minutes later is asking Rufus if he isn't one of the New England Blurges; or, if Rufus' accent forbids that, whether he is a scion of the Blurges of the Old Dominion.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Aminadab Doofus is suffused with that self-satisfied glow which invests one who has done a good and noble deed. Mingled with this is a sharp and delectable consciousness of superiority. Counselor Aminadab, the urbanite, smiles in thinking of Eleazar, the poor hick.

It may be that Eleazar Doofus, alias William Blurge, alias almost anyone else from whose name he can draw a profit, combines with his personal efforts other enterprises carried on chiefly through correspondence. To him, as to numerous of his associates who live just over the border of legality, the obituary columns of the daily press may furnish a considerable, though degrading, income. A widow in the throes of bereavement is to them a fair and usually easy prey.

Mr. Doofus, or one of his colleagues, observing in the death column that John Doe, beloved husband of Mary Doe, has succumbed to the ills of the flesh, takes up the implements of correspondence and proceeds to write Mrs. Doe a letter of condolence. He mourns with her over her loss. He speaks in sounding superlatives of the qualities of the deceased. No one, he assures the widow, can regret the demise of Mr. Doe more than the writer.

Here, or hereabouts, in the missive, Mr. Doofus relapses momentarily into the unfamiliar realm of truth. He confides that he has been a crook. He may even go so far as to refer to a recent term in prison. He then spurns fact for another flight of fancy.

Tenderly he relates how, on being released, he chanced to come into contact

Travelers on the 20th Century Limited and other through trains from New York to the Castleton Bridge ten miles south of Albany

For greater public service

NEW York Central Lines in the last ten years have invested $548,000,000 in additions and improvements for greater public service. This represents an average investment of new capital of $150,000 a day.

The great Castleton Cut-off, with the mile-long, high-level freight bridge across the Hudson River valley, and the extensive yards at Selkirk—is one of these improvements.

New York Central Lines, which carry a tenth of the rail-borne commerce of the nation, are planning ahead to keep pace with the growth of American business.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

SQUARE PIRATE $2.50

Have You Seen the ANSONIA SQUARECLOX —the NEWEST kind of Alarms?

TAKE a good look at this picture and you will know them when you see them in the store windows, they are so different from any other alarms.

And so good looking that you can use one not only in your bedroom as an alarm, but in any room as a reliable time piece.

They are made in two finishes. One a beautiful platinum-like finish, and the other, a handsome antique gold—same price for either. Neither finish will tarnish or show finger marks. There are no legs to break off or mar the furniture.

Read the description below and you will find one that is exactly the kind of a clock you want.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5¼" high x 4½" wide. **$6.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5¼" high x 4½" wide. 30 hours. **$5.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$3.50**
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours. **$2.50**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm, 2⅞" high x 2⅜" wide. Runs 30 hours. **$3.25**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher
(Patents Pending)

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

with the late John Doe; how Mr. Doe, out of the abounding charity of his heart, raised up the fallen one, gave him words of encouragement and cheer, set him upon the path to rectitude and gave him, while his feet were becoming accustomed to that trail, a certain amount of money each month. Of course, the writer realizes, Mrs. Doe may not know anything of this. That is the sort of man her husband was. He never let his left hand know what his right did. The sole purpose of the writer, in intruding upon a widow's grief, is to express his sympathy and to wonder, as she must be wondering, how life will be tolerable with Mr. Doe withdrawn therefrom.

It is a hard-hearted or particularly poverty-stricken widow who refuses to carry on the work of redemption started by her husband. Checks are contained in most of the replies that Mr. Doofus receives to his notes of sympathy.

Had John Doe been a farmer or a villager, what urbanites call a hick, his relict might not have reacted so satisfactorily. She would know much more of her late husband's associations, his acquaintances and charities than she could in a great city. Being a city dweller, she falls an easy victim to the city slicker.

Another type of swindler of a more exalted and deadly breed also makes his approach to his victims through the obituary columns. When he has read there of the death of some substantial citizen, he begins straightway writing letters to the dead man. No one would guess from their context that he had ever heard of his demise.

These missives are, of course, opened by the heirs of the deceased.

Preying on the Heirs

The letters speak guardedly of the deal which is now at its critical point and show a gradually heightening worry over the continued silence of Mr. Blank. They remind him that if he does not supply this crucial payment, the several thousand he has already put into the project will be lost. Each communication is more importunate than the one which preceded it.

Eventually one of the surviving members of the family writes and informs the supposed partner of the dead man that his alleged associate is no more. Unless the writer is less concerned about the estate than the average heir, he also asks for information concerning this mysterious project in which the late Mr. Blank was involved and hints that it may be possible to carry it through, after all, if more information concerning it is forthcoming.

The slicker calls upon the heir, wearing an expression of intense woe and concern. Delicately, he unfolds a partial picture of the profits that are to be derived from the project initiated by Mr. Blank if the extra thousand dollars is forthcoming. He contrives to give this wholly fictitious enterprise a sinister flavor. It may be smuggling, it may be rum running. At all events, it is something concerning which the heirs are reluctant to consult a lawyer. Instead, they contribute the final payment agreed upon with the understanding that theirs shall be the profits. Their information concerning the exact nature of the enterprise is small, but what difference does that make? If it interested a man so successful as the late Mr. Blank, it cannot fail to be a profitable investment. A little later, they revise their opinion of Mr. Blank's business judgment and associates.

The complete inability of the closest friends or relatives to keep track of all the associates of their intimates and kin in a big city makes it possible for the slicker to carry through innumerable petty and profitable deceptions that would be wholly impractical in a rural district.

In New York or Chicago, for example, Mr. So-and-So is hailed by a stammering and obviously ill-at-ease gentleman who is afraid that Mr. So-and-So doesn't remember him. Mr. So-and-So doesn't and says so coldly, but his confidence wavers and his suspicion diminishes when he is told that his accoster was introduced to him a year ago by Bill Miller, who is out of town for the day, curse the luck. Mr. So-and-So knows Bill Miller well and becomes more cordial, listens to a tale of woe, gives relief and actually believes the ill-at-ease gentleman's promise to return the loan. A few minutes thereafter, likely as not, the borrower is telling Bill Miller with an equal embarrassment of his friendship for Mr. So-and-So, who is out of town, and is collecting from him too.

More rarely, but even more profitably, the appeal for funds is made by one masquerading, not as an entirely fictitious character, but as a man known by reputation to the rank and file of the citizenry.

Considerable pain and embarrassment have been caused a well-known comic artist in New York during the last few years by the receipt of one or more letters every week or so asking with exasperated brevity for the return of that ten dollars. A truthful disclaimer of the debt and the advice that the alleged creditor tell his troubles to the police is only a temporary solution to the annoyance.

A sophisticated New Yorker, strolling through that white-lighted belt of supersophistication that blazes and flashes through the Forties and Fifties, is accosted by a timid soul, displaying not the glibness of the beggar but the clumsiness and uncertainty of an equal in distress, who introduces himself as Josiah Q. Space, the cartoonist. Mr. Space is obviously the worse for wear. He confirms the other's unvoiced suspicion by confessing that he has been very, very drunk. Furthermore, he has been cleaned out. He has not a nickel to his name and it must be obvious to anyone that he can go neither to the office of the syndicate employing him nor to his home, far out on Long Island, in this condition. Will the chance-found Samaritan lend him ten dollars?

An Artist in His Line

While the involuntarily elected rescuer hesitates or starts to formulate a refusal, rather awkwardly, in the presence of the possible great, Mr. Space breaks in on him.

"I know what you're thinking," he announces. "You believe I'm a panhandler. Listen, you've seen my comics, haven't you—my Molly and Millicent funnies? Gimme a piece of paper—an envelope or card will do. Now look!"

He draws on the paper pictures of Molly and Millicent similar to those the New Yorker has seen a thousand times in a certain paper. If their outline is somewhat shaky, their creator's present condition excuses this. The money needed for the Turkish bath, clean shirt and fare back home is forthcoming. Later a severe letter is written to the wholly innocent and abstemious Josiah Q. Space, dwelling on the duty of returning money borrowed from charitable strangers.

Sympathy is a cord that can be stretched only so far in the average run of humanity. Greed is a stronger hawser. By it the unwary and cocksure urbanite can be hauled into immense disaster. The jackals and foxes of slickerdom may be content with the small rewards of the sympathy gag because of the correspondingly insignificant danger attached to their feeble preying. It is the larger and bolder creatures, the wolves and hyenas, who follow stronger and darker human emotions as trails that lead them to bigger and more dangerous quarry.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Van de Water. The next will appear in an early issue.

SAND IN THE SHOES

(Continued from Page 23)

me to death, and he sure done it. Besides the other work, I used to be waiting on customers, commencing with the milkmen and truck drivers at five A. M., or earlier, and ending with the bootleggers any time at all that pop was willing to let me quit. But I will say he took care of most of that trade hisself. Often when I was so tired I couldn't sleep good, I would hear them in the back room of the shack, late as three and four in the morning. Maybe I wasn't bitter like rat poison, doing this, after all the struggle I had made to get through high school and haul myself up out of this very life. Once or twice I was tempted to look up that nice brother of Helen West's, the one that was a cop, and tell him what she had done, but I never got to it. At times it seemed I was in a kind of cypress swamp of despond, see, Mr. Pike, like the kind of Florida lots some fellers used to sell by the gallon to trusting customers which had never been south of Jersey City. And then the big change come to me, when one day a new roadster drew up in front of the stand when I was behind the counter on duty, and of all people, who was driving it only Mr. Jim Kason. You know, Mr. Pike, the young millionaire that used to come into Partridge's office.

He vaulted over the door of the car and run in before he rightly noticed me, on account I was leaning over washing glasses when he stopped. When he registered me, though, that was something different. The nifty felt with the Prince o' Wales droop to the brim flew off and he leaned onto the counter like he expected the position to be permanent.

"Hello, sweetness!" he says. "I know who you are. You are a hibiscus disguised as a pretty girl."

"And I know who you are," I says; "you are a onion disguised as a nice young man."

"If I am," says he, "it ought to bring tears to your eyes."

"I don't know but that it does," I admitted. "The sight of you often has."

"Where did you ever see me before?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, I've seen you madly chasing that little mustache of yours down the street more'n once," I says. "It's so small, I shouldn't think you'd need that high-powered car to keep up to it." He laughed.

Of course my heart was wildly pounding all this while, but I held onto my line. You know, Mr. Pike, these love scenes, what they do to a person. The talk may be froth, but if it's got something behind it—and this had—why, it's like a big deal in real estate. You are so afraid it won't go through you can hardly breathe. And love is the biggest deal in life, ain't it?

Well, as I was telling, my line caught on at once.

"So you been following me around," he says. "Well, I'm glad you caught up at last. I knew there was something missing in my life."

"No, you been followin' me," I says. "Did you ever close for the Derringer estate, Mr. Kason?"

"Say, where'd you get that dope?" he says, quick.

"I used to be in Partridge's," I says. "I seen you come in."

"Partridge's!" he come back. "Then what are you doing here?"

"Working," I says.

"But, kid," he says, "this place is no dump for you to hang around in."

"It's pop's place," I told him. I thought he might as well know soon as later. He give a whistle.

"I don't care!" he says then, and leaning even further over, his eyes fastened into mine, very blue and very gentle. "You're

(Continued on Page 133)

Add this Fuller Brush to the Joys of Living

NO wonder the Flesh Brush is one of the most popular of all the Fuller Personal Brushes. It is cordially welcomed by every member of the family.

This brush is ideal for the dry massage that physicians recommend to soothe the nerves, relax the body, relieve fatigue and induce sleep.

For the bath, too, there's nothing finer. Men love to use it with a shower. The gentle, but lively bristles scrub quickly and scrub well. They massage as well as cleanse.

Like all Fuller Personal Brushes for use in the bathroom, the Flesh Brush has a lovely white Fullerex handle and white bristles. It is easy to keep it immaculately clean and sterile.

The brush is curved to fit the curves of the body and the correctly shaped handle is just long enough to reach the back and shoulders easily.

Next time the Fuller Man comes to your house, ask to see all the Fuller Personal Brushes. They are most acceptable Christmas gifts.

FULLER BRUSHES

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, 'phone The Fuller Brush Company Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

Everybody likes this Flesh Brush

"I wouldn't do without it"

"Nothing could take its place"

"It's simply great

"Gee it's a dandy"

"I use it too"

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT

Packed in a colorful holly box, ready to send or to hang on the tree, the Fuller Flesh Brush makes an ideal Christmas gift.

THE FULLER MAN who comes to your door is a home town business man representing a nationally known and nationally welcomed service. Every time you see him he will explain many uses for each new Fuller Product he brings you, and new uses for those you now have . . . .

© THE F. B. CO

When Beauty is

Use a soap made for ONE purpos

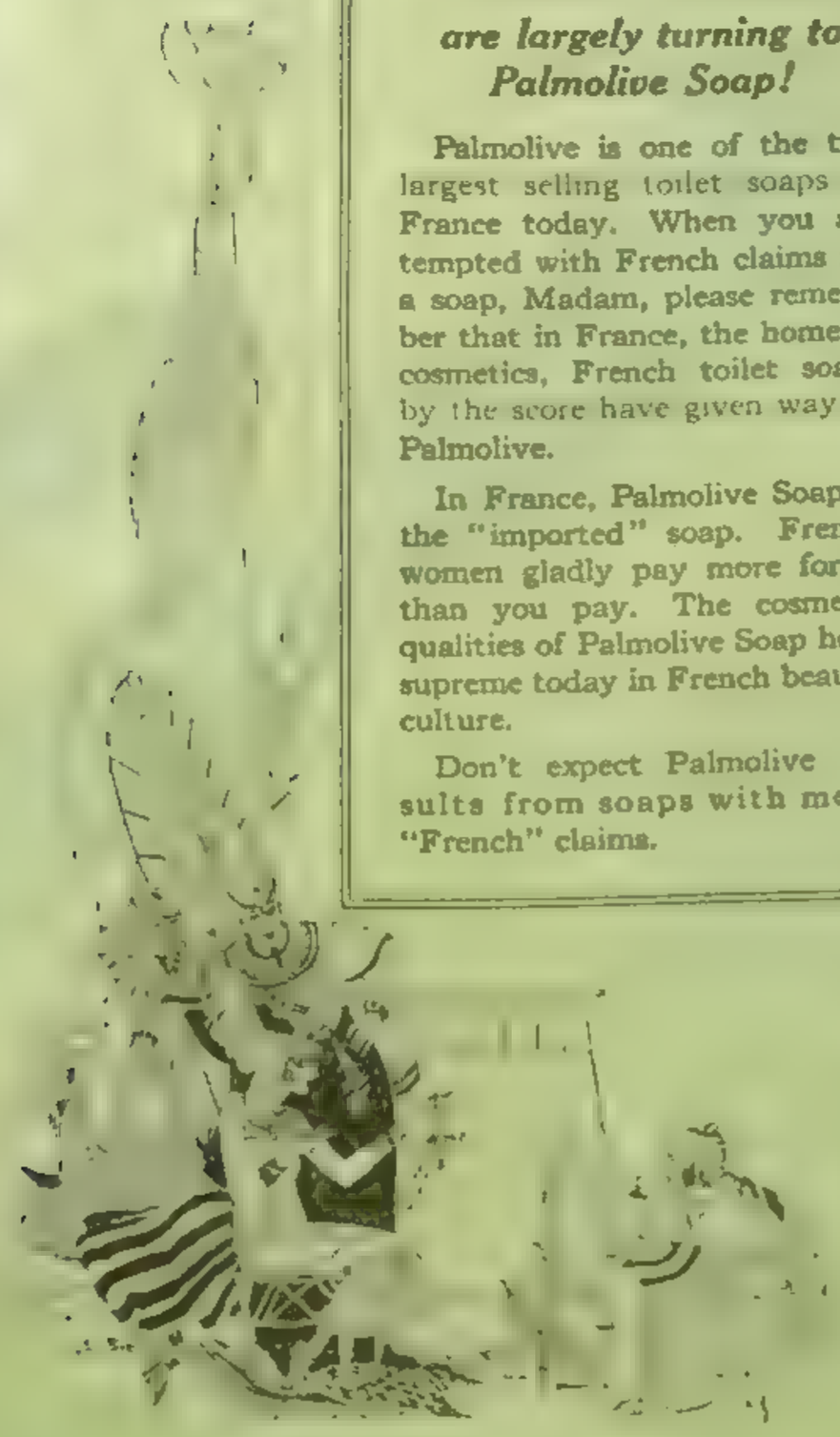
French Women

are largely turning to Palmolive Soap!

Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France today. When you are tempted with French claims for a soap, Madam, please remember that in France, the home of cosmetics, French toilet soaps by the score have given way to Palmolive.

In France, Palmolive Soap is the "imported" soap. French women gladly pay more for it than you pay. The cosmetic qualities of Palmolive Soap hold supreme today in French beauty culture.

Don't expect Palmolive results from soaps with mere "French" claims.



FOR your sake and for ours, we publish this in interest of all concerned who value a good comple Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet s soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palm effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions only from Palmolive.

In old days, women were told, "Use no soaps on the f For all soaps then were said to be too harsh.

* * * *

Then came Palmolive. It was made with cosmetic famous since the days of Cleopatra. It was made to be freely, lavishly on the skin. Its ONE and SOLE pur was to foster good complexions.

That soap changed previous ideas of soaps. Largel expert advice, women tried it. And the results it brou new beauty and new youth attracted millions to its use.

Palmolive soon became the leading toilet soap of the In France, home of cosmetics, it supplanted French soa the score. It is one of the two largest selling soaps in F today. French women find Palmolive their ideal of a Its cosmetic qualities hold a supreme place in French b culture.

THE PALMOLIVE COM

t Stake—*take care*

nly: to safeguard good complexions

Now you may be tempted by rival claims to try unproved soaps on your skin. Think, please, before you do.

60 years of soap study, in the interest of skin beauty, stand behind Palmolive. It is made to do ONE thing well. That is to gently protect your complexion; to guard your youth and charm.

No other claims are made for it. Palmolive is not intended for other than toilet purposes. It is too neutral to be effective for fabrics. To make it good for other than complexion use its cosmetic qualities would be much reduced. Good complexions are too priceless to be endangered, and, frankly, we don't know how to make a beauty soap that is also effective for general use.

* * * *

There are complexion soaps at 25c and more, we admit, that approach Palmolive quality. We know of some. But Palmolive sells at 10c—no more than ordinary soaps. Enormous production brings you this modest cost.

Carry that in mind, for your own sake, when asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive results. When beauty is at stake, use Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

'Del. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

An accident—*with no adult help in sight!* But this boy knew what to do!

Bauer & Black will award $5000.00 in cash prizes to the 500 boys and girls who perform the best First Aid service in 1925.

Contest open to any boy or girl. Send coupon below for complete First Aid lessons and contest details.

MASTER George A. Brown, fourteen years old, of Alexandria Bay, New York, went fishing for bullheads in the marshes of Wellsley Island, with his grown-up pal, Joseph Scott.

In preparing George's line, Mr. Scott cut an artery in the left wrist. With no doctor for miles around, George faced a serious crisis.

But resourceful George knew what to do. Quick as a flash he applied a tourniquet above the cut and stopped the menacing blood flow.

This prompt and intelligent First Aid probably saved Mr. Scott's life, according to Dr. Gokey, who attended the wound after George had rowed Mr. Scott home.

And so they come—thousands of reports like this one—reports of First Aid service valiantly and deftly rendered by one playmate to another

—reports from boys and girls all over America who are studying Bauer & Black First Aid lessons —and watchfully awaiting the opportunity to apply them.

Still available to boys and girls the country over

On April 23rd, Bauer & Black founded The Junior First Aid Legion, providing a fund to equip a quota of boys and girls in every town with First Aid Instruction.

On July 15th, the Legion's Roster was filled and closed. But Bauer & Black are still supplying First Aid lessons, without charge, to any boy or girl who will apply for them.

The coupon below, or a post card, will bring your boy or girl a graphic First Aid instruction book; also the privilege of competing for one of the prizes in Bauer & Black's $5000.00 award for the best First Aid service rendered by boys and girls in 1925. Mail the coupon today

REQUEST FOR FIRST AID LESSONS

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Illinois

Please send The Junior First Aid Hand Book and details of your $5000.00 First Aid Award.

Name

Address.....

In Canada, address Bauer & Black, Ltd., Toronto.

(Continued from Page 128)

all made out of candy," he says softly. And just then out come pop, and I introduced them. Pop slouched over one unwashed hand. Mr. Kason took it with his perfect manicure.

"I'm glad to meet Miss Rockwell's father," he says. "I'll be out often, if you'll O. K. it, boss."

"Sure, come on along out," says pop, with a devilish kinda grin, like he pulled when he wanted to make me creep; "glad to see you any evening."

Well, I guess Mr. Kason must of thought pop said every night, on account that's about when he turned up, and right from the start he commenced bringing me the dandiest things. Candy, a ukulele, handkies, no end of stuff! Was I set up in another alley? I was, and you couldn't of knocked me down with a meat ax. Just think of it, Mr. Pike—me, that hadn't never had a thing in this world except ambition, was all of a sudden running around with a young millionaire who made the Prince of Wales look like a Russian refugee. I'm telling you, I know exactly how a lonely piece of acreage out west of the Dixie feels when the city limits unexpectedly gets extended its way, and from being priced at ten dollars a hind foot, the buyers commenced squabbling over ten-thousand-dollar lots around the proposed hotel site. In other words, I was suddenly what I wanted to be, and I felt that of all the marvelous developments in Florida, I was the most promising.

Mr. Kason, or Jim, as I was by now calling him, not only took me motor-nuzzling in his big roadster, under the bright tropic moon—and I'm telling you, Mr. Pike, there ain't a moon anywheres in the world equal to that which shines on Florida real estate—well, as I was telling, he not alone took me out but he went so far as to make friends with pop's gang, the ones which would stop by late and eat and talk in the little room behind the stand. I couldn't never hear Jim's voice there, on account he was always soft-spoken, but oncet in a while I could catch a glimpse of him at the table with them, as I lay in bed, my room dark; but as for me being sleepy—oh, papa!

But of all this gang that come around, the one who attached hisself fastest to Jim, and who used to look at him and follow him like a dog, was a deaf-and-dumb feller named Softy. I don't know have you ever noticed with a piece of real estate, Mr. Pike, but generally there is one bad spot somewheres on the best of it; a sink hole, a bunch of rock, a mangrove corner or a bad title. And it's the same with a gang of boys that hangs around together. There is always a weak sister who turns yellow or overplays his game through nervousness. I know; I seen a lot of them gangs in pop's business, ranging from drug-store cowboys to hijackers, and the rule holds good all the ways through. And Softy the Dummy was it around our present shack. Not that I paid any attention to him much until one night when Jim Kason was away on some big important deal up to Palm Beach, and Softy and pop was alone down to the stand, when George West turned up on his motorcycle.

I was stacking scraps out behind, when George stopped to get a sandwich, and pop waited on him. George was a grand big blond with white teeth, awful strong-looking, and I could get a good slant at his famous smile from where I stood in the darkness. Also, I could give the double o to Softy, who was alone in the back room, standing where he could just lamp George over pop's shoulder. And if I ever seen a look of hate on anybody's map, his was it. And then all of a sudden I remembered where I had heard the boys talking over how Softy had a grudge against some cop which had got him sent up for suitcasing oncet. That's small-time bootlegging, Mr. Pike. It's like peddling lots on time, instead of selling and developing acreage.

Well, as I was telling, Softy had this ugly look, and his hand went to his hip. But he couldn't very well get West without getting pop first. So he commenced sneaking out to the door. Just as he reached it, George recognized the boy.

"Hello, Softy!" he says, with his smile and a wave of the hand. And any fool, even if they couldn't hear nor speak, could read where he meant only good by that. Softy forced his face into a sickly grin. Then George paid pop and turned towards his motorcycle. The minute his back was turned, Softy's gun was out, and one second later West had swung on him and had him by the wrist. The gun dropped and West pocketed it, never leaving go of Softy.

"You dirty little rat!" he says, quiet, but fierce. "And after I ast the judge for leniency on account of your trouble! This'll be about enough, I guess. I've got a good mind to take you along, too, Rockwell, if this is the kind of patrons you are encouraging."

"No, Mr. West," says pop, whimpering right away, "I don't know the feller at all; he just come in here to eat."

Well, that was about all I could stand, and I stepped into the spotlight.

"George West," I hollered, "don't you dast to touch my pop! And as for that poor simp, take his gun and leave him be. He's nothing but a dim-wit. We know him well; he hangs around here all the time like a poor dumb animal. Leave him be, George; honest, there's no harm in him."

"Why, Kitty," says West, leaving go of Softy in his surprise at seeing me, "what on earth are you doing out here? You say that's your father? Well, I'll be jigged!"

"Probably, if you don't watch out," I says. "Leave us be in peace, please! Your family has made me trouble enough as it is."

"Helen?" says he at once. "Some of her usual selfish devilment, I suppose. Well, Kitty, I'm going to take your word for the boy here—but he's got to bind himself over to you to keep the peace."

"Oh, he will," I says, and grabbing up a scrap of paper I wrote out a warranty deed on it to the effect, "He will let you go if you promise me to keep straight, and not act foolish no more or pack any guns." Softy read it and nodded.

"See, he promises," I says. "I'm obliged to you for this, George West. And believe me, nobody ever suffered yet from helping a cripple."

"You're welcome, Kitty," he says; "but I hate to see you out here. You were made for better things." He give pop a look that could of been improved with a vacuum cleaner at that. He didn't crave pop, that was plain. "I've got a job down in Homestead, or I'd stop and talk," he went on. "But I'll be back soon, and you can tell me what's what—if you will." And in another minute he was disappearing down the road as fast as money into a new sandy development.

From that night on, Softy laid off his devotion to Jim Kason and switched it onto me. It actually used to make me uncomfortable sometimes the way he would look at me with them big wet brown eyes of his, that made you expect he was gonner bark any minute. But most of the time I was too happy with Jim to bother much over anything else, especially when he come back all up in the air with the way his business had gone at Palm Beach.

Speaking of which, are you acquainted at all, Mr. Pike, with the way things are booming up there right now? Well, it's one reason why I'd like to see you get that tract out at Piny Homes. It's less than sixty miles from the heart of West Palm Beach, and only two miles from a good road—nothing could be more highly desirable.

Well, as I was telling, the boom was on even at that time. They say a new boom sweeps the country clean, Mr. Pike, and the Empress Dowager settlement of Florida had took on a new lease of life. Jim told me he had increased his Florida investments a lot on the strength of the way prospects looked down here, and had even gone so far as to get a big house out to the beach, all furnished. It was practically alone in a new development, off the road a little ways, but on the ocean, and it was a regular young palace.

"So that means you ain't pulling your freight from here yet a while?" I says when he told me. "But what do you want with all that house? Your mustache can be parked in much less space."

"I'm not pulling out until you tell me to," he says. "And as for the house, it's for my wife—if she'll marry me. Will you?"

Mr. Pike, it seems I had had an option on him from the very first, and didn't even know it. I took it up right then and there, and next thing I realized his arms was around me and he was whispering in my ear, "Oh, baby! You're all made out of candy."

Maybe we didn't have some wedding a few weeks after that. Why, Mr. Pike, there ain't been a free picnic and outing staged by the biggest real-estate men down here, equal to the barbecue pop give, with three fire pits going, two with hogs and a whole ox on the other. You see, we had trade all the way up to Jacksonville, and it got around where the old man was gonner loosen up with the free eats, and they all came.

And presents! Say, if I had been a highway commissioner, and the company a bunch of anxious real-estate men with outlaying sections on their hands, I couldn't of been showered any better. But none handed me the jolt pop's present did. He give me three thousand dollars actual cash money in U. S. A. bills. When I seen it, I thought first off there must be something phony about it, but nix, they was the genuine bargain binders.

"Jim let me in on a little deal," he says, when I snapped the bills sharp to test 'em, "so take 'em, and welcome. I don't want him to think I'm on the cheap."

"Oh, if it's real estate, that explains it," I says, satisfied. "Thanks ever so much, pop. I guess I done you a injustice thinking you wasn't gonner square with me for the work I been doing out here all these months." I couldn't be no nicer than that, Mr. Pike; it don't pay to be too lenient with your parents.

And as to Jim's present, Mr. Pike, well. I couldn't hardly believe my eyes when I seen it. It was a string of graduated pearls—graduated from one of the best factories in the country, or so I took them to be, with a emerald in the clasp as big as your thumb nail. Heavy and silky! My, I run them through my fingers lovingly. Then Jim slipped me the fact.

"Handle 'em carefully, baby girl," he says. "You may have to live off them some day if the papa goes broke. One of them beads could keep us pretty near a year, if necessary."

"Are they real?" I gasped—"and the clasp too?"

"Sure are," he says. "You didn't think I'd slip an imitation to the realest thing in my life, did you, sweetness?"

"Oh, Jim, I knew you was rich," I says, "but I never dreamed of anything like this. Where did you get them?"

"Why," he says, "what a question! But to tell you the truth, dear, I didn't buy them in any jeweler's. I got them from a very rich old lady who didn't wear them very often. She didn't really need them, and it was a good chance. If you like jewels, honey, you shall have all you want. But be careful about wearing them around the streets. There's so many robberies lately. I'd be nervous if I thought you took any risks—not for the stuff, but for yourself, dear."

And of course I obeyed. After the wedding, I only wore the pretty things he give me around the house, never on the street, when he was away on one of the trips he was always making, starting as soon as we come back from our honeymoon in Cuba.

Jim hadn't asked none of his relatives to the wedding on account he said they was all in California. And when we come back to the lovely house on the beach, we didn't

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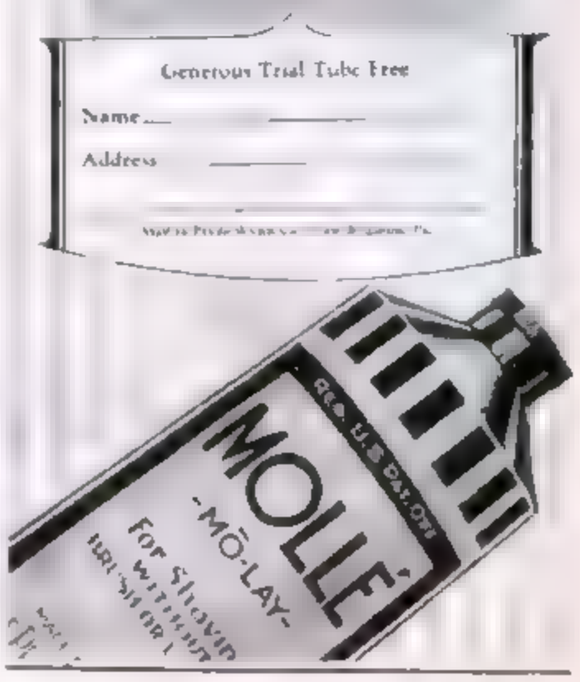
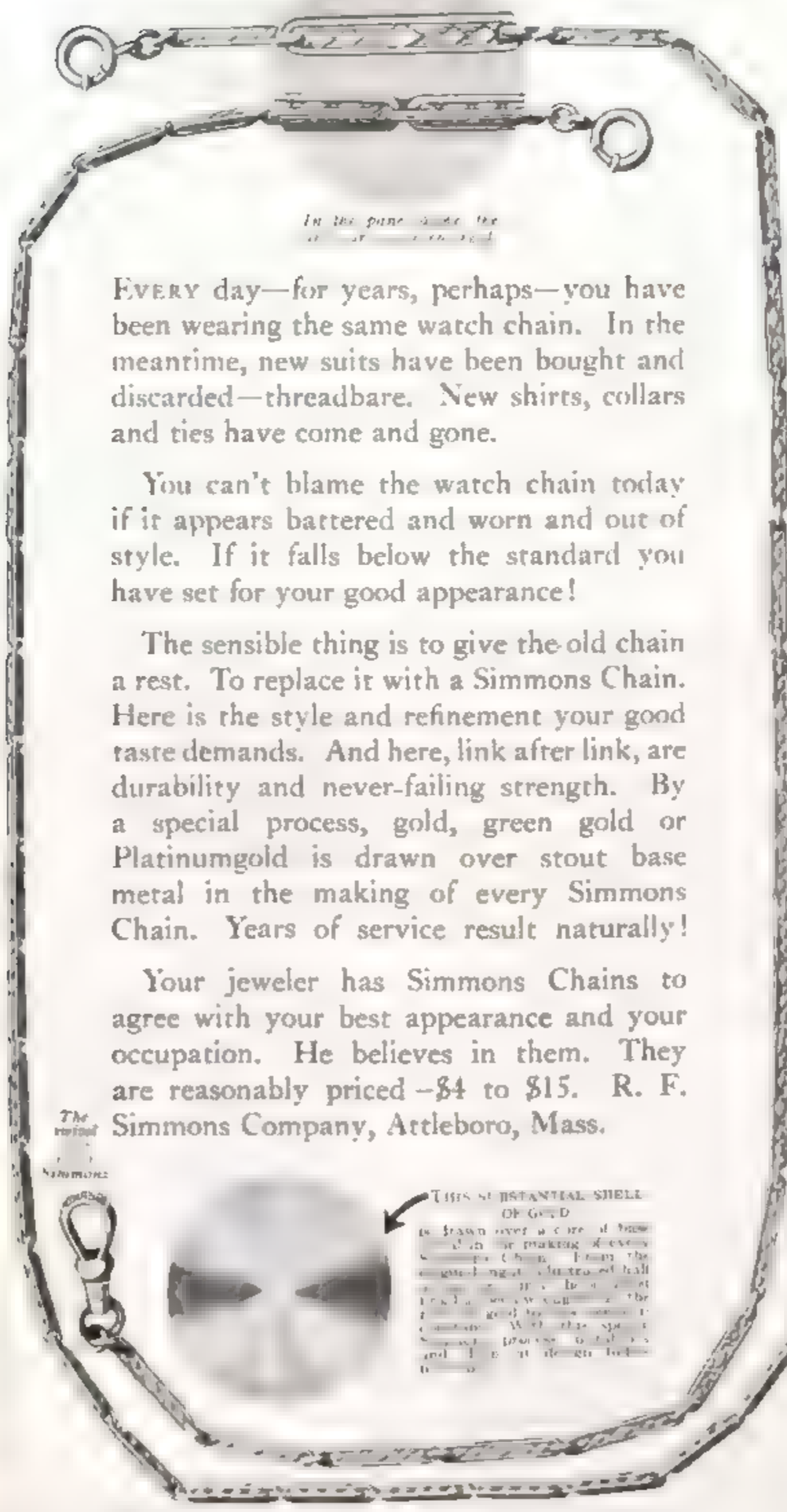


All your waking, working hours you wear it



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trouble none about friends, neither. We was too happy, they would of only been in our way. I did wish, though, that Jim would take me along on them real-estate trips of his, for he usually went in his car, but he never would. He claimed he could do steppier work alone, and probably he was right. But to make up for leaving me, he never come back without a present, and them presents wasn't candy, or such trash, neither. He give me jewels; flexible bracelets, rings, and one time a diamond bar pin with a five-carat stone set in two turnips' worth of emeralds and a quart measure of small cracked ice.

"Nothing too good for my sweetie," he used to say, when I would ask if he wasn't being too extravagant, even for a millionaire.

Happy? It was all seven of the heavens they tell about. And it wasn't the dandy house, and the servants and my own car, or the lovely clothes and jewels, neither, that made me that way. It was Jim Kason himself. And what with all this little paradise where I spent the days in love, and in bathing in the finest ocean in the world, off the finest beach in same—which was even then selling at two hundred a front foot, Mr. Pike, and we had bought it at a hundred and twenty. Well, anyways, as I was telling, being so happy and all, why I didn't realize what a long time it was since I had seen any outsiders. Of course, now and then one of the old gang would drop in, especially Softy the Dummy, who still hung around us like a pup. Then one day nearly a year after we had got hitched I was down in Miami to see pop off on the train North for a visit. Whatever he wanted to leave this ideal climate for I can't imagine, but he had gone off on a vacation. And coming back from the depot, who would I run into of all people only George West.

He was in citizen's clothes now, and his dark, powerful roadster come to a stop alongside of my sporty little Climber in the traffic jam, and maybe I wasn't glad to see him.

Ten minutes later our cars was parked, and we was headed for the Boat Café and a nice chatty lunch. Over our broiled pompano and heart-of-palm salad he handed me all the back numbers of the news. I don't know if you've tasted any yet, Mr. Pike, but Florida pompano is the finest fish in the world. So are the hearts-of-palm. And all caught right in this neighborhood too. Well, anyways, as I was telling, it seems George West had a new job.

"Hadn't you heard, Kitty?" he says. "I'm chief of police now."

"Ain't that wonderful!" I says admiringly. "I always knew you'd be a knockout. I sure congratulate you."

"I don't know about that," he says, with a wry kind of smile. "Quite between ourselves, I got handed something I didn't want much when I got it. With all due modesty, Kitty, I have quite a following in this town, and there is some talk about running me for the legislature on a popular ticket next year. Bushell, the local boss, is against it, and he's politely shoved me into this instead."

"But won't it help you a lot?" I says.

"Not the way he's fixed me," says West gloomily. "About half the criminal squad are Bushell's men, and they are out to frame me. They are giving me all the cooperation of a bunch of rattlesnakes in the palmetto. If I make a bad record as chief, I've a fat chance of winning out in a popular campaign." He give a short laugh. "But I'll die hard," he says. "I'm going to give them the fight of their life. However, just at present I get spells when it looks like they had me tied hand and foot—as if I was pretty nearly helpless."

"But you'll win," I says earnest. "Right is always bound to, George. I only wisht there was some way I could help you."

And little did I dream, Mr. Pike, how one day I would remember them words of mine. By the way, Mr. Pike, I mentioned rattlers, but you mustn't believe all you hear about the snakes in Florida. That's principally California propaganda. And besides, there was snakes even in the Garden of Eden, you know. Didn't I tell you no piece of real estate was absolutely without one drawback—even in the Bible, see? Well, as I was telling, George went on talking to me, awful interested.

"But you, Kitty," he says, "you look like a million dollars."

"I am," I says, and told him how I was the happiest woman in the world. He hadn't even known I was hitched up, but he seemed pleased a lot.

"You had it coming to you, Kitty, old dear," he says. "If anyone ever worked against odds to be decent, and worked hard to make good, it was you."

"Did you ever hear anything about me from Helen?" I wanted to know. "About my leaving Partridge & Peckham?"

"Not much," he says. "Helen is too much taken up with herself these days. She's married Eddie Ainslee, you know, and living out at Ownahome development. Eddie has a big slice of it, and it's going over the top fast. I think they were putting it on while you were with Partridge."

"Yes," I says, dry, "I was in on the start of it. But I never see Helen and Eddie no more. It's been good to see you, though, George. Keep in touch with us, won't you? We are out to the beach. Come any time; I want you to get acquainted with my husband."

"I'd like to," says he.

Well, Mr. Pike, I went back to my silken Spanish-type nest, as you might call it, real happy and gay. It sure was a pretty house. It's there yet, a real old place, almost five years old, with the vines and palms nearly smothering it. You can't buy out there now, Mr. Pike, it's sold solid; although, of course, there may be a few lots listed for resale. I could easy find out, if you are interested.

Well, as I was telling, I give some little thought to the things George West had told me. So Helen was married and living in luxury, was she? Luxury bought off the profits Eddie had made by getting me kicked out of the respectable business world. But while I could feel it in a abstract way, Mr. Pike, I had too much happiness for me to get jealous or mad at anybody. I was kind of like a little girl with a new doll house, see? Awful good thing to give little girls, doll houses are, Mr. Pike; it boosts the real-estate business.

Well, this afternoon that I am telling about, just as it was commencing to get sunset, I was in a upper room where a Spanish-type balcony looked out onto the water. The evening was real quiet and still, only for the ocean bumping the shore, and the whir of a aeroplane. Then all to once I heard a strange sharp sound. It was a blast on a whistle—a cop's whistle.

For a second I thought where it must be the traffic. Then I remembered there wasn't any traffic out in that lonely development. There was a high wall, a Spanish-type affair, running around our place, and it seemed like the sound come from outside. Then the whistle come again, from another angle, like as if it was in reply, and something hurled over the fence just below me and landed in the oleander bushes. But it didn't stay there long. In another jiffy a man, headed my way, was crossing the lawn about sixty miles a hour. He give a leap and grabbed the carvings under the balcony and pulled himself up, his face all purple with the effort. And it wasn't until he was standing there beside me that I realized it was Softy the Dummy.

He grabbed me by the hands and dashed past into my boudoir, making a sign for me to say nothing, and pointing down towards the garden. Then he give one dive under the chaise longue and disappeared beneath the petticoats the darn thing was draped with. By this time I could hear somebody on the stairs. So I laid me out on that chaise, Mr. Pike, and picked up a magazine, just as Ella, my maid, burst into the door, a uniform right behind her.

"Oh, madame!" she says. "The cops says there is a feller ducked in here some place."

"Is that so?" I says languidly, sitting up a little ways. "I wonder could it be the one I saw go through the garden a few minutes ago?"

"I'll say more'n likely," says the cop. "Which way did he go, lady?"

"Why, I was out on the balcony," I explained, "and I saw a man cross the yard and go out through the garage towards the boulevard. A little short feller, was he?"

"That's him!" says the cop.

"Well, you better beat it and see did he take my car along," I says, excited like, see? "Ella, you go and find out is everything all right, and lemme know."

They went along then—a motor cop, and another one that I didn't see, and the girl. I couldn't of moved, even if I had wanted to. Fear was holding me with a grip like an 8 per cent mortgage that has just been foreclosed. By the way, you realize, don't you, Mr. Pike, that 8 per cent is legal interest down here? Think of the wonderful opportunity you're going to have for investment oncet you buy that tract we was talking about.

Well, as I was telling, the minute the bulls and Ella was safely gone I slipped over and locked the door. Then I come back and pushed the chaise away. Under it lay the Dummy, white as a sheet, motioniess, a big cut on his forehead dripping blood. I touched his hand. It was cold as ice.

Well, I'm telling you, Mr. Pike, that was one day I had softening of the courage. I knelt down beside Softy after a minute and, thank heaven, he was breathing. As soon as that one filtered, I come to my senses, got some ammonia and a wet towel and went to work.

His head was in my lap when he come to, and he rolled them dog-like eyes as if he was dreaming yet. Then he handed me one.

"Kitty—oh, Kitty, how I love you!" he says, perfectly plain. I was so shocked I couldn't move at once. Then I realized where, coming out of his faint, he didn't quite know was I real or not. But he could speak—Softy the Dummy, that we had been writing to all these years!

"Good heaven, Softy," I says, "you talk! Can you hear me too?"

He raised himself up a little and give a look around, seeming just to begin realizing where he was. Then he made a little dumb gesture at me. But it was too late. I was hep, and he seen it in my eyes.

"Yes, I can hear you," he says, looking down.

"Softy, could you talk and hear all the time?" I says.

"Yes," he says. "Even Jim don't know it. That's why he trusted me. It was seeing you there, leaning over me like an angel, took me off my guard. It's a relief to speak to you."

"But what have you done, Softy," I says, "that the bulls was on your trail?"

"You ought to know," he says; "it was that job for Jim."

"What are you talking about?" I says, sharp. A funny look come into Softy's eyes at the tone of my voice

"I'm speaking of the Gilbert Company's pay-roll job," he says. "Kitty, do you actually mean'er tell me you don't know—after bein' married a year?"

His voice was hoarse, on account of not being used much, and something in it, quite to one side from the terrible shock of him speaking at all, give me a gone feeling, like my stomach was full of butterflies or something.

"I guess I know everything there is to know about my husband," I says proudly.

"Then you ought to know about this," says he. "I hadder come here. It is up to Jim to hide me out, anyways. And besides, there wasn't no other way to tip him off. I had the right dope on Sandy, the boy that packs the little black bag back from the bank, but by some mistake or 'nother Henders was off the beat, and some strange cop, one of West's bunch, was on the post I was along to point out Sandy, and it was me he chased. Lewen is safe enough by now, but the stand will be watched, and Jim mustn't go there tonight for no conference. Better let things lay easy for a few days, see?"

It was like struggling through a fog for me to answer. And then I didn't fully get what he meant. My mind refused it.

"Whatcha trying to tell me," I says—"that there's something crooked about Jim's business?"

"Ha-ha!" says Softy. "Do you know any more funny ones like that? Are you tryin' to let on you don't know Jim is the best high-hat yegg in the business, with the slickest operating group ever got together? Ha-ha! Hold my hand while I float!"

"I don't believe it," I says, while a cold hand seemed squeezing the very life out of me. Softy come up and took hold of the big diamond-and-platinum bar pin I was wearing—Jim's latest donation.

"Where d'you think he got that," says Softy—"shovelin' coal in Florida? That come from Rosemere Beach, house of Mrs. Vanderbuilt Schimmerhorn. One of several extra-choice bits. If you don't believe me, let him sit pretty, and just watch what he does a week from Thursday. He'll tell you he's goin' some place, but he'll be out at the shack checking up on delivery from a bank job he's got planned."

"The shack!" I says. "Do you mean to tell me pop was in it?"

"He was the fence right along," explains Softy. "Sammy, the boy that's out there now, is carrying on."

This seemed like more than I could stand, Mr. Pike, so I didn't, see? I sat, the same as any weak woman, and what was even further, buried my map in the silk cushions of the big chair. Softy come and put a hand timidly on my shoulder.

"There, there," he says, "I'm awful sorry, Kitty. I wouldn't of told you only for waking up like that, and spilling the beans about me lovin' you. I hadn't ought to of done it, and I won't never speak of it again—I won't be speakin', not when Jim gets back home. This is the last time."

Well, I sat up and dried my eyes, and done the best I could to take it like a sport, while the Dummy went on to give me details about how the gang worked. They had talked free in front of him, and he could of hung most of the bunch on stuff they didn't know he was wise to. More than once he had helped Jim beat a rival to a job through what he had overheard. I listened, checking up little things which had happened, and feeling them click into place. It was like remembering a nightmare.

Well, when I was alone, after I had cried myself sick, I commenced to plan what I must ask Jim to do, and, of course, I realized where we would have to give up our way of living. I didn't mean alone the moral side; I meant also our home. Until you own your home in Florida, Mr. Pike, you can't realize what it's like to give it up, unless, of course, you do so in order to turn it over at a handsome profit. When you buy out at Piny Homes you will understand this better.

Well, anyways, as I was telling, the first few days after Jim came back, I kept my mouth shut, hoping there was a mistake some place, but scared to test out the truth. But when ten days had rolled around, I seen my option on would I speak or not was up, for Jim said he was going away on business, just like Softy had predicted.

"I got to go to Sarasota for a few days, sweetness," he says.

"And I'm coming with you," I says.

"I wisht I could take you," he come back: "but it's impossible, dear. I don't want to mix you up in my business."

"I used to be out at the shack all the time when pop was the fence," I says quietly.

He come across the room and grabbed me by both the arms till it hurt.

"Kitty!" he says, looking deep into my eyes. "Kitty, who's been squealing?"

It was just like that, see? There was never no need of extra questions between I and Jim. We loved each other too much for that. In a flash he seen that

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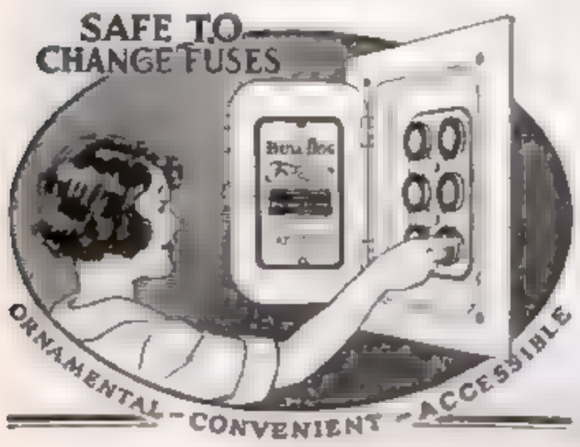


I knew, and that I had only found out recent. But I wasn't going to double-cross Softy.

"I can't tell that," I says; "but I know. Oh, honey, I know, and it's murdering me. Don't go, Jim! You got to cut this out—for me."

He walked away to the window and stood there silent for a long time. Then he come back to where I was sitting, got down on his knees and buried his face in my lap, all without talking. When he could speak, he lifted up a face all drawn and tired-looking.

"Kitty," he says, "I had hoped you would never find out. Before I met you, I didn't have no conscience about it. I was playing the game, the exciting game, of beating the world. And then you came and it was the only job I knew. I—well, I've been hoping to lay up a pile so's I could take care of you. But I can't quit yet. How would we live?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I says. "We might go to work, you know. Lots of people do."

"But I couldn't earn nothing at an honest job," he says. "It's too soon to stop, sweetness. I ain't saved a dime. Just as soon as there's enough ahead to make you comfy, I'll quit."

"That won't do," I says, my voice choking me. "It's got to be now, Jim. If you don't quit—I—I do!"

"Then you don't love me no more?"

"It's because I love you that I pull this line," I says. "I want you to strut your real stuff, dear. Why, anyone as smart as you can get a honest job."

"At thirty a week?" he says. "And doing what?"

"You know all about high-powered cars," I says, "and the garage business is booming here."

"You'd never stand for it," he says.

"I won't stand for anything else," I says. "Dear, love is the grandest thing in the world, but it can't live except on honesty. Believe me, boy, I would rather go back and be poor and on the level, on account I would really have you then. Will you promise me you'll do it?"

"I promise," says Jim, after a moment.

Well, Mr. Pike, I have known a lot of promising young men in my life, very promising—they would promise anything. But Jim wasn't that kind. He kept his, see? With the result inside two weeks the company had taken over our home for resale, Jim had a job in Moulton's West End Garage, and we had a three-room flat in the Sevillia Apartments over a delicatessen store, out in the Ramona Extension. We had got rid of everything from the big roadster down to our manicures with the exception of the one thing we couldn't shake, which was my jewels. I had 'em in the safe, and there they layed, on account there didn't seem no ways of returning 'em without a lot of sour publicity.

Anyways, as I was telling, we went to live in this little flat, and first off I was crazy about it. My heart would go singing all the time while I done my dishes, and cooked and swept. It felt great to be doing something for Jim after all he'd done for me, and everybody he'd done, if you get me. And he seemed happy too. We was having a exclusive, spiritual revival all our own, and riding the crest of the wave.

But say, Mr. Pike, did you ever hear the story about the man who preferred hard labor to easy money? No? Well, neither have I. The time come when it seemed like I always smelled dishwater on my hands, and I commenced to remember the odor of twelve-dollar perfumes. Then Jim's good clothes give out, and he had to face the installment type of new ones.

We went on like this for ten months, getting a little more shabby all the time, and I had days when I'd get kind of sick, Mr. Pike, on account the theory of giving up nice things for nice feelings don't always work out just like we hope they will. When there come to be darns in the heels of my stockings, and I couldn't afford snappy new clothes, I commenced to feel a difference in Jim's eyes when he looked at me. Any girl who has ever been married will know what I mean by that. She has seen her husband's eyes light when she's all dolled up, and heard him snap at her when she's slouchy. And he's seen the same. Lots of working people stall off marrying for that very reason; they don't want to lose their sweetie through poverty.

Then one night I read a piece in the paper about Helen West and her husband, Ed Ainslee, and a big ball they was giving in their house for the Duke and Duchess of Dunlap. Think of them entertaining a high-hat crowd like that, when all the time their fortune had been made as crooked as anything my Jim had ever done.

Jim was out working when I read this piece, and somehow all to once our little flat, with its disappearing bed, its everlasting smell of cooking from the food store downstairs, was too much—and I went out for a long walk, thinking maybe that would help me not to think about how the way we was living might in the end destroy I and Jim's love for each other.

Well, between the Ramona Extension, where we lived, and the Ownahome development with its swell Spanish-type houses was DeLeon Park, and that was where I went to get rid of my poverty blues. But walking done me no good. The more I walked the worse I felt, and after a while I run upon a baby carriage with the cutest young one in it, dressed like a million berries, but hollering its head off, and no nurse in sight. Well, naturally I stopped, and first thing you know I had that baby in my arms, and it quit crying and commenced to pull my hair, real pleasant, and I was the one that was crying. You see, I felt this was too much. I and Jim couldn't even afford a kid, not even that, not and do it any justice. I'm telling you, Mr. Pike, while I set there rocking that kid, I felt so bitter and upset I was pretty near wild. Yet in a way I had a grand time before the nurse come back and chased me. And I went home determined for the first time to get rich, and get rich quick, while I was young. If money was going to bring us happiness, children, beauty, health—and in a big measure, money does, I don't care what the sentimental boobs say—why, money we was going to have, or I was going to jump into the breakers and try to reach China before the life guard caught me. As to how it was gonner be done, I hadn't the least line of dope. And then all of a sudden that same evening a beginning come to me.

It come out of the newspaper too. Great newspapers we got here in Florida, Mr. Pike. They carry more real-estate ads than all the rest of the country put together. And some regular news as well. It was in this last that I got my stuff. Jim read it out to me after supper.

"Hello," he says, "here's a piece about your old friend George West," he says. "I see they are attacking his record as chief of police. Trying to get him out of office or something. There's a committee headed by Bushell claiming that the robberies in the city have increased 60 per cent since he's been in office, and that the arrests he's made don't amount to a thing. As for his record for getting back stolen stuff, it's short enough to write in one word—none! Well, ain't that too bad?"

"It is," was all I says right then. But I commenced to think quite some. And the next day, as soon as the bank was open, I beat it for town and my safe-deposit box.

In the quiet of the vault I couldn't hardly get them jewels out their cases, my hands was trembling so. My jewels! How funny they looked, laying on the ragged lining of my otherwise empty pocketbook, gleaming and glittering. I hadda laugh for fear I'd cry. So I snapped my bag shut, put away the empty box and headed for George West's office, feeling like everybody could see through not alone my bag but my mind as well. I felt like I had about as much privacy as a Flagler Street real-estate concern.

Well, George was in his office, and he sent for me to come right on in. And it wasn't until I seen his face change as he got up, eager to see me, that I fully realized what being poor had done to me.

"Good Lord, Kitty," says West, leading me to a chair, "what a long time it's been! And what on earth has happened to you, young one?"

"Plenty," I says. "Close the door, George. I got something awful important and private to talk about."

He done like I asked, and I moved to the edge of my chair, trembling inside.

"Say," I says, "I been reading in the papers of your troubles, and how things has worked out about like you was afraid they would last time I seen you. I told you then I wisht I could help you. Well, I've come to help now, if you will do the same by me." He looked at me keen as a paring knife.

"Shoot!" he says.

"George, is there any way a person can get on the side of the law," I says, "after having broke it considerable? I mean, suppose they was to give back something they once stole."

"Kitty," says he, "do you mean that you —— "

"Oh, no!" I cried out like he had hit me. "I'm speaking about someone I know. They've quit and are going straight almost a year now. But there was some things they didn't know how to return. Suppose I was to bring them to you a few at a time, and swear on my honor there wouldn't be no more stolen. Could I have the rewards as you turned them in, gradual, like you was making good? You would then have the credit of getting the stuff back through your department and nobody would suspect."

"Why, I suppose so," says he. "You need money badly, I guess."

"I do," I says; "and you need to show results in order to hold your job. Even if it ain't exactly the law, couldn't we use our common sense instead, just this once? It wouldn't be hurting no one and it's no use to jail a man that's going straight."

"Can I take your word of honor that he is?" says George.

"You can."

"I'll have to watch him," says he; "but I won't touch your man, Kitty, unless he goes bad again."

"Thanks," I says. "He won't."

"You love him a lot, don't you?" says the chief. "Well, a woman will do strange things for love. What's the rest of the story?"

"We been pretty near starving for a year," I says, "with these in the safe." And I showed him.

"This was Mrs. Schimmerhorn's," I says, holding out the bar pin. And then I went on down the line. Sixteen pieces of real importance there was, and I had the history on them each.

"This is the whole works," I says. "You'll get me the rewards, George, won't you? And one thing more. Jim mustn't know I've done this. It'll take the heart right out of him if he finds I've come to you, and then heaven alone knows what he may do. There ain't nobody easier discouraged than a crook that's trying to be square."

"That's all right, old girl," he says. "Great Scott! But some fellows on my force are going to have the eyes popping out of their heads when I turn this stuff in." He laughed like a kid thinking up a new trick to play on the old folks. "This'll be a big thing for me, Kitty," he went on. "Isn't there anything I can do for you right now, though?"

"Only keep my secret," I says, and away I went.

Five days later I got the first reward. A thousand dollars Mrs. Schimmerhorn gave up, once she had her hands on her jewels again. And in about another week I got another wad. Without saying nothing to Jim as yet about what I had done, I soaked the money away in a savings bank, all but some loose change which I played out a little at a time for the next month, and told Jim I was picking it up by typing for a public steno office downtown. I was going

(Continued on Page 140)

In your work is variety—interest—growth; in hers, only dullness—sameness—stagnation.

THE GIRL YOU LEAVE BEHIND YOU

JUST stop a moment and think about the way she spends her day—that girl you leave behind you. While you're at the office, working with your brain, she's at home, working with her hands. Perhaps washing the same cups and saucers that she washed yesterday, and will wash on many tomorrows. Perhaps cleaning a rug whose pattern she could draw with her eyes shut. In your work is variety—interest—growth; in hers, only dullness—sameness—stagnation.

That's why so many husbands are encouraging their wives to take advantage of every short-cut in housework. That's why so many husbands have urged their wives to use the laundry, the greatest short-cut of all—the help that does away with the longest, hardest, most menial of household tasks, that turns washday into a holiday.

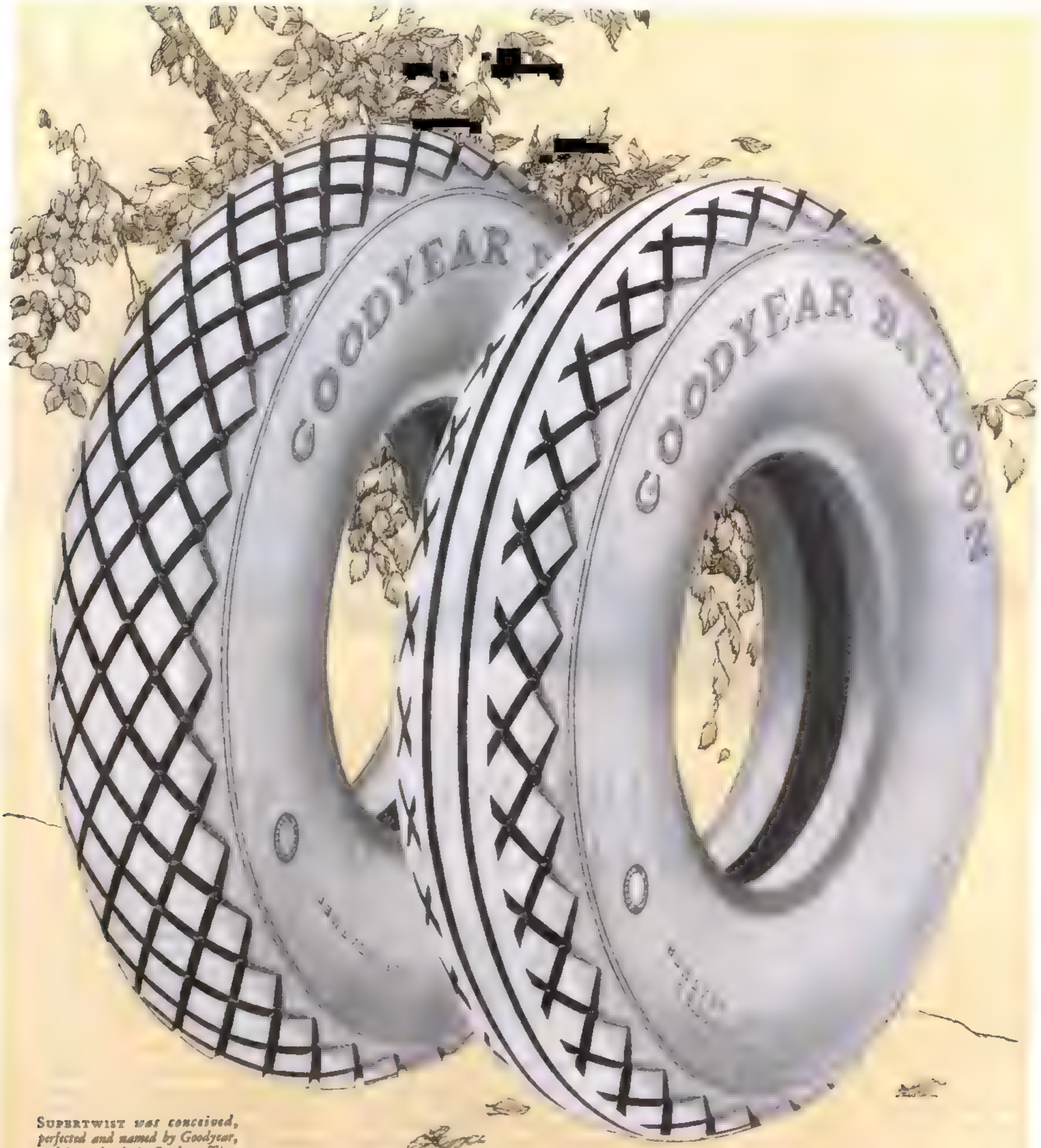
And how valuable this holiday can be, not only to your wife, but to yourself! Think how fresh and youthful, how cheerful and happy, this leisure and rest can keep her. The cost is probably much less than you imagine. Today's laundry offers so many family services that your wife can easily select one that meets both her needs and her income. Even the lowest-priced of family services saves the hardest work and most of the time otherwise required by the wash.

Talk it over with the "girl you leave behind you"—see how glad she will be to say farewell to washday—to the bother of washing in the home. A fair trial of laundry service will prove the needlessness of home-washing. And your wife will have many new hours each week for her family and herself. Have her phone a modern laundry in your city—you'll be coming home to more cheerful welcomes from a fresher, happier girl.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
47-93 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ont., Canada

Agents: British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England



SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

An Exclusive Advantage

SUPERTWIST gives it to Goodyear balloons

In its earlier phases the balloon tire situation was somewhat confused; no one tire stood out from the field as distinctly superior.

Today, however, a man would have to be quite out of touch with current affairs not to realize that this condition has definitely changed.

Whether you talk tires now with people in the cities or in rural districts, you find an impressive unanimity of opinion and preference.

That opinion and preference emphatically indorse Goodyear balloons as the foremost example of combined durability and comfort yet offered in the low-pressure tire.

The widespread belief that Goodyear balloon tires are distinctly more serviceable has its roots in the tires' own splendid performance.

Important in such performance is the exclusive advantage Goodyear balloons enjoy in the now celebrated cord fabric, SUPERTWIST.

This remarkable material, developed and perfected by Goodyear, does things for the balloon tire which are virtually indispensable to superlative service.

Its superiority lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When a Goodyear Tire made with SUPERTWIST strikes a stone, the elastic cords give to, rather than resist the impact—stretching and recovering under the shock, like rubber bands.

This elasticity distributes the blow over a much greater portion of the carcass, minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and safeguards against stone bruise and similar injuries.

It gives the famed ability of the Goodyear Tire to wear long a full chance to function, independent of the likelihood of its life being shortened by mishap.

All Goodyear Tires, and Goodyear Tires only, are now made with SUPERTWIST—which is perhaps why, more than ever, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

BALLOONS

Made with SUPERTWIST

What Good is an Air Cleaner?

To be of real value it must clean all the dust, sand and grit from the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gasoline.

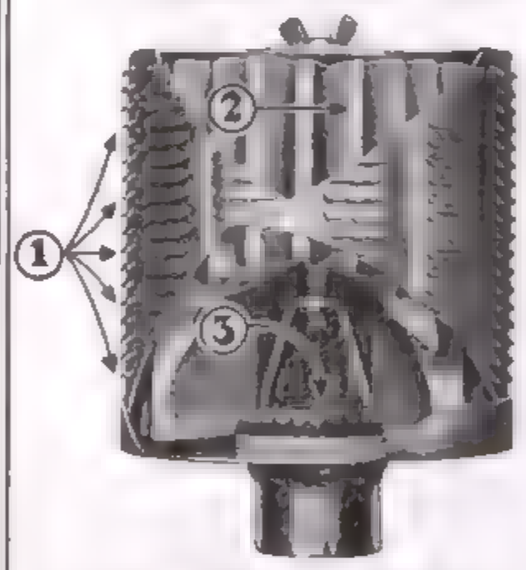
It is worth all you can pay for one if it is 99 9/10% efficient.

Only by a filtration process can 99 9/10% of the sand, dust and grit in the air be removed. The air must be *filtered* and the only air *filter* for use on passenger cars is

99 9/10% EFFICIENT PROTECTOMOTOR Perfect Positive Protection 99 9/10% EFFICIENT

It triples the life of any motor by *filtering* the air, thus preventing wear on all moving parts from 75% to 85%; prevents carbon and carbure troubles 60% to 75%; stops all disagreeable carburetor noises.

This Is How It Filters the Air



1 Air enters large number of small openings in outer shell at low velocity so the coarse particles of dust are separated by gravity.

2 Specially constructed filtering material, chemically treated, removes even the finest (those that cause wear) particles of dust but readily permits air to pass through.

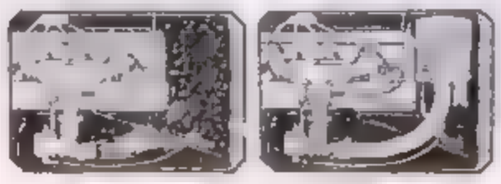
3 Pure, clean, FILTERED warm air passes through this outlet to carburetor and motor, the fine dust (the cause of wear) entirely removed.

Important:—Protectomotor is made of aluminum and rust-proof material throughout. Due to highest grade of workmanship and material it presents an unusually attractive appearance.

Compare Protectomotor with any other air cleaning device and you will insist upon having *your* car equipped with a Protectomotor.

Investigate Air Cleaners before you buy one. If your dealer can't supply you with a Protectomotor, write us giving make and model of your car and carburetor

Staynew Filter Corporation
Rochester, N. Y.



Dusty Air that causes wear — Filtered Air that prevents wear

(Continued from Page 136

strong at it when who would I run into one evening but Softy the Dummy.

When he seen me he give me the high sign to foller him into Slim's Place, a little hole-in-the-wall of a restaurant, half a block away. Oncet inside he steered me to a booth and ordered near-beer. The minute the waiter was gone he commenced.

"I couldn't believe it was you," he says in a whisper. "You must of had a bad time of it, Kitty dear."

"You know we're playing straight, Softy," I says. "Ever since you told me, see?" Softy shook his head sadly, his big dog eyes wet and wistful.

"Jim's wasting his talents as manicurist in that garage," he says. "Oh, I heard! I hear everything. And the gang ain't done so awful good since he cut out, neither. Why don't he come back, Kitty? After all, you ain't found the straight-and-narrow so strewed with roses, have you?"

"No, Softy," I says. "I admit we're broke, but it's gotter be gone through with just the same."

"Don't be a fool, Kitty," says he, leaning towards me suddenly. "Jim's a fine gunman, and a first-class major in society dipping, but he'll never make a killing in any other line. Leave him come on back. The gang will crown him King of the May and no hard feelings. You can set pretty again. Come on! Tell him we got a big job on Tuesday, and his brains will be as welcome as an overdue check."

I looked at Softy, and my eyes burned like red-hot pokers had been pushed into 'em. Softy was right, the level game didn't pay many dividends. A lot of folks might care if we was crooked, but nobody had even noticed us trying to do the right thing. Yet somehow that didn't outweigh the fact that we was actually trying. I shook my head. Then I got out my pocketbook and showed the Dummy a badge George West had give me the night before. Softy held it in his hands like he was afraid it was gonner bite him. Then I give him the straight dope about how I was now cooperating with the police.

"But the rewards you get," says Softy; "Jim will wonder about that. Whatcher gonner tell him?"

"I'm not," I says; "that is, until I have enough jack stuck away so's he can set up in business for himself. A garage business, maybe. When I got five or ten grand soaked up in some savings bank, I'll spring the whole story, but not before. Get the idea?"

Softy did. He nodded slowly.

"But what about me?" he says. "I let you in on this. When I told you about Jim, I double-crossed the gang. That ain't honest; I don't feel right about it."

"If you want to be honest, Softy," I says, "why don't you be it on the side of the law? George West needs all the help he can get, and I'll bring you two together any time you like."

Well, Mr. Pike, at first he wouldn't believe that was a good buy, the same as you with that property out in Piny Homes I'm advising you to take. I showed him where it was a safe investment or a quick turnover, whichever he preferred, and every other argument I could think of, all of them sound. But in the end it wasn't the reason I give convinced him; it was his personal feelings, which is what decides most of us, kid ourselfs as we will, Mr. Pike.

"Kitty," says he, "I'll do it. But it's only on account you're asking it, and it'll help to make you happy, maybe. That's my profit, see?"

Well, that was that, and the beginning of Softy's job with the law. And in a coupla more months George's record as chief was bleaching out in a way that had the local politicians scared, while I and Softy was rolling up wads like a coupla bootleggers. The crime wave was going out like low tide, and everything was jake until I done a darn fool sentimental thing like women will.

Well, Mr. Pike, pretty near any of us has got a weakness, something they just naturally can't resist. And blue dress goods is my chief vice. So when I seen a dress made out of blue chiffon, over on Flagler Street one day, I hesitated and most of the money in my pocketbook was lost. Understand, Mr. Pike, I hadn't been seeing a whole lot of Jim just lately. As a matter of fact, he had run into a old friend that used to go to school with him out West, and he had taken to going out evenings with this boy friend. It was bad for my feelings, and so on the impulse I bought this dress. I knew it would be awful becoming, and I didn't blame him for getting sick and tired sitting home evenings looking at my washed-out ginghams.

But when I got that dress home to the flat I commenced to get panicky. How could I wear it and not account for where it come from? Every line of it had class, same as the Key Development Company ads, the ones that say, You Can Tell at a Glance It's the Property of Gentlefolks. And oh, the color of the chiffon, and the way it matched my eyes, and the look it might bring back into Jim's eyes if oncet he was to see me wearing it!

I was standing in front of the kitchen mirror, holding it up to me, when all to oncet I heard Jim's key. I was scared bluer'n the dress, and made a dive for the closet with it, but just too late. Jim had seen me slam the closet door as he come into the room.

"Hello, what's all the hurrah?" he says, throwing down his things. "Why the panic?"

"Oh, nothing," I says.

"Yes, something," he growled at me. "Whatcha hiding out on me, kid?"

"I ain't hiding nothing," I says foolishly, but not moving from the door until he threw me away from it with a rough hand.

Then he flung the door open and seen the blue dress.

"So!" he says, feeling of the quality right away. "Where'd that come from?"

"You get out of my clothes closet, James Kason!" I says hysterically. "It's about the only private place I got left, and I intend to keep it so."

"You don't say!" he sneered. "Well, well, maybe there's more interesting stuff in here."

Jim wouldn't do such a thing, not normally, but this one time he started right in looking through. He didn't find much, just one or two little things like French gloves and a bottle of perfume, the kind he liked, which I hadn't dared to open yet. Then he come slowly out into the room, my pocketbook in his hand.

"Who paid for these things?" he says thickly.

"Why, I did, Jim, I did!" I cried out, ready to scream at the look on his face.

"Where'd you get the money?"

"I—I got it myself, Jim; nobody give it to me, I swear!"

A sudden flash of memory seemed to dash across his face like a wind.

"Them jewels in the safe deposit," he says—"I want 'em! Gimme the keys, quick!"

"Jim," I says, "I can't give 'em to you. I "

"Then I'll take 'em!" he says, and he ripped open my purse. Inside was my savings-bank book, with pretty near four thousand dollars marked to my credit. When I got up to five I had intended giving it to him, of course. He looked at me as if he had been hit, and then he went raving mad.

"You little rattler!" he says. "So that's how you've done me dirt! I noticed all right how the money I give you seemed to go an awful long ways. I might of known there was something funny about it. Well, it seems there is. Ha-ha! So that's the way you go straight! That's the fine honor you've been talking about, you that thought such a lot about making good on our own. You go behind my back, take out the jewels, hock 'em and park the money in your own name and never say a word to me. I suppose you were planning a getaway too."

"Jim! No, Jim!" I says, wringing my hands. "Listen a moment, please."

"I've done all the listening to you I'm going to," he says. "I'm through. You were the one thing I believed in, and I see now what a fool I've been. I'm quitting right now."

"Don't!" I begged him. "Jim, don't go back to the gang. If you ever cared a bit for me, don't go back to the old game."

"No, I wouldn't do that," he says, with a cold contempt that was worse than his first anger. "I don't need to be a crook just because you are. If I can't trust you, I can trust myself, but I don't want anything more to do with you."

"Dearest, you don't understand," I says. "I done it all for your sake." Jim give the horridest laugh I ever hope to hear.

"For me!" he says. "For me! You stole my stuff, and wouldn't even take me, your own husband, on as side kick. Do you think that's decent or fair? For me! Ha-ha! Well, much obliged, I'm sure; but I don't need no such favors, you little crook! I don't never want to see you again."

And before I could do nothing, only sway over toward him with my arms held out, he slammed through the door and left me flat. I lay there crying, I don't know how long, hoping every moment I would hear his footsteps on the stairs coming back. But I didn't. It was almost two weeks before I seen him again, and then he didn't see me. It was in George West's private office at police headquarters.

You know the new police headquarters, Mr. Pike? Well, one time when we first come down, pop was offered the lots it stands on for seven hundred dollars, and he didn't have sense enough to take them. He said they'd have to arrest him to make him pay the price. I hate to think what the city probably gave.

Well, anyways, as I was telling, the next time I seen Jim was at headquarters. You can imagine the state of mind I was in by then, Mr. Pike. Nothing seemed to matter. I was going around with a kinda dull pain like a toothache, only it was in my heart. And on this day I am telling about I had gone in early to see George. We was talking when in come Softy, who had been waiting for me outside.

"Say, chief," he says, "they've got Jim out there. Gonner take him up before Judge Glenmore. He come in last night on a drunk-and-disorderly charge. He's sober now, but he looks like he'd been on a week's bat. I give the signal to hold him up. Wanner see him?"

George give me a glance and I wigwagged a yes, and Softy went for him.

"Let me go in the next room and leave the door open," I says. "I can't see him—not right now." George understood, like as usual.

"I'll do what I can," he says.

Jim was a wreck physically, and about as high in the world as a snake's tail. But the chief went right after him.

"Look here, Jim," he says, "I know all about things. I have more than two eyes in this business, and I know exactly how long you have been going straight, and how you spoiled your pretty hands with hard labor. Experience has taught me that one of the best men a fellow in my position can hire on the side of the law is the reformed crook. Snap out of this, man; you can't go on drinking and be worth anything to either of us. But if you'll lay off the stuff, I'm willing to give you a job right in my office."

Jim looked at him dully, his whole figure drooping, and he shook his head.

"No, thanks," he says; "I don't want work."

"What are you going to do then?" asked West.

"Nothing."

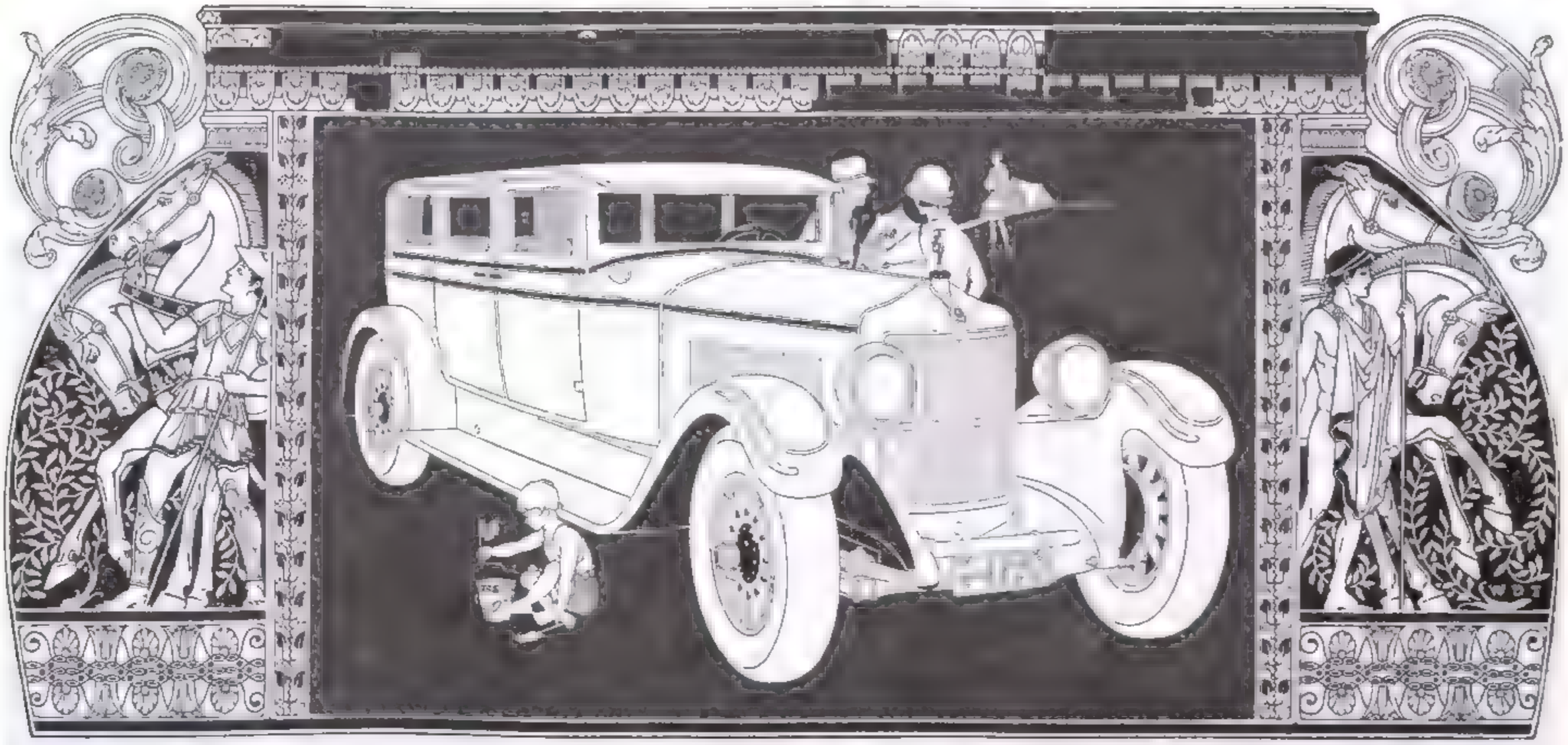
"Back to the old game?"

"No," says Jim; "just nothing."

"But how about Kitty?" says George. Jim got up at that.

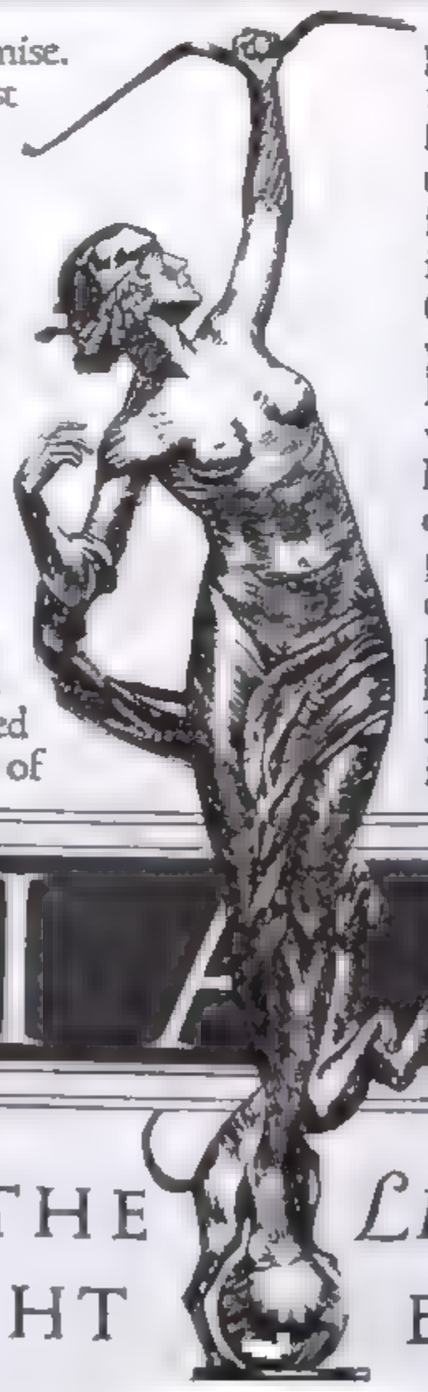
"Lemme go, can't you?" he says. "She knows where she gets off. I'm through."

(Continued on Page 144)



FIRST—After Twenty Years Research

No longer is mathematical balance a promise. Twenty years, and the industry's great quest is ended. Diana engineers have found *symmetrized design* and they reveal it in the first *Light* Straight Eight. It's a story of research without a parallel, steadfast, diligent, enthusiastic. ¶ *Symmetrized design* goes back to time remote, back to fundamentals, back to the Grecian vase, the basis of *all* design. And it brings to the Diana *Light* Eight the ultimate symmetry, the made-like-a-watch balance, mathematically correct, superbly true. ¶ But *symmetrized design* has given Diana more than a technical balance. It has added an amazing smoothness, a hushed operation, an even fullness of power, a pick-up like the snap of a whip. Diana for 1926 has 73 horsepower with a *pliant* flexibility of from 2 to 77 miles an hour. The acceleration is from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 6½ seconds. A new neutralizing force, the Lanchester Dampener, prevents synchronizing, stops vibration, prolongs the life of the car. ¶ Diana has the impudent swagger and dash of youth. She's clean limbed, light of foot, long and low. The newest, the very smartest, the most advanced type automobile. Engineers hail it, "The New-Day Motor Car." And Diana *is* new, crammed with new ideas, eager with new power. ¶ *Now get in and drive*—up hill, down dale, in the roughest going. Compare *this* performance with the best you have in mind, for comparison stresses Diana's leadership, points it out, isolates it, puts it in your memory forever.



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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Street Cars Run Industry

OUT on the edge of Buffalo, Los Angeles, Bridgeport, Covington—out on the edge of any larger American city—a whistle blows and 2,000, 5,000, 10,000 men and women charge into a narrow street.

In the center of these same cities 5 o'clock strikes and similar hordes cascade from stores, theatres, office buildings.

That's the transportation problem of present-day industry. People must be moved *in masses*, not by twos and threes. They come in swells, in tides, in floods—not in rivulets and trickles.

Twice daily in the United States whole armies must move through narrow, crowded streets in a few minutes' time. There are factories that release as many as 30,000 men at closing time. This is almost half as many as Napoleon had at Waterloo. It is half as many as Lee brought to Gettysburg. There are office buildings that discharge far more people than Washington had when he crossed the Delaware.

Only one type of vehicle will handle forces like these and keep the industries running. That's the street car and its auxiliary—the motor bus. The street car is preeminently a vehicle of mass transportation.

Nothing proves this as forcibly as the trend in the number of street car riders. 1923 was the banner year for new automobile registrations in this country. It also was the banner year for the street cars in number of riders hauled. 1924 was a year of industrial uncertainty. Even for that year the street cars hauled within one per cent of the total riders for the record-breaking year of 1923.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in All Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere
Localized Service—Men, Parts, Shops

Westinghouse

W E & M Co.

SOME thirty-three years ago Westinghouse built its first motor for street car service, and began the series of engineering contributions that have helped bring electric transportation to its present high state of development.

"I suppose all Mothers have to work overtime"

"I know that I haven't had an eight hour day since little Billy came. From early morning until bed-time story hour it is step—step—step, all day. No wonder I used to get foot weary. I didn't realize what a struggle it was for my feet in rigid, unnaturally shaped shoes. Now I wear Cantilevers and they certainly help a lot. I seem to have more energy and things don't bother me so much."

* * * *

Cantilever Shoes are comfortable because they are lasted to fit naturally and are flexible from toe to heel. They conform easily to the shape of the feet and function with them.

The flexible arch of the Cantilever fits the under-curve of the foot. It gives springy support and does not restrict the foot action as do ordinary shoes. The muscles upon which the strength of the foot depends are encouraged to exercise. Weak feet regain their strength and normal feet keep active in flexible arch Cantilevers.

Graceful, natural lines and pleasing rounded toes of the Cantilever add to your pleasure. Your toes have room. Your foot is free. The shoe is scientifically designed so as to distribute the weight of the body evenly, taking the strain off the inner and weaker side of the foot.

Cantilevers have been sold for over a decade and are endorsed by physicians, health authorities and wearers. They have brought foot health to countless men and women.

Cantilever Shoes for Fall and Winter offer you a fine selection of attractively designed models that will appeal to your good taste as well as your practical desire for foot comfort. There are modish pumps in a variety of patterns and several trim oxfords for utility wear.

Long wear and reasonable prices make Cantilevers an excellent investment for the woman (or man) to whom economy is as interesting as good looks and comfort.

Cantilever Shoe
for Men and Women

Morse & Burt Co., Mfrs.
408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the address of the Cantilever store nearest me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 140)

Well, there was nothing George could do with him. In the end he went away free, through West's influence, without even knowing I had been there, and my heart stopped aching when he left. It froze up instead.

Say, Mr. Pike, did you ever hear of putting caps into climaxes? Well, it wasn't a week later before regular gunpowder caps was put into mine. The Sunday after that awful morning in West's office, I was sitting in my flat all alone with the Sunday newspaper, when what would I see on opening the sensation pages only a enormous picture of Helen West.

The story run all acrost the both pages, with a enormous head of Helen, wearing a magnificent necklace of emeralds and earrings of the same. Below was the photo of her magnificent home out in the Ownahome development, while between these was drawings of dukes and murderers and strings of pearls and all the junk the papers usually jazz up about any regular splash concerning famous jewels. The sight of Helen's smiling face with all them gems on made me wild. But did I read the story? And how? I gripped it so hard it's a wonder I didn't tear it apart, and when I had done reading I pretty near did, at that. Then a thought come to me.

You see the piece was a interview with Helen, and it seems where Eddie had give her the Colby emeralds, supposed to be the finest in the world. He had done so in celebration of the opening of the Emerald Beach Casino, his newest five-million-dollar project, see? And she was to wear 'em to the ball which was to pry said Casino open. In the interview Helen says where these jewels meant more to her than anything in the world, and I could easy believe it, on account she was that kind. She had longed for them for years, in spite the fact they was supposed to be fatal to the owners.

"I could play with them all day," says she to the reporter, "for they are not only the realization of a dream to me but the symbol of the supreme success of my husband. I would not give them up for anything in the world, and if it is true there is an evil fate connected with them, then I would gladly give my life for the pleasure of having worn them."

Whatter you know about that, Mr. Pike? Success! She loved them on account they represented Eddie's success! And who in the first place had paid for them emeralds but me? Who had been sunk into the mud to make a stepping-stone for the Ainslees' rise in the world, only me? I had paid, sure enough—with my job, my honest reputation, and now with the lost love of my husband. Them jewels had cost me everything in life that was worth while, and all to once I considered that they belonged rightly to me, and I decided to get them. Yes, Mr. Pike, I decided to steal for myself. Helen had done me dirt, and here was my chance to hit her where it was going to hurt her and hurt her bad. I made up my mind I would have them emeralds before she had been out of her house ten minutes on the night of the Casino opening.

I guess I told you, Mr. Pike, that the Ownahome development, where Helen and Eddie lived, wasn't so very far from my flat. Just a park between. Say, I do wisht you had come to Florida earlier in the game. I could of got you some grand buys over there. Well, anyways, as I was telling, Helen's house set way back from the road, with a long driveway, and in order to go to Emerald Beach it would be necessary for her car to pass through this park and along the main boulevard, which the developers had planted something wonderful with hibiscus and palms and Australian pine. It was real dark in there on account they hadn't ever put no lights in yet, and as a result of this bad policy, there wasn't many houses built out that way, and I figured that all I'd have to do was get Softy to apparently stall his flivver in the path of Helen's car in a nice place I knew about. Then I would take Jim's old gat, step out from the bushes, and, zowie! I'd get them emeralds, while Softy disabled their car. Next he would hop the flivver and beat it for a plane to Bimini. The rest of the getaway had ought to be easy.

Softy was strong for it; he went nuts over the idea. It was too big to resist, and inside of twenty-four hours we had everything set. Softy prowled around the Ainslee house and found out that Helen would be alone in the car. Eddie would be over at the Casino early, and she was to meet him there.

You can imagine how I felt until the fatal day, Mr. Pike. I know you got a good sensible imagination or you wouldn't of come to Florida to buy real estate. Well, as I was telling, I was in a terrible state; and toward late afternoon, silly as I knew it was for me to be seen hanging around the park before it was absolutely necessary, I couldn't endure the flat no longer, and so about five o'clock I got myself ready and set out to take up my place down the line.

Well, I had plenty of time, and so I strolled easy through the park; and whatter you know, when I come to the midway bench, if there wasn't that cute baby, all alone and yelling its head off with not a flicker of a nurse nowheres around.

I walked right by, trying not to notice the kid, and hardening up my heart. But after I got a few steps beyond, something just made me look back, and there was the baby about ready to fall out the carriage. Naturally I run, my heart in my mouth, just in time to catch the kid before it bumped out onto the pavement.

"There, you fool sweetness," I says, tying it in, "ain't you got a mite of sense, huh?"

The kid stopped hollering then, and give a coo. Dearest thing you ever heard. It took me quite some strength of mind to leave it, but I remembered the job ahead of me, and I walked off. But the baby yelled again, and I hesitated and looked back. The kid seen me do it, and she smiled. I could tell it was a she from the pink bows.

"No, no!" I says, shaking my finger at her. "You go sleepy-by. I got to beat it."

"Ouggu!" says the baby moistly.

Well, I couldn't stick it, and I come back and sat down on the bench, and let the young one grab hold of me. After all, I could set and enjoy myself until the nurse come back. But the nurse didn't come back. What she was up to, heavens knows. The time commenced to get short for me, for I had to hide out properly, but still I couldn't seem to move. Then with a big effort I got up. It was now or never. And all to once it come over me that never was correct.

I dunno what happened just, but the whole world acted like a kaleidoscope when I tried to go away. I felt dizzy and weak and queer, so I grabbed a-hold of the baby-carriage handle to steady myself, and the first thing I knew I was trundling it along in the opposite direction from the one in which I was supposed to be going. I was headed for home, walking fast, and I never stopped until I had that baby coach hid under the hall stairs.

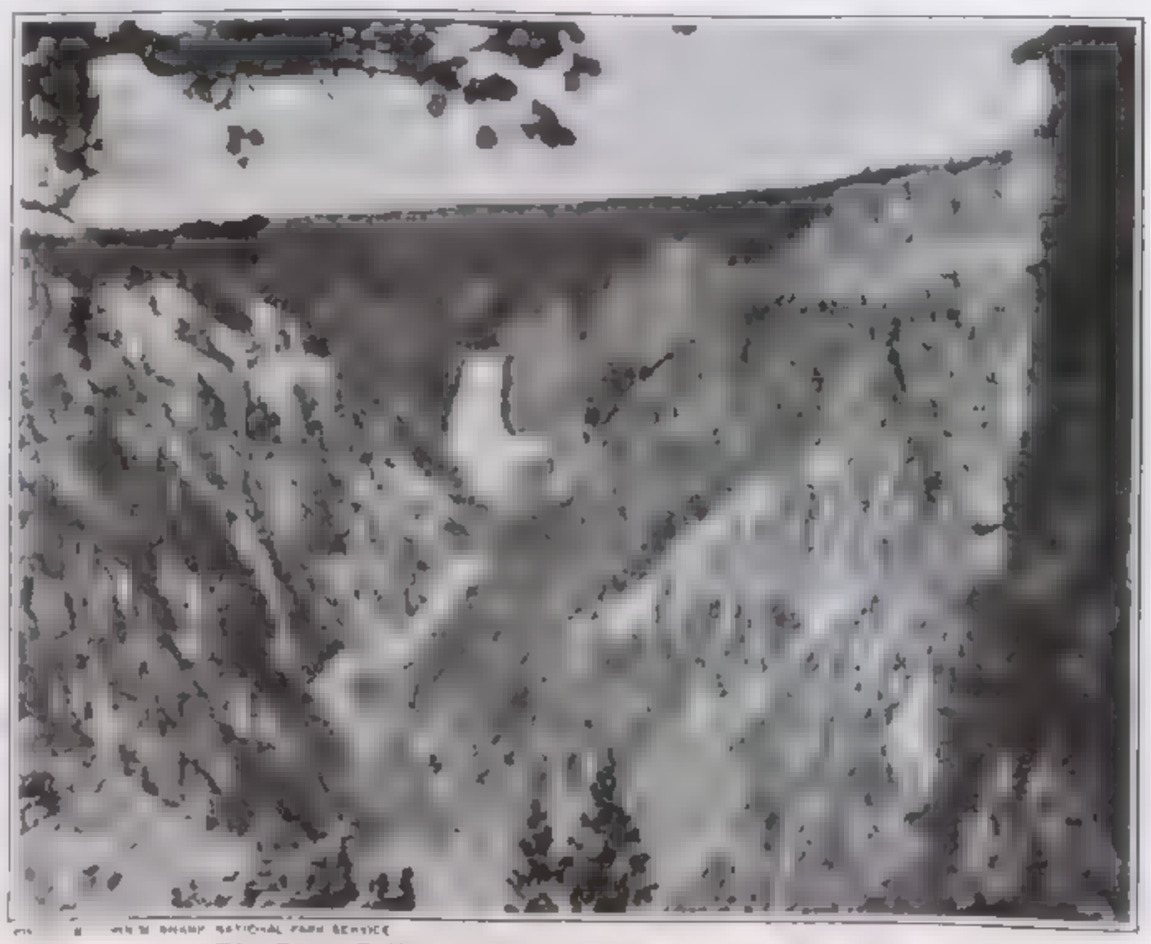
Well, when I was home, and had that little precious on my lap, I got so reckless I didn't give a hoot for anything. I was a kidnaper; I might go to jail for it any moment—Helen would ride by safe with her big emeralds, but I should worry. I was having the time of my life, playing house, and the baby was enjoying it as much as me. And then, right at the height of it, when I had the youngster in the washtub, cleaning it up, and we was splashing and laughing real cordial, what would I hear but a familiar step on the stair, and in another minute in come Jim.

"I had to come back," he says, simply. And then he seen the kid. "For the love of tripe!" says he. "Oh, Kitty! You're all made out of candy!"

I flew to him, Mr. Pike, not at him. I couldn't help it. What happened after is nobody's business. Except one thing. When we come to find out who the baby belonged to, why, it belonged to Helen and Eddie, and darned if Jim Kason didn't make me take it back. What's that, Mr. Pike? Oh, no, I didn't mind so much. You see, we got one of our own now. And as for robbing Helen to get square, well, I got square seeing her face when I took her baby back to her. She'd been punished enough. But her and I could never be friends; no, we got such different dispositions.

Well, anyways, as I was telling, that evening after we got home, I and Jim had a long talk, and I told him everything. Then I put his gat away in the bureau drawer, and got out some knitting needles and yarn I had parked there, while Jim called up George West on the phone and asked if he could still get a job in George's office. Did he get it? And how? Sure he did. George says to come right to work next day, they was in bad need of a man with just exactly Jim's training and qualifications. In the police department? Oh, no, Mr. Pike! George West had left the police department over a week ago and was in the real-estate business by then. We bought him out last month. And here comes my partner now. Yes, it's my husband.

"So glad I was able to hold you here until he come, Mr. Pike," I says to the old feller. "I know you and Jim can come to terms on that Piny Homes deal."



The Great Falls of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

The man coming out can always tell you more than the man going in

. . . *"buy your tickets and step inside."* Thus ends the oration of the side-show barker. Once inside the tent, reality quiets the stirred imagination. Chief Mongo, the fire-eating Cannibal, becomes a husky, black cotton picker in green tights and beads. The Giant soars only half as high as his painted canvas shows outside, . . . and so down the line of wonders we've heard described.

On the outside of today's big tent of tire manufacturing the user is confused with a mass of details on design, construction and methods—particular features that he can neither see nor feel, but must imagine their presence in the tire.

The thickness of the General Cord is something you can put your hands on. You can feel the weight. The low-pressure advantages are demonstrated to you every second of the way. You can add up your bills and note the gasoline saving. The trade-in price you get for your car speaks for the longer car life due to General Cords. These are all things that you can see and feel.

To judge a General Cord in advance of using it, talk to those who have had the experience. The man coming out of the tent can always tell you more than the man going in.

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It's the second 10,000 miles that makes the big hit

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BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

The artistic stand lamp that—

Clamps anywhere or hangs on hook or nail.

Adjusts in any direction—shade adjusts, too.

My! How she'll enjoy sewing by a Buss Light!

Can't you see her eyes a-shining with appreciation of your thoughtfulness when you bring her a Buss Light to sew by?

See how she can clamp it right on the machine itself and then turn it in any direction to light up her sewing, as she never could with any other light.

What a convenience to her, and what a comfort to her eyes! And for her embroidery or any fine needle work, Buss Light is a boon, for its close-up focused light banishes all shadows and makes even the smallest detail of sewing clear and distinct.

And that's not all. She'll find so many other uses for her Buss Light. Clamped on the bed or chair for lazy reading luxury. Attached to the mirror to banish the shadows when primping. Used for the card table, the piano, or book case—or for work in the kitchen—or to take about with her to light up any dark place.

When you see what a beauty the light itself is, you'll understand why more than a million have been bought. Ask particularly for the Decorated Ivory and Decorated Bronze Model.

Get her a Buss Light today at any store that handles lights. It costs so little.

Bussmann Mfg. Co., 3825 N. 23rd St., St. Louis

$2 Plain Brass or Bronze finish. Complete with extra long cord (9 ft.) and combination plug. Bulbs not included.

$3 If you can't find Buss Light [illegible] Bronze from us, send money and specify finish

BUSS *Light* The Handiest Light in the World

SPANISH MEN'S REST

(Continued from Page 5)

But the grandson was against leaving. The boy, Don Anthony, had hair that if it were a girl's would be called chestnut and very beautiful, and deep-gray eyes. Evidently feeling how girlish he seemed to our northern robustness, his voice had been cultivated into a husky fierceness and his eyes were inimical. They were too poor, he said, for a wealthy gentleman's house; they were here on business, also; their stay would be too long to take advantage of hospitality; and this reason and that one. My Uncle Valentine heard him with patience and gravity.

"If you've finished, me little red feller," said my Uncle Valentine, "you can take your hat and come on."

If my Uncle Valentine was a sort of beneficent red god in Destiny Bay, then James Carabine, his valet and our butler, the broken-nosed, broken-handed London prize-ring fighter, and a fine soldier, was his angel of judgment. My Uncle Valentine might jest and be cajoled, but Carabine's word was Scripture and irrevocable. Carabine had gone down to the Widow McGinty's to collect the baggage and edit the reckoning.

"So you've the ould one up wit' ye, Mr. Carabine."

"What ould one?"

"Th' ould one who says he's a jook."

"And isn't he?"

"Hell to your sowl, Mr. Carabine"—and the Widow McGinty flopped like a burst football—"do you mean it's true?"

"'Tis," said Carabine.

There was this about the Widow McGinty—you might knock her for a minute, but she was up like a shot. That night, with immense labor and much smudging of ink, she indited a letter to Derry, and a week afterward her hotel blazed forth under a new sign as The Royal Arms. By Special Appointment—the widow's geography was vague but her business sense unimpeachable—By Special Appointment to the Duke of Portugal.

Which sign is there till this day.

III

AT DINNER that night it was rather pathetic to see the two Spaniards, the elder one in formal clothes that must have dated back to the 50's, the younger one in a dinner jacket that the village seamstress might have put together. The ancient duke had the manners of one who in his twenties had mixed with kings; the boy had a rare formal courtesy which could only have been taught him by the old man. There we were, my Uncle Valentine, magnificent as only a great Irish gentleman can be; my Aunt Jenepher, dark and beautiful with her warm friendly silence; the old duke, with his immense hooked nose, his white hair, his grayish, and now I saw, stricken face; the boy, with the chestnut hair and gray eyes—the wild inimical look was passing from them. Little by little we got their story. The old man and the boy were the last of their race. The old man had soldiered in Africa in his youth, and retiring to his country vineyards, had lived far away from court and city until his name was all but forgotten. The duchess had been dead these thirty years, and his only son, who had married an Austrian lady of no fortune, was dead in Cuba at San Juan Hill. He was a wild lad, the old duke hinted, and baccarat, our old friend *neuf à la banque*, had him in thrall. The inheritance coming to him at his father's death he had signed away. Though there was no legal hold on him, the old duke had felt it incumbent to meet his son's debts. Beneath this calmly told story there was a great deal of tragedy, I am thinking. However, there they were now, the old duke and the soon-to-be duke, and hardly a peseta—if that is the coin of the country—between them.

"My forefather was the great Alonzo de Leyva," said old Don Diego.

'Struth! I had it! I knew now why the two poor devils had come to Destiny Bay! I looked across toward my Uncle Valentine, but he was listening in his courtly way to the old gentleman, and that bronzed face of his which could be like the sphinx's when need arose, showed no evidence that the name was known to him. I glanced toward my Aunt Jenepher and I could feel a quick understanding coming from her. The boy must somehow have felt it, for he flushed to his chestnut hair.

Don Alonzo de Leyva. The name carried me back to a May day of three and a quarter centuries before, when the great Armada set out on the enterprise of England, as they called it. A hundred and thirty ships there were, great galleasses of over one thousand tons; galleasses rowed by three hundred slaves, the best appointed vessels of Spain and Portugal and Italy. The captain-general of the ocean, this commander was called, and Alonzo de Leyva was second in command. There they set out, the great floating cities, the great floating forts, the Capitana, the San Martin, the Santa Aña, the Señora del Rosario, the Raba Coronada, the San Juan, the San Pedro, their vast galleasses, their light dispatch boats, their fleet corsairs. There they set out, the men who had conquered Mexico and the West Indies and Peru. Their heavy guns, their boarding axes and their gear of war. The royal standard of Philip floated on the Capitana. *Exsurge, Deus, et vindica causam tuam*, it bore—Arise, O God, and avenge thy cause! And in each ship six little boys sang Buenos Dias in the morning and Ave Maria at the close of day.

Of how they fared every man knoweth—of how Drake and his Devon men came out of Plymouth Sound and harried them to Calais; and how at Calais he was joined by Sir John Hawkins and Admiral Frobisher, those devils of the sea; of the week's fighting in the Downs; of the great gallantry of the Spanish men, who died where they stood, striking never a flag; of the retreat northward. Northward toward the Pole the Spaniards drove, starving and shattered, and feeling they were being driven into the freezing circle of Dante's hell, so different were the lowering fogs from the golden waters of Spain; and turning and fleeing home by the west coast of Ireland, there arose an enemy greater than Frobisher or Hawkins or Drake. He did blow with His wind, the sea covered them, and they sank as lead into the mighty waters. The men who had laughed in the beard of the outrageous Horn on their way to cow Peru were mangled by the unimaginable Irish Sea, the teeth of the Irish coast.

Of all the gallant captains and gentlemen adventurers who perished on the dreadful Irish coast, none put up such a gallant fight as the Vice Admiral de Leyva. Off the Nore, his ship, the Raba Coronada, had fought until she was scupper deep in the water, and until he had only thirty cartouches left; but by some miracle of seamanship he navigated her homeward until the great wind struck him off Killybegs, and there she perished. But the vice admiral saved his crew, his arms and treasure; and fitting out his galleass, he started to row home, setting out a course by the Orkneys and Shetlands; but off Destiny Bay a vast wave came, and the cruel, the ever cruel and merciless sea, hurled the intrepid company against the cliffs, destroying men and treasure. They were picked up by our own clansmen, thank God, and buried in a great field on the westward horn of Destiny Bay. Though we were of the church by law established, we found a minister of their own faith to say their service. There they sleep, and none of us begrudges them their few acres—the vice admiral and his captains and gunners, the gentlemen adventurers, the common soldiers, and the little boys who trilled Buenos Dias and sang Ave Maria at the close of day; and that field and townland are known as Spanish Men's Rest.

The strakes of the galleass have been used as beams in cottage and farmhouse, and the doubloons and chains of gold and rings set with Peruvian rubies have passed over the counters of wineshops and thence God knows whither; but of the great treasure chest there is no word, written or oral, and not many of us in Destiny Bay care much, for we are superstitious enough or wise enough to believe that wherever is treasure-trove, there are devils; and wherever the treasure goes, go the devils with it.

"I suppose then," said my Uncle Valentine, "that you have hopes of finding your great forefather's treasure box."

"I had thought," said the old gentleman, "that it would be no less impossible to find that treasure than to find money any other way."

My Uncle Valentine looked at me, I think involuntarily, because I know the coast, the currents, and also know much of the peasant lore of the neighborhood. I knew, myself, that there was not the remotest chance of finding anything on that coast. A strong box would be ground to nothing in the underground gardens of the Black Man and the Devil's Delight. Also this—the coast line had changed a great deal since the days of Elizabeth. Every year the furious sea exacts tithe of anise and cummin from the land.

"You seem to think it impossible, Don Kerry," said the old man.

"If anything is ever impossible, sir ..."

"For myself," said the old man, "I care nothing. I am very tired and very old, and less and less does me as the days go by; but for this child"—he nodded to the boy—"he must soon embark on a world which even so tough an old soldier as myself has found difficult. In older days the name would have been an asset, but now"—the old man smiled a little bitterly—"there are so many broken noblemen that they have become a nuisance. Without money one can achieve a philosophy, but without money one cannot practice chivalry."

I am afraid that the necessity of money for a boy of eighteen did not impress me overmuch. Too many of our countrymen, gentle and simple, have gone out in the world with no more wealth than a ready smile and a hard fist, not wishful for wealth but for dreamed cities and unkissed mouths. Many an Irish nobleman thinks back with joy of his mining days in Arizona or of punching cattle in the Argentine or of tending bar in Australia. The boy before me, with his reddish hair and girlish look, didn't seem the type to enjoy the world as we rougher Irish would, making of poverty a game, a club in which to meet all condition of folk.

"However," said the old gentleman, "treasure or none, I am going to tell you something that Don Valentine will understand; though you, Don Kerry, are too young to have felt it yet; and Doña Jenepher will never know, for because of something the feeling never comes to women. When one is a grown man one comes to many crossroads of life, and though one way may be stretching patent before you, yet an overwhelming feeling of right brings you down the small lane. And what you thought at the time was a foolish whim, you see later to have been the irresistible hand of destiny. . . . I have come; that is all."

"You have come among friends, sir," said my Uncle Valentine.

IV

I HAD persuaded the young Dago to come for a gallop with me while exercising Pelican III, the clever old hunter,

(Continued on Page 148)

Vitralite
The Long-Life
Enamel

Painted by Edgar P. Wittmack. Copyright 1925, P&L

Vitralite Enamel whitest and most durable beacon for night fliers at McCook Field

For over two years, U. S. Army aviators from all parts of the United States, seeking McCook Field at Dayton, O., winged their way in the dark of night, to this great, white, glowing beacon of welcome, visible for twenty miles.

And these aviators inquired what made this beacon the whitest and brightest they had ever seen

The answer was Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, famed for the most chaste and refined architectural decorative work, and yet so durable that it stood on this water tank, exposed one hundred and thirty-five feet in the air, to the ravages of Summer's heat, sun and rain, and Winter's cold, snow and sleet, *for over two years*.

The Vitralite is still in good condition and has never been refinished. Did any enamel ever undergo any harder test?

That is why Vitralite can be guaranteed for three years, whether used inside or outside. Not only was the visibility of the tank greater, but Vitralite was whiter and required less illumination than any similar materials tried.

This is the same Vitralite Enamel that you can have your painter use and your architect specify in white or any one of the several delightful tints. If you have a chair or other things about the house to refinish, good paint and hardware dealers most anywhere in the United States or Canada can supply you.

Send for Free Sample Panel showing the porcelain-like Vitralite finish, Color Card and names of local dealers

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
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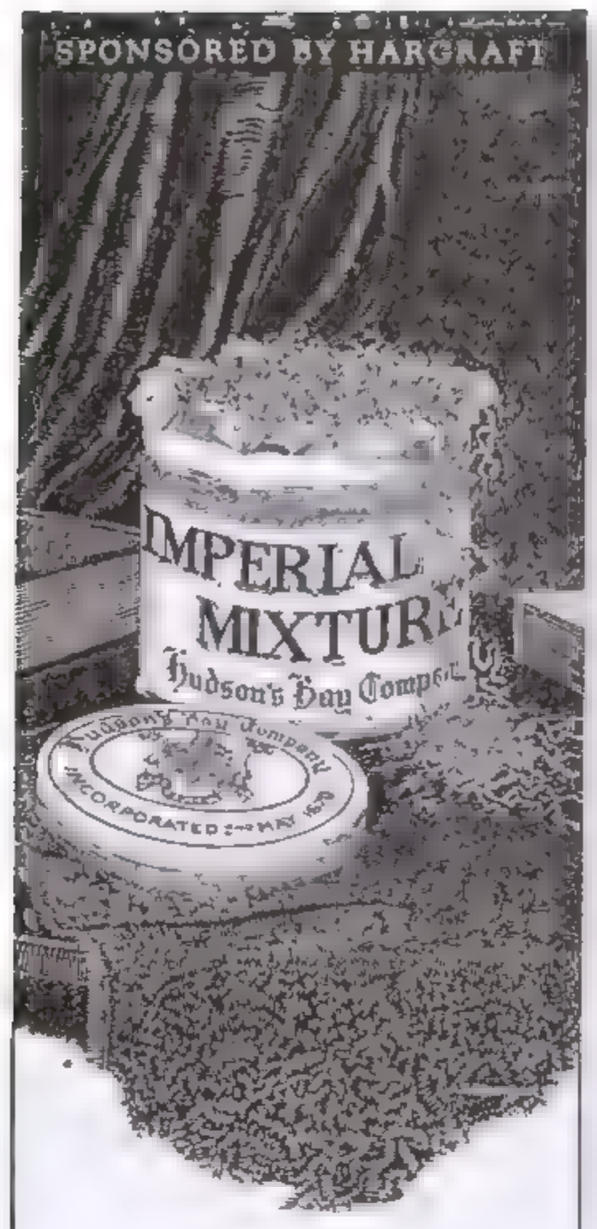

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... Quality

That is the record behind every shred of Hudson's Bay Company tobaccos. For 255 years the name of this great company has stood for the finest things . . . And when you see it on the scarlet and gold tin of Imperial Mixture and Cut Plug and on the buff and blue of Fort Garry you know that you have found a tobacco so mellow, so fine, so bland and rich, that new joys will curl forth in the smoke of your pipe. Aged for four long years . . . sprayed with certain fine honeys and rum . . . packed tight and moist . . . just ask your town's best tobacconist how fine it is. If, by any chance, he can't supply you, write to Hargraft & Sons for a package.

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INCORPORATED

TOBACCOS

Cut Plug—sweet and mild
Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow
Fort Garry Smoking Tobacco—
full flavored and cool

This sign identifies *all Hargraft dealers*

(Continued from Page 146)

and a new moke, a bit of a rogue, that I had been stuck with at Derry. Don Anthony made quite a fuss about going. He had no riding things, so that a new pair of cord breeches was impounded for him by my Aunt Jenepher, with boots I had grown out of. He would have been no ornament to a respectable hunt, that lad, with his coat and waistcoat by the village seamstress and his soft shirt that was more like a girl's than a boy's. Myself, I think a good horse needs dressing up to. My Aunt Jenepher had given him a new tweed cap of mine. I remember thinking that hospitality had distinctly its limits.

James Carabine brought out brown Pelican and the rogue horse. The rogue was a good three-quarter-bred, with a fine turn of speed and a nasty eye. It had also an uncomfortable habit of waltzing around on its hind feet. Even a three-in-one bit couldn't cure it. It began the Waltz Me Around Again, Willy, in the stable yard.

"Which'll you have?" I grinned.

Young Anthony looked at me with something like hate in his eyes.

"You'd better throw a leg up on Pelican," I said.

"You think me afraid? You think me afraid to ride that horse? You think a Spaniard is an afraid man?"

I saw there were tears in his eyes.

I said, "What the deuce wrong with you?"

"I show you am I afraid! You smug Englishman, you corpse-plundering Irish robber!" And before either Carabine or myself could stop him he was on the rogue and through the gate.

"That," said James Carabine, "is a hard saying, Mr. Kerry."

"I hope he breaks his blinking neck."

"Devil a break!" said James Carabine.

I swung up on Pelican and astounded that staid fencer with a couple of resounding larrups on the ribs, so that we went through the drive and the village of Ballyfale in the style of a two-year-old coming up the five-furlong stretch at Leopardstown. A mile out, on the Derry road, I came on my young Spaniard, sitting disconsolately on the rogue horse.

"Don Kerry," he said, and his voice was trembling, "can you forgive me? Will you forgive me?"

He looked so contrite, so heartbroken, that I laughed.

"I must seem so ungrateful to you and Don Valentine and Doña Jenepher."

"Is it for putting you up?" said I. "Sure what is there in it, and why shouldn't we? The traveling tinkers of the road eat more ——"

"That's it, Don Kerry," he answered. "We are nothing more than traveling tinkers of the road. Our duchy and marquisate are ridiculous things, like beggars wearing a king's mantle. Don Kerry, you have no idea how poor we are. I suppose I should not be ashamed of it, but I haven't the philosophy of my grandfather, nor the great gentlemanliness of you and your Uncle Valentine. So I am worried, Don Kerry."

"About what?" I asked.

"My grandfather is so old," he said. "In the hale old the fire burns down until it is gray ash, and then suddenly a great spurt comes and for a moment it is blazing, and then an instant later it is cold, and out. I am afraid this coming to Ireland is the last spurt, Don Kerry, and if my grandfather dies here what shall I do?"

"If he dies here, young Anthony, he dies among friends; and there is the same hospitality for him dead as alive, for he has more need of it. At ninety a man has the right to die, to rest and to go to his friends. And as to you, you stay where you are until you want to go elsewhere. Hell!" I said. "You're not in a city now, where the folk can't see any further than the end of the street or the bank at the end of the street. What you need, my boy, is to lie on your belly on the top of Slievemore Mountain, in the heather of it, and look northward over the Atlantic toward the Pole. A week of that —— Well, what the blazes are you crying about now?"

"Can't I cry if I want to?"

"Not when you're out with me, my son, if you ever expect to come out again. For God's sake, sit back in your saddle and keep your heels down! Stop bearing on that curb. I've a mind to give your own jaw a good squeeze just to let you know what it feels like."

He was a funny lad, that Dago! We had something going on under cover at Destiny Bay that half the United Kingdom would have given their eyes to see. My Uncle Valentine had brought over from Edinburgh, where he had been golfing, as fine a middleweight as ever resined his shoes in a ring; but, utterly unknown, he had just come from New Zealand. We were grooming him for a novices' competition at the National Sporting Club, and had our money down at a hundred to one. Under the eye of James Carabine, who has forgotten more about boxing than our moderns ever knew, we trained the lad. We had a brother of Ike Weir, the old Belfast Spider, to help us, and I made up his speed, for I am rather an overrated amateur heavy. I have been lucky in tournaments. However, I made Scot step to keep out of the way of my right hand.

We had the Spaniard in once, but at the sound of the gloves' thumping, and at the sight of a dribble of blood from a cut on the eyebrow, he got white as death and left, nor could we get him in any more. Nor could I entice him to cockfighting mains. But when he came to the races at Dundalk and Baldoyle he was beside himself with joy. My Aunt Jenepher, who liked him so much, persuaded him to take a loan, and he cleaned up, as our saying is. There was a weight-for-age race for gentleman riders at Baldoyle, and I was up on my Cousin Jenico's Communist, a horse we were for hurdling next year. Communist was second favorite and I told young Anthony I thought I had a chance. As it happened, I straggled in fifth, but I saw him cashing in after the race.

"You didn't bet on me?" I asked.

"No, Kerry. You didn't have a tinker's chance in hell."

Oh, he was learning Irish all right!

"And how did you find out the winner?" The winner was at sixes.

"Oh, I picked him in the paddock," said he. I was beginning to have a respect for that boy.

v

IT MIGHT have been the strong liquor of the ocean air that lulled the old man into sleepiness; the air of the Atlantic drift that has flown from Bimini and the Bermudas to our Destiny Bay, and has something of the peace and drowsiness of those islands when it reaches us. All our home has peace. The fields of sea drift, the whitethorn bushes and the glory of the heather. The scent of the heather, the purple of the heather, the soft tinkle of it—there is great peace in that. And the bees put a sleep on you. And at night, when the moon comes out, there is the soft flight of the bats, or the flapping of the owl's wings and him after the sleek field mice. The soft chiming of the waves and the shoheen-shoho of the wind in the ancient trees. It is the grand place to rest in, our Destiny Bay.

Now and again he would pull himself together, the old Spaniard, and say that tomorrow or the next day he must go to the beach near Spanish Men's Rest and sit there, "and maybe God would send him a message." Which I wager is as good a way of finding buried treasure as with maps and divers. But each day he put it off until another, and with his grandson, or with my Aunt Jenepher, he would sit in the orchard in the sun and tell us stories of his father, who had met Napoleon face to face, and had fought against Sir John Moore, that most gallant of gallant soldiers, at Corunna, and against our great countryman, the Iron Duke.

"He will never go to Spanish Men's Rest, sir," I told my Uncle Valentine.

"Indeed he will, Kerry," my Uncle Valentine said to me.

The young Spaniard came up to my Uncle Valentine.

"Sir," he said, "my grandfather's going to die."

"And why shouldn't he?" said my Uncle Valentine. "When you're as old as he is, and as tired, you'll not like that anyone will begrudge you your rest."

"But if he dies here, far from his country ——"

"Have you any friends in your country?"

"None, sir." The boy's voice faltered. "I was too young and too much at school to have made friends, and my grandfather has outlived all his."

"Well, he's better here than anywhere," said my Uncle Valentine.

"But the trouble, sir—but the putting of your house about ——"

"Now you're talking to me as if I were some wretched hotel keeper." And my Uncle Valentine frowned.

"Sir," said the boy, "what brought us to Destiny Bay, and what brought you to our lodging, is a great mystery to me. But I think, sir"—and his voice became nearly a whisper—"that it could have been nothing else but the finger of God."

"And sure what else could it have been?" said my Uncle Valentine.

But the old man didn't die. He still drowsed in the sun, treated my Aunt Jenepher with the immense courtesy of an older day, and I began to think that my Uncle Valentine was right—that he would go to Spanish Men's Rest. I had gone down to the Curragh to see the Irish Derby run, a trip that cost me a hundred times the fare, for a Scottish entry, a horse with the neck of a goat and the head of a camel, and a jockey with the evil face of a familiar, had nipped home in the last furlong. A sad day for Ireland! But the night of my return, going into the village, I met Shiela Broon.

In the countryside they gave Shiela Broon a hundred and fifty years of age; but myself, I wouldn't put her a day over a hundred. She was a strange old woman who lived upon the mountain side, and had no English. But she cultivated a herbal garden, and was the doctor of the peasantry. Government sends doctors to the public dispensaries, charming fellows with splendid athletic records, fine followers of hounds. They are grand lads to play cards with, to hunt with; but if there's anything wrong with you in our Irish village, send for the *ban fassa*, the skillful woman.

She had a winsome face, had Shiela Broon, and a fish in the water was not cleaner. She was sent for when anyone died, or when a little one was about to enter the world. Also she had knowledge of many mysteries besides the use of herbs, but these are not spoken of. . . . I knew it was not a child coming into the world, for there was no hurry on her.

"Who has gone home, Shiela Broon?"

"No one as yet, hinney; no one as yet. But there's one in your house, long darling, that's packing his bag."

"Is it the foreign man, white mother?"

"'Tis, hinney; 'tis himself. I'm going to sit down on the ditch, hinney, for the road is hard from the mountain to here."

We sat down in the moonlight, the very old woman with the brown face and the small pipe, and myself, tall, with my cigarette.

"'Tis a funny thing, a hard thing, white mother, to have come from the soft land of Spain to the hard land of Ireland, and to be within a dog's bark of what you've come for, and not to see it."

"If 'tis the admiral's chest you mean, Kerry of the Horses, 'tis not there. Though how I know, I know not myself. But for him and his, is there not the friendship of Clan Farlane, of yourself, strong lad, and of Valentine Aling—Valentine the Magnificent—and of dark Jenepher? Long Kerry of the Heart, the wise of the

(Continued on Page 150)

Here's a startling fact!

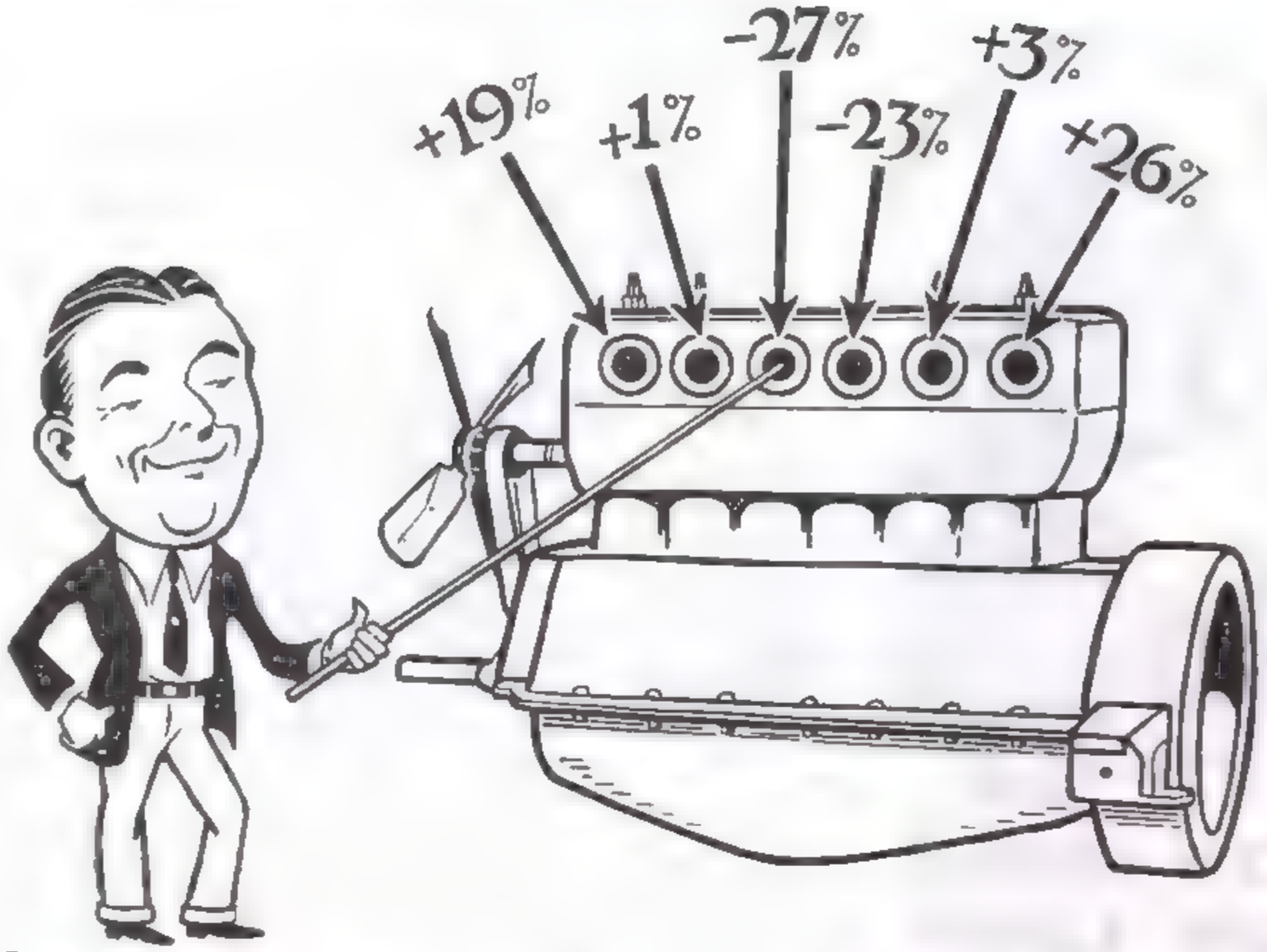
Swan engineers recently made a test in the plant of an automobile manufacturer who makes a well known six cylinder car. They astonished that manufacturer by an analysis of the fuel distribution in his motor

Actually, the two end cylinders were getting 26% and 19% *more* fuel than they should. The two center cylinders were getting 23% and 27% *less* than they should. The actual figures are graphically illustrated in the picture at the right.

Most people would drive a car day-in and day-out without realizing such a condition existed. Yet it is a most common condition.

Actually, that's why so many motors spit and sputter when they're started cold—why they're jumpy and jerky below five miles an hour—why some cylinders show more carbon and spark plug troubles than others—why the oil thins out rapidly—*why this year we will waste over 500 000 000 gallons of gasoline.*

All these things are due to imperfect carburetion and uneven distribution of fuel to the cylinders—and consequently, poor combustion. *And they are the kind of troubles that the Swan System cures.*



A remarkable advance in carburetion *-entitled* to a place among the *really great improvements* in motor car performance

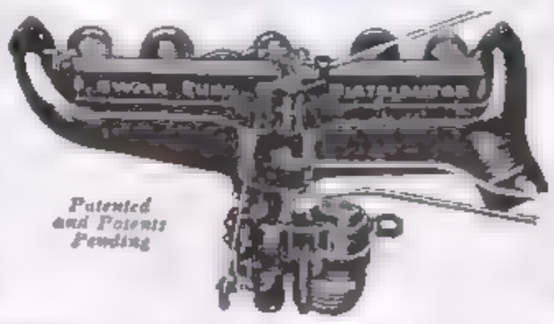
BALLOON tires were a big improvement in riding comfort. Four-wheel brakes added immeasurably to safety in driving. Duco established new standards in automobile finish.

But until the Swan System was perfected there had been no noticeable improvement in carburetion or the methods of handling fuel in the last ten years.

1915 Methods won't handle 1925 Gasoline satisfactorily

The old time systems with their old style carburetors and beautifully curved manifolds admittedly have many faults. They were designed for higher test gasoline than is the rule today.

On the other hand, the Swan System is designed and built especially to handle modern fuels. *It stands alone in that respect.* It is a two unit system. First, a carburetor that properly prepares the heavy "wet" gasoline of 1925 and incorporates a dash control so that the fuel ratio can be instantly adjusted to meet varying conditions. Second, a fuel distributor (intake manifold) that assures equal and uniform distribution of the mixture to all cylinders.



The Swan System positively gives better combustion, smoother, sweeter action, increased power, quicker pick-up, easier starting. Above all, it means economy of fuel and upkeep—less carbon and spark plug trouble—less of that destructive crank case dilution.

Well-Known Manufacturers Have Chosen Swan System

General Motors, Peerless, Buda, Lycoming Motors, American LaFrance, Yellow Sleeve Valve Engine Works are among the many to recognize Swan advantages. All of them, and others, have taken out licenses to use either the Swan System as a whole or the Swan Fuel Distributor.

And many of the leading service stations are carrying specially built Swan reinstallation outfits for Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Nash and Hudson. The Swan System for Ford cars is also proving remarkably effective. It retails for $18.95. Also there's a Swan Fuel Distributor with a patented "booster" for use with the standard Ford carburetor—$9.50. Owners of Ford fleets are showing tremendous operating savings with this equipment.

But no matter what car you drive, you should know what the Swan System does and why it does it. Write for our booklet "Some things you ought to know about your car." It's free.

THE SWAN CARBURETOR COMPANY, *6555 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, Ohio*

A Subsidiary of The Perfection Heater & Mfg. Co., Makers of Perfection Motor Car Heaters—known the world over

SERVICE STATIONS—*You will find it worthwhile to inquire about the Swan Franchise in unoccupied territory. It is an exclusive proposition.*

Trade Mark

Swan System

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keep Dutch Brand Friction Tape ready for emergencies. It holds parts together in a firm grip, or makes a safe and permanent insulation. Stays sticky and stays stuck. Specially cut so the edges won't ravel.

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Put up in 5, 10, 20 and 35 cent rolls.

Three others of the 15 high quality Dutch Brand Motor Aids — they keep down the upkeep.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago

Manufacturers of Rubber and Chemical Products

Established 1910

National distribution through jobbing channels

(Continued from Page 148)

head say different; but a friend is better than gold."

"Aye, to be baffled is a hard thing, Shiela Broon."

"Maybe 'tis not baffled he is at all, at all, Kerry of the Horses. Maybe he's finished his mission. Maybe he was sent for."

"And sure who'd send for him, Shiela Broon?"

"The lonely dead folk of Spanish Men's Rest."

It is a queer thing to be putting down on paper and a queerer thing for folks to be reading in town houses, and in flats, maybe, where if thoughts cold and clear as stars come at all, people are afraid to look at them; but we sat there, Shiela Broon and I, in the silver moonlight, with the mountains rising purple about us, and the chime of the sea in our ears, and talk about dead folk is no more strange than the talk in cities about the weather, or about buying and selling.

"What would the dead folk want him for, Shiela Broon?"

"They're a queer folk, the dead folk, Kerry Oge. They're human in a lot of ways. Were you yourself, Kerry of the Heart, in the dark of Africa or in Cream Tartary for forty years, and you not able to go home, there would come a great drought on you for news of Ulster, of the sight of a man of Ulster. So that in the end you'd send for a relative of yours to be coming and having a crack with you, if he could be spared; you'd be that sick for the ways of Ulster and the speech of Ulster and the little air of Ulster."

"But sure I thought the dead knew everything, could go everywhere, Shiela Broon."

"There's a power of nonsense talked about the dead, Kerry of my Pulse. They do be talking of them even in churches in the most ignorant way. Myself, young love, who see more of the dead than the living on the mountainside, myself that doesn't know how old I am, and have seen them come into the world and go out of it, in divisions of armies, you might say—myself still knows little about them. But 'tis the way, lad Kerry; we here are like childer on the floor, and the dead are grown up. And the way the big people are to us, and we small, are the way the shadowy folk are to us now. Magnificent and strong and past understanding. I do be thinking, Kerry of the Horses, that dying is like a boy's voice breaking and his putting on trews, or like a young girl and she letting down the hem of her skirt and putting up her soft hair. . . . I'll be hitting the road. At the house, if they want me, they know where I am.

"Kerry, young hero," she said, "let you not this year ride a horse with four white stockings."

"And why not, old mother?"

"If you promise me, I'll tell you. 'Tis how I saw in the tub of water, a great jumping horse with his legs broken, and near him a rider twisted and broken, too, but what face was on him I couldn't see. You'll mind a horse with four white stockings!"

"I will, Shiela."

"God go with you, Kerry boy!"

I met Carabine on the drive.

"How's the old gentleman, Carabine?"

"Bad he is, Mr. Kerry. All of a sudden the life is rushing out of him, like the turn of a spring tide. He won't last the night, I'm thinking."

He didn't.

VI

AT ONE end of Destiny Bay, the east horn, is our own house; and surely I am telling no lie when I say there is no happier, sunnier place in wide Ireland, no place that is more beloved of bees—and bees have no liking for a sad house. They are a selfish sort of folk, the bees, but great company and very peaceful, so that I wouldn't like to be saying a word against them. At the west horn of Destiny Bay, the America side, as the country folk say, is Spanish Men's-Rest, my Cousin Jenico's place. I wouldn't call it an unhappy place, or even a sad place; but there is a cold dignity about it that is depressing. The house is squat and gray, good Newry granity, and roofed with that beautiful greenish slate you find in Donegal. Within the big house of Spanish Men's Rest, there is a darkness as if the blinds were drawn; but the blinds never are. Neither are there great walls about it, nor ancient trees as at Destiny Bay; but still it is dark as though there were. There is more fine lawn than flowers about the house, and the trees on the drive are great poplars, not like our own yew and hawthorn trees, constrained by the Atlantic breezes to the shape of wings. Proud and dignified the poplars stand. Even the Night of the Big Wind did not conquer them. They are like the banners of some dour fighting company, some reserve of battle.

Between the house and the sea lies the field from which the townland takes its name, Spanish Men's Rest. It is an acre, more or less, bounded by a wall of stone cemented with mosses, and covered with gorse, but a gorse that has no gayety. Within, the grass grows high, and the red and white heads of the clover; but there are no bees, nor do the meadow larks nest there, rising perpendicularly from the surly field to let loose their cataract of melody. Under the waving grasses, mound by mound, you can distinguish the ancient resting places of the Spanish men. In most of God's little havens there is peace and quietude, but here is a surliness, a sort of bitter feeling in the air. For one, I am not satisfied that the Spanish men rest.

They will tell you there are ghosts at Spanish Men's Rest; and perhaps in Glasgow or in New York, or some place where he is out of the uncanny hearing of the dead, some man of the place will tell you he has seen them. But I should put no belief in that if I were you. No man around Destiny Bay has seen them. Myself, passing in the darkness, have felt my dogs come closer to me, and heard their little uneasy whines; and riding on horseback, have known the mare to shy and sweat; but no man's eye, so far as I know, has seen them. But then the sheeted kitchen ghost is a vulgarity past believing, and as for forms of horror, the Agony of Christ is between us and them.

How Spanish Men's Rest came into our family and how eventually it came to my Cousin Jenico was thus: Our grandfather, Sir Alastair MacFarlane, had for first wife an O'Donnell of Donegal, who brought to him the townland and house of Spanish Men's Rest as dowry, together with other things, like a row of houses in Kentish Town in London, and a very excellent brewery in Louth. The O'Donnells are not a strong or a long-lived family, so the poor lady died, after having given birth to a daughter, Catherine, to whom all the dowry was willed by my grandfather when he married his second wife, our grandmother.

My Aunt Kate—as she insisted on being known, Plain Kate MacFarlane—had a great deal of my grandfather's peremptory ways. She insisted on living by herself in Spanish Men's Rest, though it had not been inhabited for centuries. Tin baths and all the horrors of the early Victorian age were her portion; but it was hers, and she was going to live in it. You would have thought my Aunt Kate to be something of a suffragist, but she had more contempt for women than she had for men, which was not little. My Aunt Kate had nearly a masculine face, but she was a very handsome woman. She drank like a dragoon, which I can understand, now that I know Spanish Men's Rest; but she carried her liquor like a gentleman, and had a fine supple vocabulary. When my grandfather died, who abhorred long sermons, she took it on herself to keep the incumbent of St. Columba's-in-Paganry within bounds. When he had arrived at "sixthly," my Aunt Kate would drop her prayer book, drop her hymn book, drop her parasol or umbrella, as the season was, and if this did not answer, would utter a loud "H'm!" which brought the parson to heel like a keeper's whistle. She was very firm, was my Aunt Kate.

My Aunt Kate had the family failing for horses, and kept a half dozen in training; but she never won a big race until she was thirty-nine years old. She had a good average of the small ones, but the classics eluded her. In the end she lifted the Royal Hunt Cup with Stotius, that close-coupled beautiful jumper, Capt. Sylvie Grant up. I don't think Grant knew what happened to him until he married her. He was a nice chap, twenty-four years old.

"It's a damned shame!" said my Uncle Valentine.

"What?" said my Aunt Kate.

"He's only twenty-four and you're thirty-nine, Kate."

"He's the best gentleman rider in England, and I'll win at Aintree with him up."

"Then it's a worse shame than I thought."

"Look here, Valentine," said my Aunt Kate, "if that's the only way you can talk to a lady, get to blazes out of this!"

They were very happy for a year, I know. Grant often said no man knew a horse as my aunt did. At the end of the year my Aunt Kate was brought to bed of a son. This was my Cousin Jenico.

"Is it a colt or a filly?" asked my Aunt Kate.

"'Tis a grand wee bouncing fellow, Miss Kate," she was told.

"Good!" said my Aunt Kate, and she died.

I must say I like my Aunt Kate's way of doing things.

My Uncle Grant was killed six months after in a steeplechase in France. He had sweated down so much to make weight that when his horse fell he had not strength to crawl out of the way of the field, and the flying irons finished him. He was an intrepid fair rider, and everybody loved him. . . . So Jenico made his home with us in Destiny Bay.

It is only when we are old that we can understand the season of boyhood, know the twists and turnings of the road that have led us onward to our fate. Being half foreigner, as it were, Jenico went to Eton and Oxford; myself, following the Ulster tradition, went to Portora and Trinity. So that from twelve years on, Jenico and I drifted apart physically, though we were more than relations; we were firm friends. My Cousin Jenico flirted a little with politics, but he found out that what the politicians saw of value in him were the street of houses in Kentish Town and the excellent brewery in the County of Louth. My Cousin Jenico is no man's fool. He quit. With all his money, and more money seemed to come to him always, he might have done anything, lived anywhere. But my Cousin Jenico insisted on living at Spanish Men's Rest.

"After all, it is my mother's house, sir," he told my Uncle Valentine, who remonstrated with him because of the shadow that was on it; "the house where I was born. Not a lost dog or a deserted woman is as pathetic as an old house with nobody in it, the windows unlighted, dead leaves upon the gravel path. Somebody built it with love and hope and put a bit of their heart and mind into it. I would not desert any house, much less my mother's."

"How would it be," said my Uncle Valentine, and he plunged his hand up to the wrist in his great red beard, "if I were to go up to Dublin and invite tenders for a handsome merry-spoken girl would marry you and cheer up the house?"

"I think, sir," said my Cousin Jenico, "that's a job of work I'll attend to myself when the time comes."

"Aye, and you'll make a mess of it," roared my Uncle Valentine, "because you won't listen to one," he said aggrievedly, "that's spent my life studying them for the benefit of Kerry and yourself. Wait until you see the fine-hocked, sweet-cantering filly I'll choose for him!" And he looked at me. (Continued on Page 152)

Are you always proud to show your teeth? Are they free from decay?

Behind your gleaming teeth ✓ ✓ *no Decay*

SAFE ✓ ✓ *when the salivary glands flow freely*

DECAY often hides behind the whitest teeth—behind the most charming smile. And not all the polishing in the world can stop its deadly progress.

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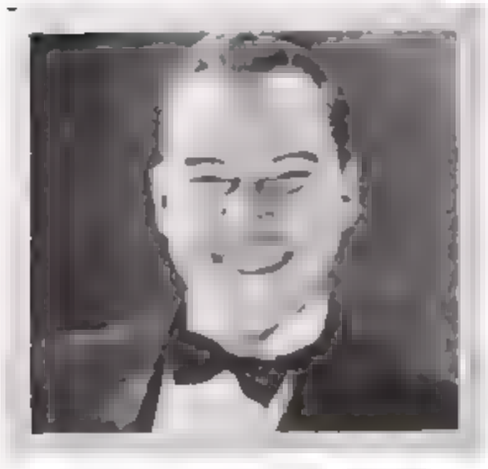

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Nunn-Bush
MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 150)

"I'm damned if you will, sir," I answered ungratefully.

This is a clumsy description of my Cousin Jenico at the time of the old duke's death. He was not a very tall man, about five feet eight inches, but sturdily built, and as hard as nails. He has brown eyes and brown hair, but his face is so tanned that the hair seems light. He has a handsome face, smallish nose and a cleft in his chin, and at first sight he looks like a subaltern in the brigade of Guards. He is always beautifully turned out and I have never seen the parting in his hair disturbed. But on his face, for all his twenty-five years, there was a somber look. You had an impression there was a terrific power in reserve somewhere. My Cousin Jenico was not the sort of person you would pick a fight with, and he was the sort of person you'd be glad to have with you in one.

He spoke very little, making one word do the work of three—that's what makes those books of travel of his so heavy, if those who read them are to be believed. He has one physical peculiarity—a slight limp in his right leg, where Derry Belle rapped him with her iron when she had a touch of laminitis and he wanted to have a look at it; but for all that he can move fast as a dancer. He has a beautiful easy seat in the saddle, but his hands are a trifle heavy on a horse's mouth. His eyes are half closed. Where my Uncle Valentine must roar and I must curse to get the Irish servants to do anything quickly, my Cousin Jenico just directs in his low speaking voice, and it's no sooner ordered than done.

"'Tisn't that we're afraid of him, God bless Your Honor, Mr. Kerry; 'tis that we're just impressed."

VII

THE young Spaniard stayed on with us. Neither my Uncle Valentine nor my Aunt Jenepher would hear of his going.

"Let you wait until the estate is settled up," said my Uncle Valentine, "then you can be off wherever you like. But let you keep away from the lawyers while they're settling it. Lawyers," said my Uncle Valentine, "are the devil and all."

The young Spaniard asked one favor—that all should continue calling him Don Anthony, and not by the name of his duchy.

"May I still be Don Anthony, Sir Valentine?"

"You can be Judas Iscariot if you want to," said my Uncle Valentine.

For all his queer ways and girlish looks, you couldn't but be fond of that boy. He had a knack of being silent and thinking deeply, and then saying what was in his heart in an unabashed way that captured your good feeling and friendship.

"If it hadn't been for you and Don Valentine and Miss Jenepher, Don Kerry," he said, "I should have been miserable over grandfather's death; but you take it so natural, and as so much his right to die, that I think it would be selfish to grieve."

My Uncle Valentine came up and looked him up and down.

"How is it," said my uncle, "that I find you wearing a blue tie, and your granddad hardly cold in his grave?"

"I have no other, Sir Valentine."

"Then it's Dublin for you," said my Uncle Valentine.

I offered myself to go with him, but in the end it was decided my Aunt Jenepher should go with him, and James Carabine should accompany them.

My Aunt Jenepher and young Anthony arrived home on Monday. He had new suits of Irish tweed and new shirts, but they were as capacious as his old ones.

"The Irish tailor who made you them, my lad," I told him, "had the delirium tremens. Why the devil didn't you go to Conan?"

"They're Spanish style," he said.

"They're not Spanish style," I told him. "Haven't I seen pictures of Spanish bullfighters and the clothes on them as tight to the skin as be damned?"

"I wish you wouldn't be coarse, Don Kerry," he said.

"Come here," I said; "come here till I be after looking at the name on that suit." But he backed into a corner. James Carabine stood by uneasy. "Come here!"

I reached out for his collar, and at that moment I received as vicious a kick in the shin as ever I got. Automatically I started a punch jawward, but James Carabine caught my wrist.

"Sure he's only a delicate child, Mr. Kerry."

"He's got the kick of a mule," I growled.

Young Anthony was standing before me, white, very white.

"I am sorry, Don Kerry," he said; "sorry for kicking you, for, first, it isn't a thing an Irishman does. Secondly, because it hurt you—for it must have hurt you, because I kick hard. But I can't stand anybody touching the back of my neck, it tickles so. I am sorry I hurt you, Don Kerry."

As he stood there the tears began to jut out of his eyes. It was so funny I couldn't help laughing. I roared.

"Now I'm not sorry at all," he snapped. "Damn you!" And he walked past me out of the room.

"He's a queer one, that!" I said.

"Ah, queerer nor Your Honor thinks," said James Carabine.

VIII

FROM the first day young Anthony saw my Cousin Jenico, he conceived for him that hero worship of a boy which is more devoted, or seems more devoted, than the love of women. When Jenico was in a room in Destiny Bay, and young Anthony there, too, the Spaniard's gray eyes never left him. My Cousin Jenico could talk a lot of nonsense, as wanting university-extension lectures for artisans, or teaching sanitation in Connemara. If there's anything an artisan wants after a hard day's work, it's a game of spoil five and a pot of porter, and in Connemara they'd prefer a dose of strychnine to an open window; it kills more quickly. But then Jenico was a great reader of books. But young Anthony would listen to all this blather as though it were Holy Writ. He was full of questions about Jenico. Hadn't I known Jenico from childhood, and wasn't it queer that he had never fallen in love—or had he?

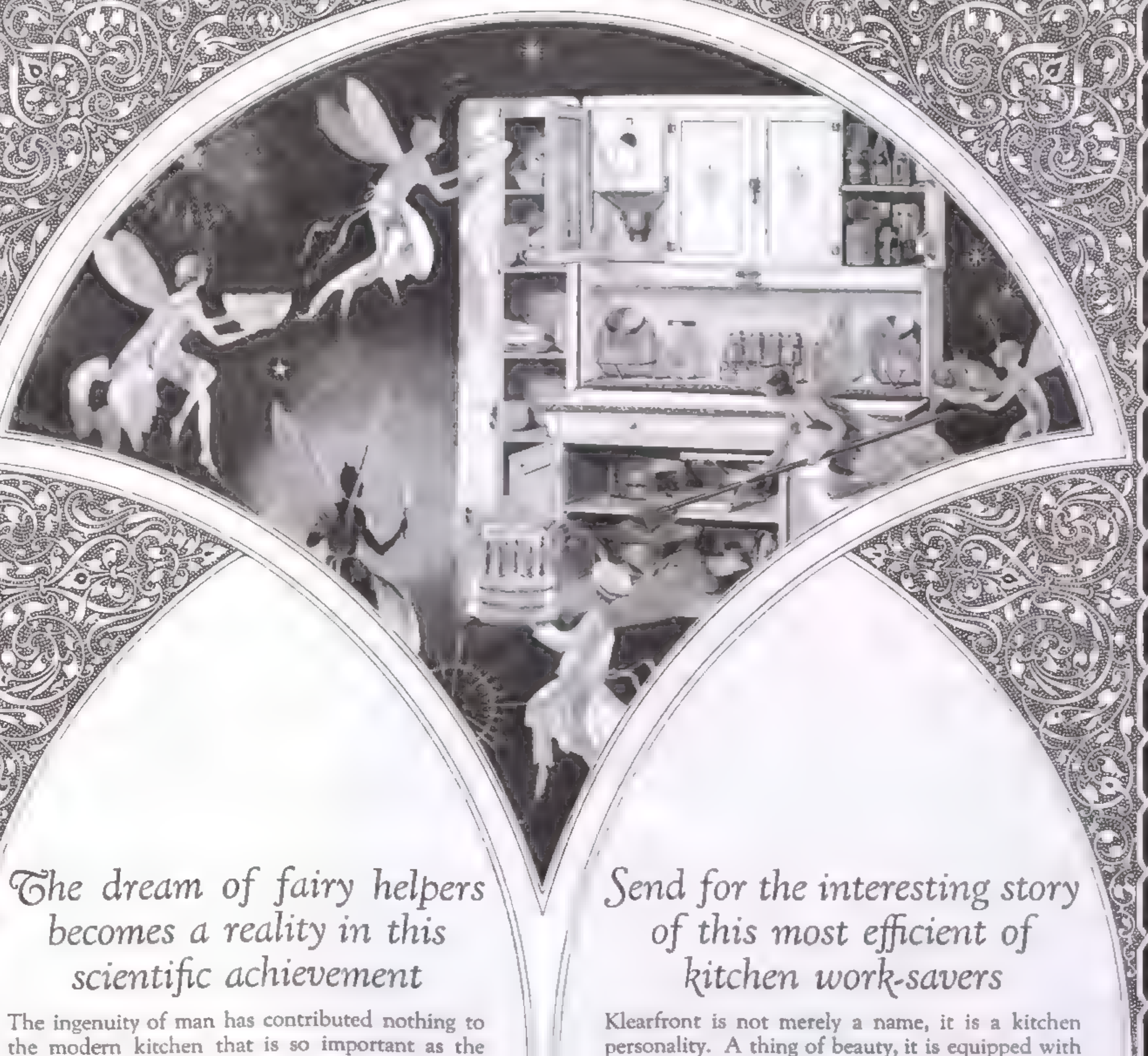
"Well, to tell you the truth," I informed him, "Jenico's a queer bird. If he were walking with the Queen of Sheba on a moonlight night, if you can imagine that, and not a human being, or a policeman itself, within an ass' bawl of them, it would never occur to Jenico to steal a kiss. No, bedad!" I laughed.

"He'd talk to her about the amelioration of living conditions for the lower classes."

"Don Kerry"—he looked at me—"you're a horrible fellow." He wrinkled his nose.

It was extraordinary how quietly and how fully the young Spaniard lad had slipped into a place in our Irish life. He had, of course, we knew, been brought up in some vague preparatory school in the south of England; but the south of England is not the north of Ireland by a long shot. However, it gave him a grip of the English tongue. It was extraordinary also how quickly he had captured the affection of the household, for we like our men and boys in Ireland to be markedly masculine, and that was just what young Anthony was not. For a boy, there was an immense beauty in his face, with his longish hair and deep-gray eyes and girl's mouth. He was like a singing boy in a cathedral; it only needed surplice and soutane to complete the illusion. But he liked horses, and he was game to the core. I've noticed him time and again white with fatigue when Jenico and I were tramping the mountain streams after trout or along the river for salmon. But he wouldn't give in. In the

(Continued on Page 154)



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SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 152)

end we'd have to commandeer a horse and saddle from a farmhouse and send him off. He'd get up quick enough when we threatened to lift him. None could put a finger on him but my Aunt Jenepher or my Uncle Valentine. He'd pleaded to be let stay.

"But I'm not tired, Kerry."

"Go on home." And I'd catch the horse a clout on the croup with the butt end of the fishing rod.

"Damn you, Kerry MacFarlane!"

"Go on home t' hell outa that!"

At home, in the drawing-room of Destiny Bay, when the lamps were lit and the peat fire gave out its crimson and gold, then that sort of calm happiness that is like a dream would come over him. And he would talk while my Uncle Valentine would listen with his vast kindly courtesy, and my Aunt Jenepher would sit at her great piano, playing very softly some melody that had come to her out of an old song and the singing of the birds. And I would be thinking of the winter coming and the great runs we'd have after the fox, picking out a line for myself across country, and flying the jumps like a bird. . . . Ah, the quiet of Destiny Bay!

"Dear Sir Valentine," young Anthony said, "when this little estate of mine is settled, do you think I could buy a little place near here, and fish in the summer and hunt in the winter, and be near you and Aunt Jenepher and Don Jenico, and even Kerry, and not forgetting James Carabine?" He smiled, for James Carabine had just brought the coffee in for us.

"God bless Your Young Honor!" said James Carabine with the bow of a Spanish grandee.

"Most of my early days were spent in England, and in Spain I have few friends; and you know, sir, how hard it would be for me to live there."

"How would it be hard?" I asked.

"It's a secret, Kerry," said my Aunt Jenepher, "that you'll know soon."

"I think it could be managed," said my Uncle Valentine.

"I doubt it," said I; for I knew there wasn't an acre of land to be bought for love or money around Destiny Bay.

"Did you ever see a thing I couldn't manage?" said my Uncle Valentine.

Many's the one, but I knew better than to say it. If anything my Uncle Valentine undertakes falls through, he just tells us it's the will of God. He is just simply stopped in the affair, but retains full honors, as though successful. Anything I undertake and fail in is due to my own stupidity. Thus my Uncle Valentine.

We were going to have a little trouble on this account, I could foresee. I know when a thing is just an idea in a person's mind and when his heart is set on it. And young Anthony was becoming rapidly Irished, which is a deadly disease for foreigners. He had got to the point of singing "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and when a stranger gets that far in Ireland his fellow countrymen can take a long sad farewell of him, for the land of his birth will know him no more. He had a niceish voice, like a contralto's, and he would sing it while my Aunt Jenepher played it on the piano:

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

"Any nation that sings that song is a true-hearted beautiful nation."

"But that song's all my eye and Betty Martin," I told him. "Every Irishman knows that. The man that wrote it knew it. If there's one thing the Irish nation is noted for it's inconstancy. Still and all," I observed, "that song does the trick. If any poor Irishman wants a rich English wife to take care of him, that song and a romantic look—which is the result of two days' starvation—will act like a charm."

"Don Kerry," said the young 'un, "you become more and more a horrible fellow. Also, I don't believe you."

It was about this time that a strange thing happened, and that was repeated every time the young 'un went to Jenico's house. We three had gone in for lunch, and it suddenly occurred to me that the house seemed gallant and gay for the first time I had known it. The shadow of the surly Spanish Men had lifted, and I remembered that the old name that was on the place, in Irish, before it got its name of Spanish Men's Rest, was Greenawn Anaragu—the Sunny Place by the Sea. We went out into the garden, and I heard birds singing and the droning of bees.

"Jenico," I said, "do you hear that?"

"It's not possible," he said. "I hear it, but it seems impossible."

"But it's only birds singing and the humming of bees," said the Spanish boy.

"Yes, only that," said Jenico.

IX

MY COUSIN JENICO was always a solitary sort of bird. Men deferred to him because of his wealth, because of his travels, because of the shadow on his face. Women were a little afraid of him, very flattered by his notice; but that elaborate courtesy of his, which was colder and more formal than my Uncle Valentine's, was like a walled city about him. He hunted well, he went to race meets and betted shrewdly; he kept a nice small stable of his own. But whether he did these things because he liked them, or because they were the proper thing to do in Ireland, I couldn't quite make out. Something of each, I think.

My Cousin Jenico was this sort of bird. I shall illustrate. The most important week in Ireland is the week of the Dublin Horse Show. The best hunters, the best draft horses and the nippiest harness ponies in the world are on show. At Leopardstown there is the best flat racing of the season. Grafton Street becomes a garden of girls.

There are more marriages made in Dublin that week than in the rest of the country all the year round. If you were to mix the height of the season in London with the gayety of Paris, and the smartness, you might come to an idea a little short of Dublin in Horse Show Week. In fine, I doubt if Venice in all its glory came up to the Dublin Horse Show.

To Dublin, for that week, the English send their best theatrical companies to be properly appreciated. And parties were made up to go there. My Cousin Jenico would go to the races, go to the grounds at Balls' Bridge. But when it came to the evening and you told him, "Now we'll have dinner at Jammet's, and we'll take the Brabazon girls and Lady Brannigan and go to the Gaiety," he'd say no; he thought he'd drop around to the Kildare Street Club, which is a quiet sub-branch of the British Museum, and have a chop and a rubber of whist. A chop and a rubber of whist when he could be dining in the company of pretty Molly Brannigan, with all her beauty and wit! But there was my Cousin Jenico for you. As a matter of fact, to bring him into a gay gathering would be like walking up behind a man dancing a jig and landing him a tremendous and most vulgar kick. Not that my Cousin Jenico was a hermit. After the theater or ball, you could go to his rooms and have a drink and sit there until three in the morning while he talked about the Near East and drew startling analogies between the Druses of Lebanon and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, tracing each backward to a common parentage in the Old Man of the Mountains and his assassins of the Crusaders' times.

He'd have you nearly convinced until you went out into the fresh air and told yourself, "Be damned to that for a story! Sure them things just grow."

It was strange how quickly Jenico took to the Spanish lad. The Spanish lad could be very serious when he wanted to be, and at other times he could be merry as a cricket—mercurial, you might say. You wouldn't think Jenico would take to a boy of eighteen at all. But one day he surprised me.

"I'm thinking of cutting out," he said, "and digging off for the Atlas Mountains for a while. Good hunting and what not. You'd better trot along," he told young Anthony; "get your mind off things and what not. See the world. Lawyers can settle up things while you're away. Share my tent. What?"

"Go alone with you and share your tent!" said young Anthony, and he gave Jenico a look as if Jenico had suggested their breaking open a child's bank. But Jenico wasn't looking.

"Why not?" said Jenico. "You won't be in the way."

Young Anthony gave that silvery laugh of his, like a girl's.

"I couldn't, Don Jenico," he said. "I'd like to, but I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?" I asked. "Are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid." And he gave me his dirty Spanish look. "Don Kerry, you are a most horrible fellow. At any rate, I should not be afraid of anything with Don Jenico there."

"Why don't you go?"

"There are reasons, Kerry. Don Jenico, do you mind if I don't go? I think it's a great compliment for you to ask me, and I should like nothing better than to go with you; but I can't."

"I don't see what reasons keep you from a good hunting trip," I said.

"Suit yourself, nipper," said Cousin Jenico; "if you change your mind come and tell me."

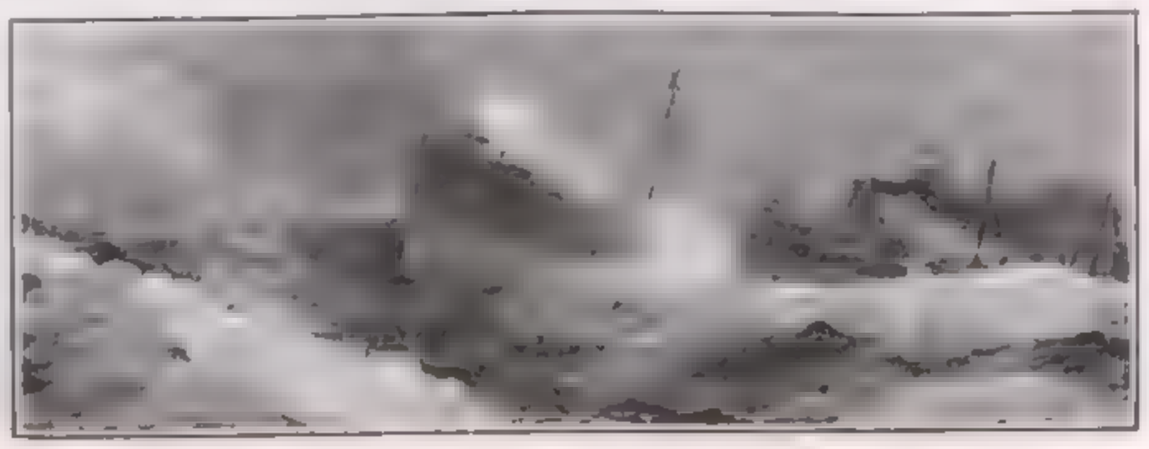
A few days later we were going up to Anaglass—the Gray River, in English—on something to do with the carrying away of the weir, or part of it. It was a golden late-summer day, and young Anthony had turned up to come with us.

"Can you swim?" I asked him.

"Like a fish," he told me.

"My sound man!"

When I speak of Gray River, I would not have you bring to your mind anything like the gray, scrofulous, crapulous look of Anna Liffey from Guinness' porter house to the sea. "Glas," in the Erse language, means both gray and green, and Gray River has that wonderful color of a gray, deep, transparent, that the gray eye of a woman has. The deep blue of the sea and the wonderful transparency of mountain streams mingle to give it that shadow of color, and beneath all are the golden sands. It starts on Slievemore and comes down gently to us, pausing at the Old Bridge to turn Jonathan Armstrong's mill where the countryside has its oats converted into meal, and at the Irish Village to give Jimsy Johnson a chance to scutch the flax. For the mile downward from the last weir it is a dream of beauty. On one side is a heathery brae, purple but for the white scuts of the rabbits as they play around their burrows. On the other is a stretch of wood, hazel, heavy with leaf and nut, and small sturdy oak. In spring the bank is a long cloud of primroses and in the woods the blue foam of harebells. At low water there is a ford for carts across the river, and everywhere are pools where, on the going out of the tide, slow crabs and small fishes are caught; and once in a pool there I have seen a little octopus brought hither by some vagary of the West Atlantic drift. The tide will be out, and suddenly you will hear a humming at the bar and the green water will begin to rush in as in a mill race. When high water is there you can see the small head of the sleek brown seal in the water, and from a boat you can see the ponderous eels back from their parliament in the Sargasso Sea, and the dart of the large sea trout.



I saw Jenico's clothes in a heap farther down the brae and in midstream noticed his head, sleek as a seal's. I pulled off my shooting jacket and began to unbutton my shirt.

"Off with your duds, my lad! We'll see what sort of a swimmer you are."

"Don Kerry, you are surely not going to undress."

I pulled my shirt over my head.

"So are you," I said.

"Oh, Don Kerry, please don't take your clothes off!"

"What the deuce do you think I'm going to do—go in with them on?"

"Come on, Kerry!" shouted Jenico. "What's keeping you?"

"It's the nipper," I said, "making the usual row."

"Pull his blasted trousers off," shouted Jenico, "and chuck him in!"

"Right-o!"

I walked toward the boy, and he looked very white; and suddenly he had a large knife in his hand.

"Look," he said, "if you touch me I stick that—I stick that in your belly!"

I said, "I don't mind your crying, I don't mind the kick in the shins; but when you start Dago tricks with a knife, then you're going to be punished. I'm going to take your clothes off, and then hold you by neck and heels under water until you're half choked." I went for him.

He gave tongue like a hound, and slipped past me through the heather.

And as I turned to go after him, there stood my Uncle Valentine. He put his arm around the boy. The boy nestled into his red beard.

"What is it, my doty lamb?" crooned my Uncle Valentine. "What were the dirty Irish ruffians up to?"

"They were trying to pull my clothes off."

"Gentlemen," said my Uncle Valentine to me and to Jenico, who was treading water, "there was a time when a lady could be trusted among Irishmen without fear of insult. Even in the most perilous epoch of our history a woman could travel alone from Galway to Dublin. 'Rich and rare,' writes Thomas Moore, 'were the gems she wore——'"

I looked around for Jenico, but Jenico was sprinting seaward, his heels churning the water like the propeller of a boat.

"Cinders of hell!" roared my Uncle Valentine. "If you and Jenico want this foul mixed bathing, why don't you go to Margate, where you can poke barmaids in the ribs. Look at yourself, Kerry MacFarlane! Look at yourself!"

And he went off up the brae with the nipper along with him, while I stood there stripped to the waist, holding my shirt by its tails. A rabbit that had poked its head over the heather—even the rabbit made gestures of repulsion with its nose.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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A PENNY SPENT

Continued from Page 9

long to stay here after all. Still, he had impressed them, without doubt; he had made a good start as the serious and well-informed young man. Moreover, he had done well with the money. Resisting his first impulse to take a private limousine for the day, which would certainly have cost twelve dollars, he had only three bus tickets at one dollar each to enter in the little book. Before he began his nightly reading he put it down for Mr. Bushmill to see. But first of all he took a steaming hot bath—he had never ridden in a rubber-neck wagon with ordinary sight-seers before and he found the idea rather painful.

The next day the tour continued, but so did the drizzling rain, and that evening, to his dismay, Mrs. Bushmill came down with a cold. It was nothing serious, but it entailed two doctor's visits at American prices, together with the cost of the dozen remedies which European physicians order under any circumstances, and it was a discouraging note which he made in the back of his little book that night:

One ruined hat—she claimed it was an old hat.

And, to balance that, Corcoran thought of the entry he might have made had he followed his first instinct:

One comfortable limousine for two days, including tip to chauffeur. $26.00

Next morning Mrs. Bushmill remained in bed while he and Hallie took the excursion train to Waterloo. He had diligently mastered the strategy of the battle, and as he began his explanation of Napoleon's maneuvers, prefacing it with a short account of the political situation, he was rather disappointed at Hallie's indifference. Luncheon increased his uneasiness. He wished he had brought along the cold-lobster luncheon, put up by the hotel, that he had extravagantly considered. The food at the local restaurant was execrable and Hallie stared desolately at the hard potatoes and vintage steak, and then out the window at the melancholy rain. Corcoran wasn't hungry, either, but he forced himself to eat with an affectation of relish. Two more days in Brussels! And then Antwerp! And Rotterdam! And The Hague! Twenty-five more days of history to get up in the still hours of the night, and all for an unresponsive young person who did not seem to appreciate the advantages of travel.

They were coming out of the restaurant, and Hallie's voice, with a new note in it, broke in on his meditations.

"Get a taxi; I want to go home."

He turned to her in consternation.

"What? You want to go back without seeing the famous indoor panorama, with paintings of all the actions and the life-size figures of the casualties in the foreground?"

"There's a taxi," she interrupted. "Quick!"

"A taxi!" he groaned, running after it through the mud. "And these taxis are robbers—we might have had a limousine out and back for the same price."

In silence they returned to the hotel. As Hallie entered the elevator she looked at him with suddenly determined eyes.

"Please wear your dinner coat tonight. I want to go out somewhere and dance—and please send flowers."

Corcoran wondered if this form of diversion had been included in Mr. Bushmill's intentions—especially since he had gathered that Hallie was practically engaged to the Mr. Nosby who was to meet them in Amsterdam.

Distraught with doubt, he went to a florist and priced orchids. But a corsage of three would come to twenty-four dollars, and this was not an item he cared to enter in the little book. Regretfully, he compromised on sweet peas and was relieved to find her wearing them when she stepped out of the elevator at seven, in a pink-petaled dress.

Corcoran was astounded and not a little disturbed by her loveliness—he had never seen her in full evening dress before. Her perfect features were dancing up and down in delighted anticipation, and he felt that Mr. Bushmill might have afforded the orchids after all.

"Thanks for the pretty flowers," she cried eagerly. "Where are we going?"

"There's a nice orchestra here in the hotel."

Her face fell a little.

"Well, we can start here ——"

They went down to the almost-deserted grill, where a few scattered groups of diners swooned in midsummer languor, and only a half dozen Americans arose with the music and stalked defiantly around the floor. Hallie and Corcoran danced. She was surprised to find how well he danced, as all tall, slender men should, with such a delicacy of suggestion that she felt as though she were being turned here and there as a bright bouquet or a piece of precious cloth before five hundred eyes.

But when they had finished dancing she realized that there were only a score of eyes; after dinner even these began to melt apathetically away.

"We'd better be moving on to some gayer place," she suggested.

He frowned.

"Isn't this gay enough?" he asked anxiously. "I rather like the happy mean."

"That sounds good. Let's go there!"

"It isn't a café—it's a principle I'm trying to learn. I don't know whether your father would want ——"

She flushed angrily.

"Can't you be a little human?" she demanded. "I thought when father said you were born in the Brix you'd know something about having a good time."

He had no answer ready. After all, why should a girl of her conspicuous loveliness be condemned to desolate hotel dances and public-bus excursions in the rain?

"Is this your idea of a riot?" she continued. "Do you ever think about anything except history and monuments? Don't you know anything about having fun?"

"Once I knew quite a lot."

"What?"

"In fact—once I used to be rather an expert at spending money."

"Spending money!" she broke out. "For these?"

She unpinned the corsage from her waist and flung it on the table. "Pay the check, please. I'm going upstairs to bed."

"All right," said Corcoran suddenly, "I've decided to give you a good time."

"How?" she demanded with frozen scorn. "Take me to the movies?"

"Miss Bushmill," said Corcoran grimly, "I've had good times beyond the wildest flights of your very provincial, Middle-Western imagination. I've entertained from New York to Constantinople—given affairs that have made Indian rajahs weep with envy.

"I've had prima donnas break ten-thousand-dollar engagements to come to my smallest dinners. When you were still playing who's got the button back in Ohio I entertained on a cruising trip that was so much fun that I had to sink my yacht to make the guests go home."

"I don't believe it. I ——" Hallie gasped

"You're bored," he interrupted. "Very well, I'll do my stuff. I'll do what I know how to do. Between here and Amsterdam you're going to have the time of your life."

III

CORCORAN worked quickly. That night, after taking Hallie to her room, he paid several calls—in fact, he was extraordinarily busy up to eleven o'clock next morning. At that hour he tapped briskly at the Bushmills' door.

"You are lunching at the Brussels Country Club," he said to Hallie directly, "with Prince Abrisini, Countess Perimont and Major Sir Reynolds Fitz-Hugh, the British attaché. The Bolls-Ferrari landaulet will be ready at the door in half an hour."

"But I thought we were going to the culinary exhibit," objected Mrs. Bushmill in surprise. "We had planned ——"

"You are going," said Corcoran pohtely, "with two nice ladies from Wisconsin. And afterward you are going to an American tea room and have an American luncheon with American food. At twelve o'clock, a dark conservative town car will be waiting downstairs for your use."

He turned to Hallie.

"Your new maid will arrive immediately to help you dress. She will oversee the removal of your things in your absence so that nothing will be mislaid. This afternoon you entertain at tea."

"Why, how can I entertain at tea?" cried Hallie. "I don't know a soul in the place."

"The invitations are already issued," said Corcoran.

Without waiting for further protests, he bowed slightly and retired through the door.

The next three hours passed in a whirl. There was the gorgeous landaulet with a silk-hatted, satin-breeched, plum-colored footman beside the chauffeur, and a wilderness of orchids flowering from the little jars inside. There were the impressive titles that she heard in a daze at the country club as she sat down at a rose-littered table; and out of nowhere a dozen other men appeared during luncheon and stopped to be introduced to her as they went by. Never in her two years as the belle of a small Ohio town had Hallie had such attention, so many compliments; her features danced up and down with delight. Returning to the hotel, she found that they had been moved dexterously to the royal suite, a huge high salon and two sunny bedrooms overlooking a garden. Her capped maid—exactly like the French maid she had once impersonated in a play—was in attendance, and there was a new deference in the manner of all the servants in the hotel. She was bowed up the steps—other guests were gently brushed aside for her—and bowed into the elevator, which clanged shut in the faces of two irate Englishwomen and whisked her straight to her floor.

Tea was a great success. Her mother, considerably encouraged by the pleasant two hours she had spent in congenial company, conversed with the clergyman of the American church, while Hallie moved enraptured through a swarm of charming and attentive men. She was surprised to learn that she was giving a dinner dance that night at the fashionable Café Royal, and even the afternoon faded before the glories of the night. She was not aware that two specially hired entertainers had left Paris for Brussels on the noon train until they bounced hilariously in upon the shining floor. But she knew that there were a dozen partners for every dance, and chatter that had nothing to do with monuments or battlefields. Had she not been so thoroughly and cheerfully tired, she would have protested frantically at midnight when Corcoran approached her and told her he was taking her home.

Only then, half asleep in the luxurious depths of the town car, did she have time to wonder.

"How on earth—how did you do it?"

"It was nothing—I had no time," said Corcoran disparagingly. "I knew a few young men around the embassies. Brussels isn't very gay, you know, and they're always glad to help stir things up. All the rest was—even simpler. Did you have a good time?"

No answer.

"Did you have a good time?" he repeated a little anxiously. "There's no use going on, you know, if you didn't have a "

"The Battle of Wellington was won by Major Sir Corcoran Fitz-Hugh Abrisini," she muttered, decisively but indistinctly.

Hallie was asleep.

IV

AFTER three more days, Hallie finally consented to being torn away from Brussels, and the tour continued through Antwerp, Rotterdam and The Hague. But it was not the same sort of tour that had left Paris a short week before. It traveled in two limousines, for there were always at least one pair of attentive cavaliers in attendance—not to mention a quartet of hirelings who made the jumps by train. Corcoran's guidebooks and histories appeared no more. In Antwerp they did not stay at a mere hotel, but at a famous old shooting box on the outskirts of the city which Corcoran hired for six days, servants and all.

Before they left, Hallie's photograph appeared in the Antwerp papers over a paragraph which spoke of her as the beautiful American heiress who had taken Brabant Lodge and entertained so delightfully that a certain royal personage had been several times in evidence there.

In Rotterdam, Hallie saw neither the Boompjes nor the Groote Kerk—they were both obscured by a stream of pleasant young Dutchmen who looked at her with soft blue eyes. But when they reached The Hague and the tour neared its end, she was aware of a growing sadness—it had been such a good time and now it would be over and put away. Already Amsterdam and a certain Ohio gentleman, who didn't understand entertaining on the grand scale, were sweeping toward her, and though she tried to be glad she wasn't glad at all. It depressed her, too, that Corcoran seemed to be avoiding her—he had scarcely spoken to her or danced with her since they left Antwerp. She was thinking chiefly of that on the last afternoon, as they rode through the twilight toward Amsterdam and her mother drowsed sleepily in a corner of the car.

"You've been so good to me," she said. "If you're still angry about that evening in Brussels, please try to forgive me now."

"I've forgiven you long ago."

They rode into the city in silence, and Hallie looked out the window in a sort of panic. What would she do now with no one to take care of her, to take care of that part of her that wanted to be young and gay forever? Just before they drew up at the hotel, she turned again to Corcoran and their eyes met in a strange, disquieting glance. Her hand reached out for his and pressed it gently, as if this was their real good-by.

Mr. Claude Nosby was a stiff, dark, glossy man, leaning hard toward forty, whose eyes rested for a hostile moment upon Corcoran almost as he helped Hallie from the car.

"Your father arrives tomorrow," he said portentously. "His attention has been called to your picture in the Antwerp papers and he is hurrying over from London."

"Why shouldn't my picture be in the Antwerp papers, Claude?" inquired Hallie innocently.

"It seems a bit unusual."

Mr. Nosby had had a letter from Mr. Bushmill which told him of the arrangement. He looked upon it with profound disapproval. All through dinner he listened without enthusiasm to the account which Hallie, rather spiritedly assisted by her mother, gave of the adventure; and afterward when Hallie and her mother went to bed he informed Corcoran that he would like to speak to him alone.

(Continued on Page 164)

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Dramatic moments like hers do not often occur in everyday life. However, there always comes a time—indeed many of them—when we want our homes to look their best. The windows especially can give expression to the exterior and reflect the taste and pride of the owner.

Painted especially for the Curtis Companies Incorporated, by Paul Proehl

Window designs of historical value in the home you build today

Curtis Woodwork includes many items in authentic designs for homes of good taste. Some of them are shown on the next page

The enduring fame of the windows in fine old homes like Barbara Frietchie's is far more substantial than traditions. Because these earlier homes had windows that were beautiful in design—gracefully proportioned and interestingly divided into panes.

From such authentic sources the designs of Curtis windows are derived. With other items of Curtis Woodwork, they were detailed especially for the Curtis Companies by Trowbridge & Ackerman, architects, of New York City.

Windows are among the most important items of Curtis Woodwork. You can get them from the Curtis dealer nearest you. Ask him to show you examples of Curtis Woodwork or his big Curtis Catalog, from which you and your architect can select the designs and sizes best suited to the plans for your house.

Perhaps he has some Curtis windows in stock. Note how they are made. Each piece of even texture soft pine is conscientiously selected to avoid pitch, knots, blue sap and cracks. Curtis double-hung sash have rabbeted check-rails (where the top and bottom sash meet). This type of joint offers seven times as much resistance to wind as the ordinary window. That saves you real money in fuel.

Your builder will tell you that the way

Permanent furniture makes a house look more homelike

Why build a mere shell of a house? Curtis sideboards, china closets, mantels, dressing tables, kitchen dressers—all built-in items—will help a great deal to give your interior a look of substantial dignity that the house with only movable furniture does not possess. Should you ever wish to sell your home, these built-in items will help you sell it quicker and to get more for it. Curtis permanent furniture is made better than much of the "so called" fine furniture. The sideboard illustrated is C-710.

How dormer windows should be treated

Below is a group of dormers much like those in the Barbara Fritchie house. They are a delightful detail from both the inside and outside of the house. These dormers contain Curtis double-hung windows C-1024. You can obtain the same effect in your house with these windows

Beautiful doors and trim make beautiful interiors

Interior doors and trim are the things that carry the architectural character of your house throughout the interior. It is important that they be right—not too heavy and coarse but rather with graceful lines and delicate moldings. Curtis have a wide variety of interior door designs and there is a "family" or two of trim to go with each one. Door C-301 and trim C-1680 are shown in the illustration.

Curtis makes the bore and slot for the sash cord saves time and labor on the job. Your painter will enjoy finishing Curtis windows because they are sanded for him before they leave the mill.

Qualities that you buy in Curtis Woodwork

Such fine points of manufacture are evident in every item of woodwork that bears the Curtis trademark—doors, interior trim, stairwork, cabinetwork, exterior moldings.

In Curtis doors, for instance, every piece of wood is conscientiously selected; stiles and rails are securely doweled together; solid panels in exterior doors are 1 1/16 inches thick. In veneered doors the hardwoods are skilfully matched in color and grain throughout.

Interior trim is carefully sanded before shipping so it will reach your job smooth and clean and bright.

Stairs and stair parts, as made by Curtis, represent the utmost in careful workmanship, selection of material, and authenticity of design.

In Curtis cabinetwork you get mantels, bookcases, china closets, sideboards, kitchen dressers, and bedroom tray cases and dressing tables constructed as fine furniture is made. The drawers have dovetailed corners and laminated bottoms that cannot slip out or crack. Each drawer works on a center guide so that it cannot stick. 1⅛-inch stock is used for cabinet fronts and doors.

It costs no more and sometimes less

When these many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, you will be surprised how little it costs—often no more than ordinary "millwork", and always considerably less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

Every fireplace can have a beautiful mantel

There is a wide variety of beautiful mantels shown in the Curtis catalog, but here is one particularly appropriate to the Colonial house, because of the delicacy of its details and its lovely proportions. This is design C-615. It is meant for a maximum grate opening 2'6" wide and 2'6" high, the shelf is 3'10⅝" high, 4'8¾" wide and 4 13/16" deep. Approximate price $2c

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CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

(Continued from Page 160)

"Ah—Mr. Corcoran," he began, "would you be kind enough to let me see the little account book you are keeping for Mr. Bushmill?"

"I'd rather not," answered Corcoran pleasantly. "I think that's a matter between Mr. Bushmill and me."

"It's the same thing," said Nosby impatiently. "Perhaps you are not aware that Miss Bushmill and I are engaged."

"I had gathered as much."

"Perhaps you can gather, too, that I am not particularly pleased at the sort of good time you chose to give her."

"It was just an ordinary good time."

"That is a matter of opinion. Will you give me the notebook?"

"Tomorrow," said Corcoran, still pleasantly, "and only to Mr. Bushmill. Good night."

Corcoran slept late. He was awakened at eleven by the telephone, through which Nosby's voice informed him coldly that Mr. Bushmill had arrived and would see him at once. When he rapped at his employer's door ten minutes later, he found Hallie and her mother also were there, sitting rather sulkily on a sofa. Mr. Bushmill nodded at him coolly, but made no motion to shake hands.

"Let's see that account book," he said immediately.

Corcoran handed it to him, together with a bulky packet of vouchers and receipts.

"I hear you've all been out raising hell," said Bushmill.

"No," said Hallie, "only mamma and me."

"You wait outside, Corcoran. I'll let you know when I want you."

Corcoran descended to the lobby and found out from the porter that a train left for Paris at noon. Then he bought a New York Herald and stared at the headlines for half an hour. At the end of that time he was summoned upstairs.

Evidently a heated discussion had gone on in his absence. Mr. Nosby was staring out the window with a look of patient resignation. Mrs. Bushmill had been crying, and Hallie, with a triumphant frown on her childish brow, was making a camp stool out of her father's knee.

"Sit down," she said sternly.

Corcoran sat down.

"What do you mean by giving us such a good time?"

"Oh, drop it, Hallie!" said her father impatiently. He turned to Corcoran: "Did I give you any authority to lay out twelve thousand dollars in six weeks? Did I?"

"You're going to Italy with us," interrupted Hallie reassuringly. "We ——"

"Will you be quiet?" exploded Bushmill. "It may be funny to you, but I don't like to make bad bets, and I'm pretty sore."

"What nonsense!" remarked Hallie cheerfully. "Why, you were laughing a minute ago!"

"Laughing! You mean at that idiotic account book? Who wouldn't laugh? Four titles at five hundred francs a head! One baptismal font to American church for presence of clergyman at tea. It's like the log book of a lunatic asylum!"

"Never mind," said Hallie. "You can charge the baptismal font off your income tax."

"That's consoling," said her father grimly. "Nevertheless, this young man will spend no more of my money for me."

"But still he's a wonderful guide. He knows everything—don't you? All about the monuments and catacombs and the Battle of Waterloo."

"Will you please let me talk to Mr. Corcoran?" Hallie was silent. "Mrs. Bushmill and my daughter and Mr. Nosby are going to take a trip through Italy as far as Sicily, where Mr. Nosby has some business, and they want you—that is, Hallie and her mother think they would get more out of it if you went along. Understand—it isn't going to be any royal fandango this time. You'll get your salary and your expenses and that's all you'll get. Do you want to go?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Bushmill," said Corcoran quietly. "I'm going back to Paris at noon."

"You're not!" cried Hallie indignantly. "Why—why how am I going to know which is the Forum and the—the Acropolis and all that?" She rose from her father's knee. "Look here, daddy, I can persuade him." Before they guessed her intentions she had seized Corcoran's arm, dragged him into the hall and closed the door behind her.

"You've got to come," she said intensely. "Don't you understand? I've seen Claude in a new light and I can't marry him and I don't dare tell father, and I'll go mad if we have to go away with him alone."

The door opened and Mr. Nosby peered suspiciously out into the hall.

"It's all right," cried Hallie. "He'll come. It was just a question of more salary and he was too shy to say anything about it."

As they went back in Bushmill looked from one to the other.

"Why do you think you ought to get more salary?"

"So he can spend it, of course," explained Hallie triumphantly. "He's got to keep his hand in, hasn't he?"

This unanswerable argument closed the discussion. Corcoran was to go to Italy with them as courier and guide at three hundred and fifty dollars a month, an advance of some fifty dollars over what he had received before. From Sicily they were to proceed by boat to Marseilles, where Mr. Bushmill would meet them. After that Mr. Corcoran's services would be no longer required—the Bushmills and Mr. Nosby would sail immediately for home.

They left next morning. It was evident even before they reached Italy that Mr. Nosby had determined to run the expedition in his own way. He was aware that Hallie was less docile and less responsive than she had been before she came abroad, and when he spoke of the wedding a curious vagueness seemed to come over her, but he knew that she adored her father and that in the end she would do whatever her father liked. It was only a question of getting her back to America before any silly young men, such as this unbalanced spendthrift, had the opportunity of infecting her with any nonsense. Once in the factory town and in the little circle where she had grown up, she would slip gently back into the attitude she had held before.

So for the first four weeks of the tour he was never a foot from her side, and at the same time he managed to send Corcoran on a series of useless errands which occupied much of his time. He would get up early in the morning, arrange that Corcoran should take Mrs. Bushmill on a day's excursion and say nothing to Hallie until they were safely away. For the opera in Milan, the concerts in Rome, he bought tickets for three, and on all automobile trips he made it plain to Corcoran that he was to sit with the chauffeur outside.

In Naples they were to stop for a day and take the boat trip to the Island of Capri in order to visit the celebrated Blue Grotto. Then, returning to Naples, they would motor south and cross to Sicily. In Naples Mr. Nosby received a telegram from Mr. Bushmill, in Paris, which he did not read to the others, but folded up and put into his pocket. He told them, however, that on their way to the Capri steamer he must stop for a moment at an Italian bank.

Mrs. Bushmill had not come along that morning, and Hallie and Corcoran waited outside in the cab. It was the first time in four weeks that they had been together without Mr. Nosby's stiff, glossy presence hovering near.

"I've got to talk to you," said Hallie in low voice. "I've tried so many times, but it's almost impossible. He got father to say that if you molested me, or even were attentive to me, he could send you immediately home."

"I shouldn't have come," answered Corcoran despairingly. "It was a terrible mistake. But I want to see you alone just once—if only to say good-by."

As Nosby hurried out of the bank, he broke off and bent his glance casually down the street, pretending to be absorbed in some interesting phenomenon that was taking place there. And suddenly, as if life were playing up to his subterfuge, an interesting phenomenon did immediately take place on the corner in front of the bank. A man in his shirt sleeves rushed suddenly out of the side street, seized the shoulder of a small, swarthy hunchback standing there and, swinging him quickly around, pointed at their taxicab. The man in his shirt sleeves had not even looked at them—it was as if he had known that they would be there.

The hunchback nodded and instantly both of them disappeared, the first man into the side street which had yielded him up, the hunchback into nowhere at all. The incident took place so quickly that it made only an odd visual impression upon Corcoran—he did not have occasion to think of it again until they returned from Capri eight hours later.

The Bay of Naples was rough as they set out that morning, and the little steamer staggered like a drunken man through the persistent waves. Before long Mr. Nosby's complexion was running through a gamut of yellows, pale creams and ghostly whites, but he insisted that he scarcely noticed the motion and forced Hallie to accompany him in an incessant promenade up and down the deck.

When the steamer reached the coast of the rocky, cheerful little island, dozens of boats put out from shore and swarmed about dizzily in the waves as they waited for passengers to the Blue Grotto. The constant Saint Vitus' dance which they performed in the surf turned Mr. Nosby from a respectable white to a bizarre and indecent blue and compelled him to a sudden decision.

"It's too rough," he announced. "We won't go."

Hallie, watching fascinated from the rail, paid no attention. Seductive cries were floating up from below:

"Theesa a good boat, lady an' ge'man!"

"I spik American—been America two year!"

"Fine sunny day for go to see Blue Grotte!"

The first passengers had already floated off, two to a boat, and now Hallie was drifting with the next batch down the gangway.

"Where are you going, Hallie?" shouted Mr. Nosby. "It's too dangerous today. We're going to stay on board."

Hallie, half down the gangway, looked back over her shoulder.

"Of course I'm going!" she cried. "Do you think I'd come all the way to Capri and miss the Blue Grotto?"

Nosby took one more look at the sea, then he turned hurriedly away. Already Hallie, followed by Corcoran, had stepped into one of the small boats and was waving him a cheerful good-by.

They approached the shore, heading for a small dark opening in the rocks. When they arrived, the boatman ordered them to sit on the floor of the boat to keep from being bumped against the low entrance. A momentary passage through darkness, then a vast space opened up around them and they were in a bright paradise of ultramarine, a cathedral cave where the water and air and the high-vaulted roof were of the most radiant and opalescent blue

"Ver' pret'," singsonged the boatman. He ran his oar through the water and they watched it turn to an incredible silver.

"I'm going to put my hand in!" said Hallie, enraptured. They were both kneeling now, and as she leaned forward to plunge her hand under the surface the strange light enveloped them like a spell and their lips touched—then all the world turned to blue and silver, or else this was not the world, but a delightful enchantment in which they would dwell forever.

"Ver' beaut'ful," sang the boatman. "Come back see Blue Grotte tomorrow, next day. Ask for Frederico, fine man for Blue Grotte. Oh, chawming!"

Again their lips sought each other, and blue and silver seemed to soar like rockets above them, burst and shower down about their shoulders in protective atoms of color, screening them from time, from sight. They kissed again. The voices of tourists were seeking echoes here and there about the cave. A brown naked boy dived from a high rock, cleaving the water like a silver fish, and starting a thousand platinum bubbles to churn up through the blue light.

"I love you with all my heart," she whispered. "What shall we do? Oh, my dear, if you only had a little common sense about money!"

The cavern was emptying, the small boats were feeling their way out, one by one, to the glittering restless sea.

"Good-by, Blue Grotte!" sang the boatman. "Come again soo-oon!"

Blinded by the sunshine, they sat back apart and looked at each other. But though the blue and silver was left behind, the radiance about her face remained.

"I love you," rang as true here under the blue sky.

Mr. Nosby was waiting on the deck, but he said not a word—only looked at them sharply and sat between them all the way back to Naples. But for all his tangible body, they were no longer apart. He had best be quick and interpose his four thousand miles.

It was not until they had docked and were walking from the pier that Corcoran was jerked sharply from his mood of rapture and despair by something that sharply recalled to him the incident of the morning. Directly in their path, as if waiting for them, stood the swarthy hunchback to whom the man in the shirt sleeves had pointed out their taxi. No sooner did he see them, however, than he stepped quickly aside and melted into a crowd. When they had passed, Corcoran turned back, as if for a last look at the boat, and saw in the sweep of his eye that the hunchback was pointing them out in his turn to still another man.

As they got into a taxi Mr. Nosby broke the silence.

"You'd better pack immediately," he said. "We're leaving by motor for Palermo right after dinner."

"We can't make it tonight," objected Hallie.

"We'll stop halfway."

It was plain that he wanted to bring the trip to an end at the first possible moment. After dinner he asked Corcoran to come to the hotel garage with him while he engaged an automobile for the trip, and Corcoran understood that this was because Hallie and he were not to be left together. Nosby, in an ill-humor, insisted that the garage price was too high; finally he walked out and up to a dilapidated taxi in the street.

The taxi agreed to make the trip for twenty-five dollars.

"I don't believe this old thing will make the grade," ventured Corcoran. "Don't you think it would be wiser to pay the difference and take the other car?"

Nosby stared at him, his anger just under the surface.

"We're not all like you," he said dryly. "We can't all afford to throw it away."

Corcoran took the snub with a cool nod.

"Another thing," he said. "Did you get money from the bank this morning—or anything that would make you likely to be followed?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Nosby quickly.

"Somebody's been keeping pretty close track of our movements all day."

Nosby eyed him shrewdly.

"You'd like us to stay here in Naples a day or so more, wouldn't you?" he said. "Unfortunately, you're not running this party. If you stay, you can stay alone."

"And you won't take the other car?"

"I'm getting a little weary of your suggestions."

At the hotel, as the porters piled the bags into the high old-fashioned car, Corcoran was again possessed by a feeling of

(Continued on Page 166)

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(Continued from Page 164

being watched. With an effort, he resisted the impulse to turn his head and look behind. If this was a product of his imagination, it was better to put it immediately from his mind.

It was already eight o'clock when they drove off into a windy twilight. The sun had gone behind Naples, leaving a sky of pigeon's-blood and gold, and as they rounded the bay and climbed slowly toward Torre dell' Annunziata, the Mediterranean momentarily toasted the fading splendor in pink wine. Above them loomed Vesuvius and from its crater a small persistent fountain of smoke contributed darkness to the gathering night.

"We ought to reach our destination about twelve," said Nosby.

No one answered. The city had disappeared behind a rise of ground, and now they were alone, tracing down the hot mysterious shin of the Italian boot where the Maffia sprang out of rank human weeds and the Black Hand rose to throw its ominous shadow across two continents. There was something eerie in the sough of the wind over these gray mountains, crowned with the decayed castles. Hallie suddenly shivered.

"I'm glad I'm American," she said. "Here in Italy I feel that everybody's dead. So many people dead and all watching from up on those hills—Carthaginians and old Romans and Moorish pirates and medieval princes with poisoned rings ——"

The solemn gloom of the countryside communicated itself to all of them. The wind had come up stronger and was groaning through the dark-massed trees along the way. The engine labored painfully up the incessant slopes and then coasted down winding spiral roads until the brakes gave out a burning smell. In the dark little village of Eboli they stopped for gasoline, and while they waited for their change another car came quickly out of the darkness and drew up behind.

Corcoran looked at it closely, but the lights were in his face and he could distinguish only the pale blots of four faces which returned his insistent stare. When the taxi had driven off and toiled a mile uphill in the face of the sweeping wind, he saw the lamps of the other car emerge from the village and follow. In a low voice he called Nosby's attention to the fact, whereupon Nosby leaned forward nervously and tapped on the front glass.

"*Piu presto!*" he commanded. "*Il sera sono tropo tarde!*"

Corcoran translated the mutilated Italian and then fell into conversation with the chauffeur. Hallie had dozed off to sleep with her head on her mother's shoulder. It might have been twenty minutes later when she awoke with a start to find that the car had stopped. The chauffeur was peering into the engine with a lighted match, while Corcoran and Mr. Nosby were talking quickly in the road.

"What is it?" she cried.

"He's broken down," said Corcoran, "and he hasn't got the proper tools to make the repair. The best thing is for all of you to start out on foot for Agropoli. That's the next village—it's about two miles away."

"Look!" said Nosby uneasily. The lights of another car had breasted a rise less than a mile behind.

"Perhaps they'll pick us up?" asked Hallie.

"We're taking no such chances," answered Corcoran. "This is the special beat of one of the roughest gangs of holdup men in Southern Italy. What's more, we're being followed. When I asked the chauffeur if he knew that car that drove up behind us in Eboli, he shut right up. He's afraid to say."

As he spoke, he was helping Hallie and her mother from the car. Now he turned authoritatively to Nosby.

"You better tell me what you got in that Naples bank."

"It was ten thousand dollars in English bank notes," admitted Nosby in a frightened voice.

"I thought so. Some clerk tipped them off. Hand over those notes to me!"

"Why should I?" demanded Nosby. "What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm going to throw them away," said Corcoran. His head went up alertly. The complaint of a motor car taking a hill in second speed was borne toward them clearly on the night. "Hallie, you and your mother start on with the chauffeur. Run as fast as you can for a hundred yards or so, and then keep going. If I don't show up, notify the carabinièri in Agropoli." His voice sank lower. "Don't worry, I'm going to fix this thing. Good-by."

As they started off he turned again to Nosby.

"Hand over that money," he said.

"You're going to ——"

"I'm going to keep them here while you get Hallie away. Don't you see that if they got her up in these hills they could ask any amount of money they wanted?"

Nosby paused irresolute. Then he pulled out a thick packet of fifty-pound notes and began to peel half a dozen from the top.

"I want all of it," snapped Corcoran. With a quick movement he wrested the packet violently from Nosby's hand. "Now go on!"

Less than half a mile away, the lights of the car dipped into sight. With a broken cry Nosby turned and stumbled off down the road.

Corcoran took a pencil and an envelope from his pocket and worked quickly for a few minutes by the glow of the headlights. Then he wet one finger and held it up tentatively in the air as if he were making an experiment. The result seemed to satisfy him. He waited, ruffling the large thin notes - there were forty of them - in his hands.

The lights of the other car came nearer, slowed up, came to a stop twenty feet away.

Leaving the engine running idle, four men got out and walked toward him.

"*Buona séra!*" he called, and then continued in Italian, "We have broken down."

"Where are the rest of your people?" demanded one of the men quickly.

"They were picked up by another car. It turned around and took them back to Agropoli," Corcoran said politely. He was aware that he was covered by two revolvers, but he waited an instant longer, straining to hear the flurry in the trees which would announce a gust of wind. The men drew nearer.

"But I have something here that may interest you." Slowly, his heart thumping, he raised his hand, bringing the packet of notes into the glare of the headlight. Suddenly out of the valley swept the wind, louder and nearer; he waited a moment longer until he felt the first cold freshness on his face. "Here are two hundred thousand lire in English bank notes!" He raised the sheaf of paper higher as if to hand it to the nearest man. Then he released it with a light upward flick and immediately the wind seized upon it and whirled the notes in forty directions through the air

The nearest man cursed and made a lunge for the closest piece. Then they were all scurrying here and there about the road while the frail bills sailed and flickered in the gale, pirouetting like elves along the grass, bouncing and skipping from side to side in mad perversity.

From one side to the other they ran, Corcoran with them, crumpling the captured money into their pockets, then scattering always farther and farther apart in wild pursuit of the elusive beckoning symbols of gold.

Suddenly Corcoran saw his opportunity. Bending low, as if he had spotted a stray bill beneath the car, he ran toward it, vaulted over the side and hitched into the driver's seat. As he plunged the lever into first, he heard a cursing cry and then a sharp report, but the warmed car had jumped forward safely and the shot went wide.

In a moment, his teeth locked and muscles tense against the fusillade, he had passed the stalled taxi and was racing along into the darkness. There was another report close at hand and he ducked wildly, afraid for an instant that one of them had clung to the running board; then he realized that one of their shots had blown out a tire.

After three-quarters of a mile he stopped, cut off his motor and listened. There wasn't a sound, only the drip from his radiator onto the road.

"Hallie!" he called. "Hallie!"

A figure emerged from the shadows not ten feet away, then another figure and another.

"Hallie!" he said.

She clambered into the front seat with him; her arms went about him.

"You're safe!" she sobbed. "We heard the shots and I wanted to go back."

Mr. Nosby, very cool now, stood in the road.

"I don't suppose you brought back any of that money," he said.

Corcoran took three crumpled bank notes from his pocket.

"That's all," he said. "But they're liable to be along here any minute and you can argue with them about the rest."

Mr. Nosby, followed by Mrs. Bushmill and the chauffeur, stepped quickly into the car.

"Nevertheless," he insisted shrilly, as they moved off, "this has been a pretty expensive business. You've flung away ten thousand dollars that was to have bought goods in Sicily."

"Those are English bank notes," said Corcoran. "Big notes too. Every bank in England and Italy will be watching for those numbers."

"But we don't know the numbers!"

"I took all the numbers," said Corcoran.

Dawn Mist Falls, Glacier National Park

The rumor that Mr. Julius Bushmill's purchasing department keeps him awake nights is absolutely unfounded. There are those who say that a once conservative business is expanding in a way that is more sensational than sound, but they are probably small, malevolent rivals with a congenital disgust for the grand scale. To all gratuitous advice, Mr. Bushmill replies that even when his son-in-law seems to be throwing it away, it all comes back. His theory is that the young idiot really has a talent for spending money.

What to make sure of *when you choose a rug*

Beauvais Rug No. 3983 is distinctly Chinese in character and may be had in taupe or gray combined with black, and in a complete range of the wanted sizes—all seamless.

There is splendid character in this Beauvais Rug No. 3975. Its body and outer border are of soft Chinese rose, with two other decorative borders of tan and rich blue. The centre medallion, the flowers, sprays and the corner motifs are all true to the best Chinese traditions. You will class this rug as exceptionally beautiful when you see it. Eight sizes.

As your rug is the largest single piece of decoration in your room, and should be the most important, we are going to state some simple principles of rug-selection. We do this because rugs are a good deal of a mystery to the average person. One is usually *sold* rugs One rarely *buys* them.

IN rug-buying, beauty is the first point to consider. Therefore you should demand as wide a choice in designs and colorings as possible, for only in this way can you find the rug that best harmonizes with your room surroundings.

Another point to consider is foot-comfort. Insist that the pile of your rug be of long, closely woven wool, for this *means* foot-comfort, and a springy elasticity in the rug itself.

Consider now the problem of wear—and here again a closely woven wool pile is something to insist upon. Compare the thickness of such a pile with that in other rugs. Turn a rug over and look at its back. Be assured that that back is firm and closely woven. See that the rug is seamless. It should be—for seams mean edges, and edges are where the wear begins.

In the light of such standards we invite you to examine a Sanford Beauvais Rug. In not a single vital point will it be found wanting. In the matter of colors and patterns the Beauvais offers a great selection of beautiful designs.

Take now the matter of wear. Here is a rug that has created long-wear records. Twenty-five years for a Beauvais is not unusual. Why should it be? Wear is built into this rug. Its pile is of pure wool and nothing but wool—closely woven wool. Its firm, closely woven back makes the rug solid and prevents wrinkling.

We invite you to question any retail rug salesman you like as to the accuracy of these statements. Ask him if he does not consider the Beauvais the best rug value anywhere obtainable at the exceedingly moderate price asked for it. In an overwhelming majority of cases, rug salesmen will answer "Yes." They know that never is there any current of dissatisfaction from purchasers.

Wide range of designs

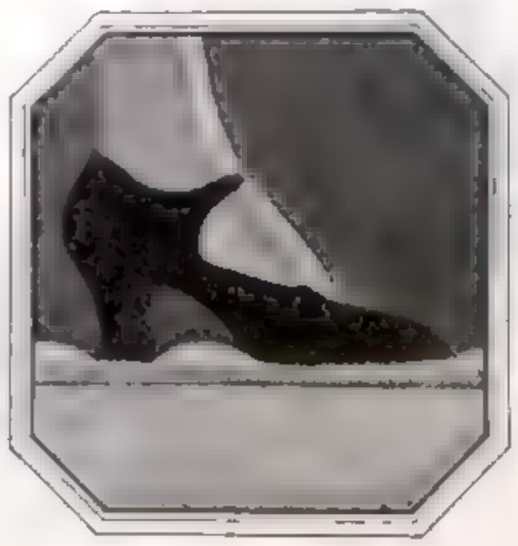
Ask to see Sanford's Beauvais Rugs. They come in a wide range of designs and colors. Their tints were chosen from among 1700, and the colors are of uniform clearness. They come in Oriental or Chinese designs, two-tone effects, and many other exclusive designs inspired by rare and ancient motifs. They come in sizes from 12 ft. by 15 ft. down to scatter rugs, including hall-runners—the 9 ft. by 12 ft. size being the most popular.

All may be had in matching patterns; all are seamless. The name Beauvais (pronounced Bo-vay) is stamped on the back. Look for it.

Most department stores, rug dealers and furniture houses carry Sanford Beauvais Rugs. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who carries them. Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., 295 Fifth Ave., Dept. O, New York City. Mills at Amsterdam, New York.

SANFORD'S *Beauvais Rugs*

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK



It has a cushion-like tread with a resilient nap that comes right back.

They wear holes in your pocketbook when they wear holes in their shoes

A word to the parents of growing boys and girls, from the makers of "Better shoes for less money"

KEEPING healthy, active youngsters in shoes is no laughing matter. You know how all too frequently the subject of shoes comes up. "Isn't there some way of reducing this item of household expenses?" you ask.

We have the answer for you: Endicott-Johnson shoes.

Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls really are "Better shoes for less money." The reasons are not just the usual reasons of manufacture. They are fundamental—*institutional*. They lie deep in the policies and principles under which Endicott-Johnson operate.

Every worker a partner

Endicott-Johnson shoes are made by an industrial democracy unique in business history. "We" make them. And when we say "We," we mean 17,000 trained E-J Workers who have pooled their intelligence and their labor, their heads, their hearts and their hands, in a common enterprise. They are *partners* in this company. They share in the rewards and responsibilities of the business.

We make better shoes because we are all directly interested in every pair we turn out. We have high efficiency. We eliminate unnecessary costs between raw hide and finished shoe. We tan our own leather—by our own special processes, to assure maximum wear. We buy our materials direct, in large quantities and, consequently, at lowest prices. We use the best lasts, methods and machinery known to the industry.

The plan works! We do make better shoes. And our steady production and tremendous output enable us to sell them at very reasonable prices.

Test these shoes as we have tested them

Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls are based on actual wearing test. We've put shoes of all kinds on hundreds of active boys and girls. Watched them day by day. Learned where shoes wear out first, and why. Strengthened them wherever more strength was needed.

Yet don't overlook the fine finish of these shoes. The trim, up-to-date patterns. The many styles from which to choose—for school, dress or play. *The extremely low prices*—only $2.50 to $3.50 (smaller size $1.50 to $2), according to size and grade. None more than $5. Fifty thousand stores sell Endicott-Johnson shoes. Look for the E-J trade-mark on the sole.

Equip each of your children with a pair and *mark the day* they start wearing them. See if through the service and prices of Endicott-Johnson shoes you haven't at last found the way to cut down your children's shoe bills.

If you don't happen to know where there's a nearby store selling Endicott-Johnson shoes, write us. We'll direct you to one. Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City, N. Y., or St. Louis, Mo. —Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

Big Boy—A well-made dressy box-pattern shoe for every-day wear.

Schoolshu—Girls' all-leather shoe built for strenuous school and play life.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

WHISKERS

(Continued from Page 13)

the moment, was the important point. Never in her twenty years of life had it been her good fortune to meet a real artist. The nearest she had ever come was in her own family, her aunt in her younger days having painted A Yard of Roses and many landscapes around the general theme of a lake in the mountains.

It was perhaps unfortunate that at this moment Aunt Emily herself should appear, her feet completely rested. She was a frail little body, snugly dressed and trim in every detail. Like most unmarried women, her attitude toward unknown men was that of a private detective, suspecting the worst. She came up as though about to display a badge and demand Warren's instant arrest on the charge of kidnaping, but Doris rather destroyed the effect of that aggressive approach by including her at once in the conversation.

"Aunty, he says they paint their necks like that on purpose, and he's an artist."

It was as near an introduction as could be managed under the circumstances. Warren actually bowed to Aunt Emily.

"Really?" she observed.

But her thoughts were too busy trying to make a quick estimate of his age to give much meaning to her reply. Was he over sixty? Only on veterans of the Civil War had she seen such luxuriant growth of beard, and that would make him even older. But his beard was not white, nor even gray, although what hair he had left on his head was streaked with silver. His skin appeared fresh, but it was loose, the result—as, of course, she had no way to knowing—of the loss of thirty pounds in weight. His eyes were almost dangerously young. On the whole, Aunt Emily's final estimate was considerably below that of her niece; but even so it was twenty-five years off. She decided that, considering the educational advantage of learning something authoritative about early Italian painting, he might be accepted, at least provisionally, like a ship acquaintance.

Warren, with a trace of amusement, seemed to divine her unspoken verdict, for he bowed again.

"Dudley Warren, of Boston," he murmured.

"This is my niece, Miss Sheffield," answered Aunt Emily.

"And this is my aunt, Miss Greenough," Doris put in quickly.

So actually this indiscretion of Miss Sheffield received official sanction—a fact which from the point of view of sound biography should be duly noted.

"If you wish, I'd like to show you how radically this school differed from the Florentine," he offered. "Siena painted from the heart, Florence from the intellect."

He strode ahead of them, and Aunt Emily, studying his broad shoulders and easy stride, felt less certain of herself and resolved to take the first opportunity to retreat. But a retreat, short of boorish and undignified flight, is always a more difficult maneuver than an advance. For an hour she sought an opening without finding one, and so learned more about medieval art than she had ever hoped to know, for Warren really understood his subject.

It was natural enough for him after this to escort them out; equally natural for him to call a cab, and considering that he spoke much better French than either of them, to instruct the driver to proceed with care—adding a muttered injunction not in the copy books—to the Hôtel Normandie. It was also natural for him to say something about being permitted to show them more pictures and for Miss Greenough in the confusion of the moment to assent. At any rate, that was his excuse for calling two days later at the Normandie.

II

WARREN recognized fully the obligation he was under to his whiskers, but he did it with bad grace. Here he had been gloating over the fact that he looked like a Barbary pirate, while it seems that to Miss Greenough he embodied her conception of a French Academician. Instead of accepting this as a compliment, Warren was tempted to proceed at once to a barber. A pirate expressed at least youth, while the members of the Academy, however worthy, expressed old age. Considering himself wholly from the point of view of Miss Sheffield—and that from the start seemed the only point of view worth considering—he preferred to be looked upon as a virile young cut-throat rather than as a doddering old genius. Pirates had been known to reform, while no Academician had ever been known to rejuvenate.

But if he removed that beard he was going to be shorn of his power instantly, as surely as Samson was. There was no question about that. In deference to his age Miss Greenough was willing to allow this unconventional friendship to continue; but she gave more indication than one that she was also quite ready to stop it at a moment's notice, even if it involved whisking her niece off to parts unknown. By the end of the first week it was impossible for Warren to risk any such catastrophe as that, though he rather prided himself that he was no silly sentimentalist in the matter of women. He had never been very deeply involved himself, but he had watched to advantage the many fool affairs in which his friends had from time to time become entangled.

It was almost sacrilege, however, to compare Miss Sheffield with any other woman he had ever met. She was like an original work of genius and these others but weak copies done by indifferent artists. In reaching this conclusion he was not swayed wholly by her physical charms, for, as a matter of fact, she revealed many slight defects from the point of view of perfect modeling: but these only protected her from a Guido Reni insipidity. Her nose was a bit too short and her mouth large enough to be a mouth and her height perhaps an inch under that of a Venus; but such details impressed upon him the more the difference between a studio model—tricky, shallow, forced—and a sound work of art. There was depth here, not so much of the intellect—always a dangerous depth—or of the soul—a baffling depth—as of the heart. A man could be sure of the truth from her today, tomorrow and for all time.

This did not make his own position any the more comfortable, particularly after Richard D. Thayer, of Boston, turned up less than two weeks after having been graduated from Harvard. "Richard" both women called him, which prejudiced Warren against him at once, because to his mind the only possible excuse for naming a man Richard is the privilege of calling him Dick. Furthermore, this Richard had the nerve to take a room at the Normandie.

In doing this he was within his rights; but from Warren's point of view it did not show the best of taste, even though he turned out to be an old family friend of whom Miss Greenough most obviously approved.

"Richard and my niece grew up together," she explained to Warren.

If she expected Warren to show any enthusiasm over that she must have been disappointed. He was ready to admit that, as recent college graduates go, Thayer was not such a bad chap; but the man knew too much, especially about the fine arts, having just completed courses 1c and 1d. His data were somewhat mixed, final examinations being already two weeks behind him; but if he kept on he would get that straightened out within the next five years. Warren knew, because he had done it himself.

What Thayer needed was seasoning, and Warren tried to make him understand to what advantage he could spend the next six months in Florence—or Berlin or Dresden or Moscow, for that matter.

"Thanks, old boy," answered Thayer; "but I like it here. By the way, I've heard dad talk about a Warren in his class who played football. Is that by any chance you?"

It wasn't. It was Warren's uncle, Harvard '97, but he did not tell Thayer so. He murmured something about having played a bit in his day and changed the subject.

That night he took a pair of scissors and trimmed six inches off his beard. This did not alter the general effect, but it made him look that much younger—a change which Miss Sheffield noted with apparent approval, but which Aunt Emily regarded with open suspicion.

For a week she talked about moving on to Florence, while Warren held his breath. Then she became accustomed to the slight alteration and forgot it.

This taught Warren a lesson. He must proceed more slowly. But he jealously retained the slight advantage gained, marking this extreme advanced position by the second button on his waistcoat. This demanded a degree of self-control not easy under the circumstances, for every time he saw Miss Sheffield she breathed new life into him. It was as though, after a long hard winter, spring had come again. In the privacy of his room he even got out his paints once more; but he made the mistake of trying to do from memory a portrait of her, and that was setting too high a standard. Out of this, however, grew an idea. If he could persuade her to sit for him in some out-of-door setting—say, in a quiet sunlighted corner of the Bois—he would have at least a gambler's chance. He first suggested this bold plan to Miss Sheffield herself.

"But why in the world should you wish to paint me?" she laughed.

Warren wisely refrained from telling her that to him she seemed the most beautiful woman in the world.

"I doubt if I'm able," he answered. "But I'd like to try."

Warren received unexpected support in the project both from Aunt Emily and Thayer.

"Can't you do two while you're about it, old chap?" the latter suggested, following Warren out of the room after all arrangements had been made.

"I'm not a printing press," Warren answered. He was rather peeved at the way Thayer stuck around during the whole conference.

"But you don't understand. Come along and have a drink. There's something I want to say to you."

Unwillingly Warren allowed himself to be led to one of the little iron tables before a café on the Place de l'Opera. No sooner had he ordered a cordial, however, than he realized that he had made a strategic blunder in coming here. Thayer was using him as a sort of father confessor.

"I can talk to you," the young man began, "because you're so much older. You see, I came over here with a purpose."

"I told you that you ought to visit the Uffizi," Warren reminded him.

"To blazes with fine arts! I passed them off, didn't I? Got a C, too. I'm talking about Doris now."

"Oh!"

"It's always been understood—that is, between the two families—that Doris and I ——"

Warren put down his cordial glass and stared at Thayer with a genuine pirate scowl.

"Well, you know ——" Thayer stumbled on.

"I don't know a darned thing," growled Warren.

Thayer made a fresh start.

"We've grown up together."

"I suppose that's true of half the world."

"Hang it all, you understand what I mean; I—I want to marry her."

(Continued on Page 172)

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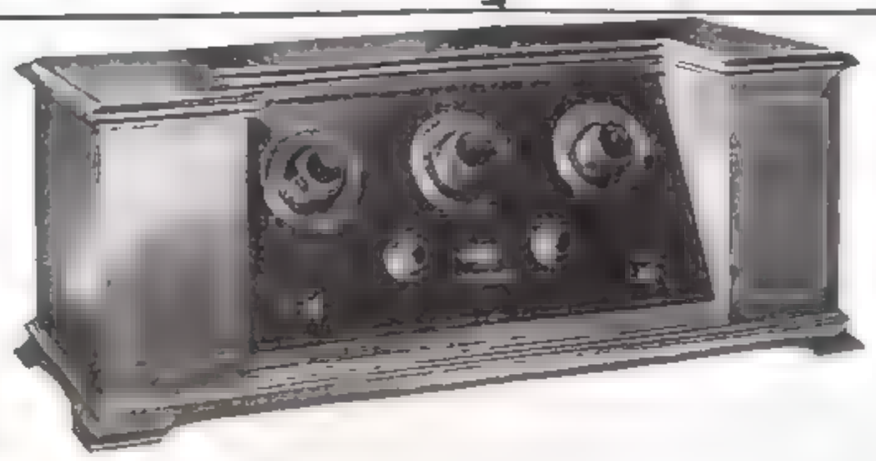

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(Continued from Page 169)

"And she?" Warren questioned concisely, but with a catch in his breath.

"I—I haven't asked her yet. That's a hard thing to do."

"Yes," admitted Warren, "I should think it might be. But what in thunder business is this of mine?"

"You asked why I wanted her picture. That's why. You don't know how much I love her, Warren. I suppose that all sounds rather silly at your age."

Warren sprang from his chair.

"I don't know why you're telling this to me," he objected.

"Sit down," pleaded Thayer. "Gosh, I've got to tell it to someone! You're an old bachelor, aren't you?"

"I've never married, if that's what you mean."

Warren resumed his seat and lighted a cigarette. After all, now that he had become involved this far, he might as well see the thing through and have done with it. But of all the idiotic predicaments ——

"I never realized what a wonderful girl she is until I saw her this time," Thayer was running on. "That's what makes it so hard to ask her. When you don't care much I suppose it's easy; but when you're risking your whole future you—you sort of hesitate. Because she's the kind who when she says no means it."

Thayer took out a colored silk handkerchief and wiped his forehead. It was evident enough that he was in earnest as far as it was possible for him to be. But so, too, was Warren.

"Look here," he said, leaning across the table, "all you say is true. But what's the point of telling me? Do I understand that you are asking my advice?"

"As an older man," nodded Thayer.

"Then here it is," answered Warren: "If you feel cocksure you can make her happy for as long as she lives mind the way I put it; that you can make her happy, not that she can make you happy—ask her as soon as God will let you."

"But if she says no?"

"Take the next train for Florence."

"I—I'm afraid I haven't the courage."

"All right," said Warren, rising to leave. "Only don't come back to me."

"But what about that portrait?"

"There'll be only one," answered Warren. "It goes with her."

III

WARREN went on to his *pension*, and standing before his mirror clipped another inch from his beard. In many ways he was in a better position today than he had been yesterday, but he dared not risk more than a single inch. Even this, however, was an improvement, though it did not represent by a wide margin his altered mental attitude. The way he was feeling now he had no business to wear any sort of beard. Those whiskers were as false as though he had gone to a store and bought them.

Singing a tune to himself, he got out his paints and cleaned his palette and his brushes. He was going to begin this portrait tomorrow—tomorrow at eleven o'clock—and, as he had very definitely informed both Miss Greenough and Thayer, he must be alone with his sitter. His beard had served him a good turn at that moment, for beneath Miss Greenough's steady penetrating gaze it had concealed something like a guilty flush. Now he began to wonder just how much he could depend upon it to conceal certain other and more important facts from Miss Sheffield herself.

On the whole, he was not altogether comfortable about this possibility from either an ethical or a practical angle. She was not the sort of girl with whom it would be desirable or easy to play double. He resented a situation which obliged him even to consider this.

Warren lighted a cigarette and sprawling his long legs out in front of him thought this over in the dark. With a background of four years at Harvard and five years in Paris he had thought himself something of a cynic on this whole subject of love, and yet at this moment the word made his ears burn. What the devil was it anyhow? Up to now the question had been easily answered, and it was that which had made him a cynic. He had seen it as an ephemeral and rather dangerous adventure, resulting in a loss of ideals for all those involved. It was an abnormal condition, leading either to tragedy or comedy. Admitting that it was possible to describe his own mental state by this word, he was threatened with the same dénouement. But he refused to go as far as that. He could not speak of himself as in love. That was not fair either to Miss Sheffield or to himself.

And yet, because of her, the world today was a different place from what it had been ten days before. It was brighter, keener, more significant. He, too, was a different man. He was younger and more eager. Furthermore, the relation between the world considered generically and himself as a unit had been altered. He had become profoundly impressed during the past few days with a sense of his own importance. So far as his attitude toward everyone with the exception of Miss Sheffield was concerned, he had acquired almost the egocentric Academic point of view. But with her the process was reversed.

To Warren it seemed absurd for anyone to dare fall in love with such a girl as she to the extent of hoping for reciprocation. He knew himself and he knew other men. With that knowledge, he felt like warning her. No man he had ever met, including himself, was worthy of her. Compared with such exquisite loveliness as she expressed, they were all too coarse. Take Thayer—but that was ridiculous! Take himself—with flushed cheeks he rose and paced his floor. That, in a way, was equally ridiculous. If he could get her on canvas that was as much as he deserved; and that much he would keep forever. He had said the portrait would go with her, but it would not unless

With easel, canvas and paint box Warren called for her at the Normandie the next morning at ten -as fair a morning as God ever made. The sky was a sapphire such as no Academician ever succeeded in painting the sapphire of her eyes. The air was dew-washed and flower-scented as she was herself. She looked as though she had slept under the stars and bathed in the dawn and caught her golden brown hair with sunbeams. He was anxious to hurry her away at once from the man-made setting of the hotel to her fellows—the shrubs and the flowers. But her aunt delayed for a few moments. He stood so straight and tall and held his head so erect that she hesitated. He did not look to be a day more than forty that morning—forty and well preserved in spite of his thinness. And his eyes made even her own kindle.

"I'm not sure ——" she faltered.

"There is so little of which one may be sure," he interrupted.

"That is the trouble," she answered, facing him sharply.

"But it is also that which keeps us from being utterly bored," he reminded her. "I am not sure of my portrait. If I were I could not paint it."

"I don't know why Mr. Warren should wish to try," put in Miss Sheffield. "But if he is wishing to risk his time ——"

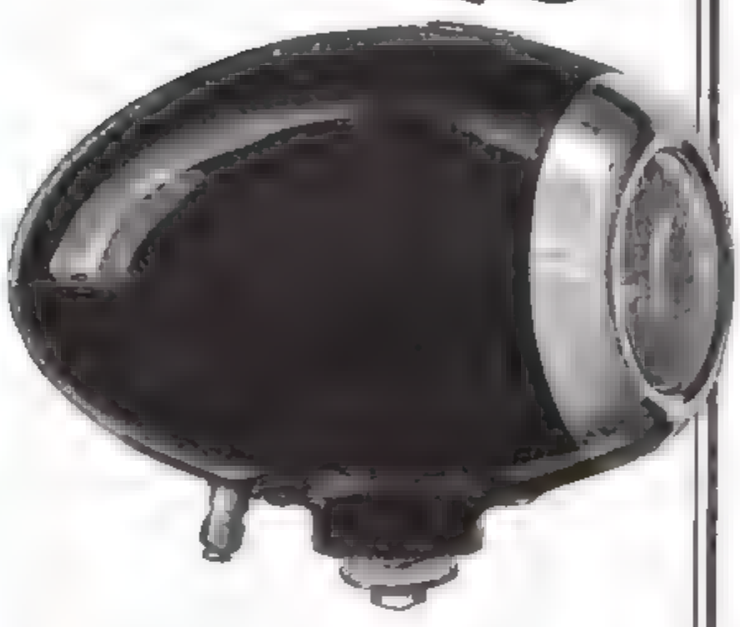
"Perfectly," Warren assured her. "Only we must start. The morning sun—well, it does not remain morning forever."

So they started, Miss Sheffield insisting upon carrying the box of paints, while Miss Greenough watched them anxiously from the hotel window. He walked with a full, buoyant stride that did not allay her fears.

Warren found his setting as by a miracle—a secluded bit of green in the Bois back from the traveled path, against a magnificent bush of yellow blossoms which might have been planted for this very purpose. He did not pose her, but allowed her to stand there in an easy natural attitude as though she had been surprised in her own garden. Really this was her own garden, as

(Continued on Page 174)

E&J Type 20



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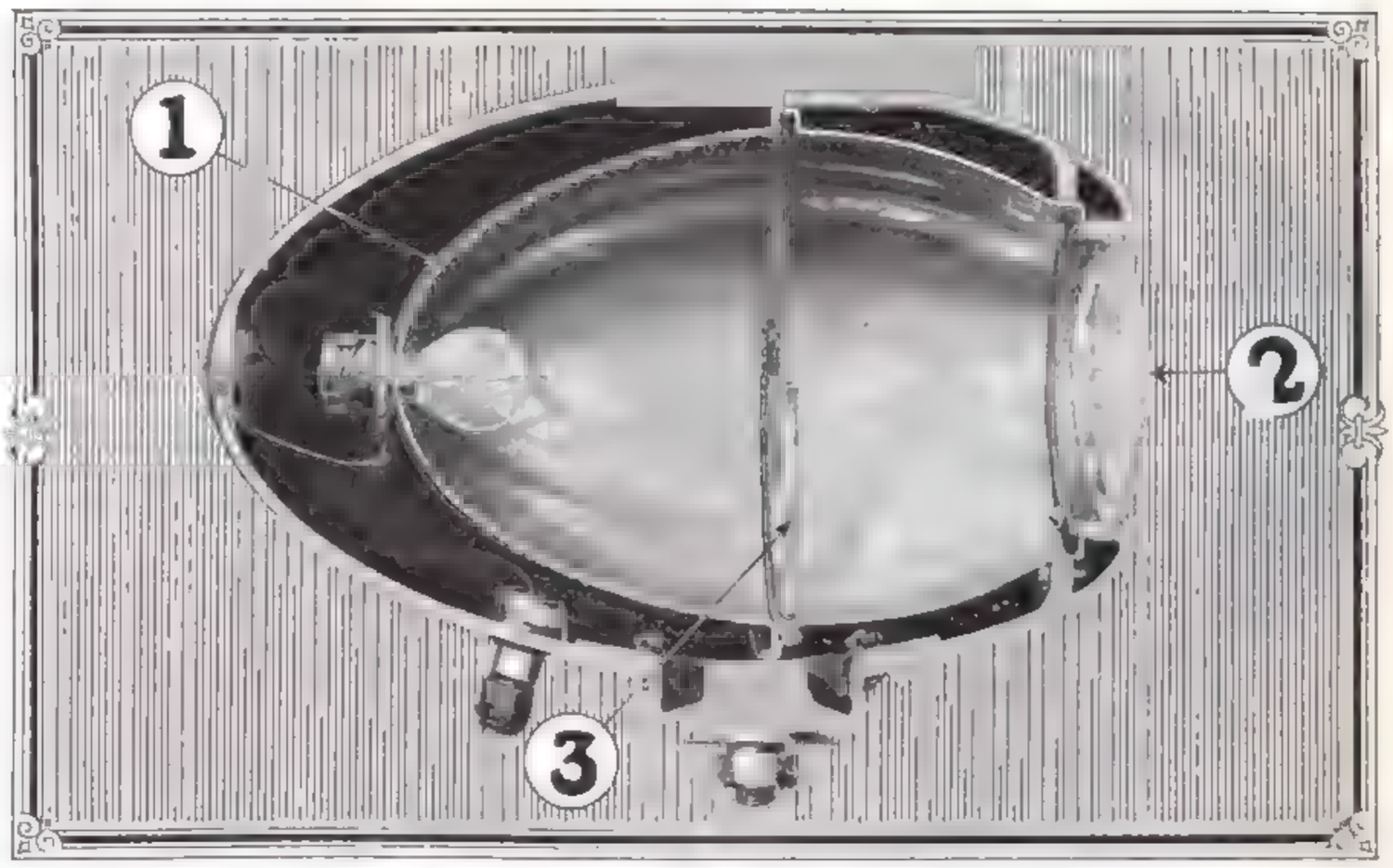

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Daytona, Florida

(Continued from Page 172)

every garden was, because all blossoming things have a common heritage. Here was a generalization that might have satisfied even Aunt Emily; but as Warren worked on with deft, swift strokes to outline her upon his canvas he failed to stick to this safe proposition. It was obvious that every line he drew was she—must be she alone to mean anything at all. He had her turn her head slightly.

"You are Sienese," he declared.

The color came to her cheeks at that. Standing before him, she was very quiet and thoughtful. That was because he seemed so in earnest over this small matter. As he squinted over his upraised charcoal stick, his hand seemed like that of a young man.

"I'm afraid not," she answered with a smile.

"You have never seen the Camollia Gate?"

She shook her head.

"It bears an inscription: '*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.*' That's Latin."

"I've forgotten all my Latin," she confessed.

"It means 'Siena opens her heart still wider to thee,'" he translated. "It was placed there in the fourteenth century when everyone there obeyed the heart. I wonder if that was a wise thing to do." She did not reply, and he went on: "Aunt Emily is more Florentine—of the intellect. I suppose the trick is to balance the two. But that is not so easy, is it?"

"It's awkward to settle things by thinking," she answered. "One ought just to know."

"And then?" he asked, meeting her eyes.

"That should be the end."

"It would be very simple and very beautiful so," he answered.

Every ten minutes he made her rest, but he would not allow her to see what he had done. Together they sat upon the grass and talked of home as, oddly enough, people are tempted to do whether visiting in Siena or in Paris. He told her of his mother and of their summer place in Maine and of the apple tree near the house.

"In the spring it is like you," he said in quite a matter-of-fact voice. There was nothing matter of fact about the fact, however. These comparisons he was making were dangerous, and he knew it, but without being dishonest he could not avoid them. And that was leading him straight to the Camollia Gate.

Warren had every right in the world to feel as young as twenty-five, for he could produce documentary evidence to prove that he had been born not earlier than 1900; but when he began to feel as young as she, which would make him not much more than twenty, he was exceeding his privilege. By the end of that first forenoon such was the case. He forgot his beard, forgot his long Paris experience, and spoke to her as to a contemporary. He experienced once more the same jaunty self-assurance that he had felt for a few months after graduating from Harvard. It seemed to him then that he had the world by the throat. He had only to demand what he wanted and it was his. So it was now, as long as he remained with her. The reaction came when he was obliged to bring her back to the Normandie and to Thayer and Aunt Emily. Then, in a second, the bubble burst. But that night in his room he recklessly removed another inch from his beard, leaving him now not more than three more to go.

Aunt Emily noticed the change, but it was not the sort of thing she could very well comment upon to Warren himself. She did raise the question, however, if a day or two had not better intervene between the sittings.

"I'm afraid it is too tiring," she ventured.

It was a fact, which Doris herself had admitted, that she had slept none too well; but fatigue is not always the sole cause of restlessness.

"Mr. Warren will let me stand for only a few minutes at a time," she answered.

"But you were away almost two hours," commented Aunt Emily.

"So, you see, I was resting a good deal," smiled Doris. "It is really much easier having your own portrait painted than visiting galleries full of those already painted."

That might be true, but was it equally educational? And was it equally safe? No one worried after five centuries about the models for those famous Madonnas in the galleries, and of course once they were protected by a gilt frame and hung upon the wall they were quite out of danger; but this intermediate stage —— Well, Aunt Emily had already made up her mind that once this particular picture was finished she should take the next train for Florence. But as yet it was only begun.

"If she had gone to a photographer it would have been over in half an hour," declared young Thayer. "This may drag on for a week."

He was right. It did. To be exact, it lasted ten glorious sunshiny days one after the other. At the end of the fifth day Aunt Emily had the sympathy of all the small gardeners in the vicinity of Paris, who prayed for rain quite as ardently as she did, if for a different reason. Against this opposition Warren had only his own prayers that the sun might shine until he finished, whenever that might be. Apparently he won, although offhand one would have been inclined to appraise his prayers at a much lower valuation than those of Aunt Emily, who attended church regularly.

Warren was doing better work on this canvas than he had ever done in his life, and he knew it. His brushes were dipped in something besides pigment and every stroke he made was guided by something besides the intellect. He was expressing here not only this young woman herself but every ideal of womanhood he had ever dreamed. In addition to her own pure personality he was making of her a symbol of the best of her sex. In doing this he came closer to the Academy traditions, although paradoxically he himself, as he progressed, looked less and less the part of the Academician. For carefully and with a nice eye he trimmed daily from his beard a fraction more of that Barbary-pirate growth, until by the seventh day he had scarcely enough left to trim. The change was astonishing and bewildering. It could no longer be ignored between Aunt Emily and Doris.

"I never saw anything like this in my life," the older woman exclaimed. "Have you any idea how old—or how young I had better say—this man really is?"

"No, aunty," replied Doris.

"He is certainly not a day more than thirty."

"Perhaps not."

"If ever I come safely out of this complication ——"

"I don't see why you feel it to be complicated."

"Do you think I would ever have spoken to a stranger as young as he?"

"But he is no longer a stranger."

"What more do we know of him than what we have seen?"

"Richard remembers the family. The only trouble is that he is not sure whether Mr. Warren is himself or his uncle."

"I should call that trouble enough," declared Aunt Emily.

It did not seem so to Doris. In a week of mornings one may learn much about a man, and some instinct had from the first led her to learn as much as she could. The task had been neither difficult nor unpleasant. Today she felt that she knew him much better than she did Richard, although perhaps she could not have supplied as many historical details. When he met her now it was as the oldest and firmest friend she had ever had—and something more, she admitted hesitatingly. But that was a very, very close secret which she was ready to seal forever if necessary.

If the change in Warren had been only that of a difference in beard the fact would be scarcely worth mentioning. But

(Continued on Page 177)

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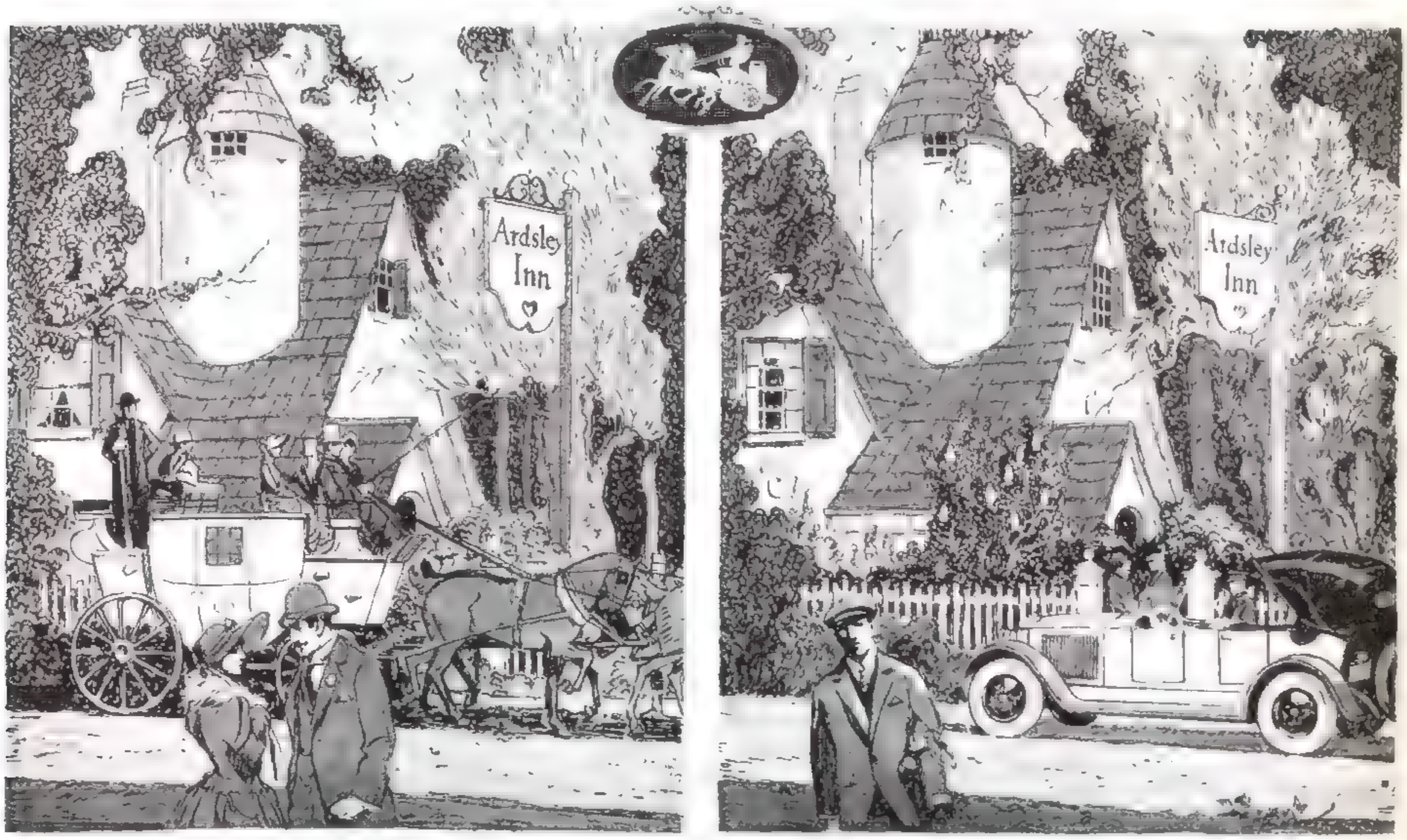

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A Viko roaster is a satisfactory thing to own. Above all, it is uncommonly good at roasting. The even-heating metal of which it is made plays a real part in the success of the expert cook who prides herself on roasts "done to a turn."

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(Continued from Page 174)

it went much deeper. This showed in the way he held his head and the way he walked, and to some extent in the carefulness with which he dressed; but more especially in the way he thought. He had suddenly become, to himself at least, a man of some importance. It might be possible to go even further and say that, to himself, he had become of supreme importance. He would not have swapped places with anyone in France, including the president of the Academy. And yet in the face of this he was still humble when in the presence of Doris—humble and fearful. He knew by now what it was that was making this portrait live and that was making him live, also, as he had never lived before. Love was the common name for it, but that name was not, in his case, adequate. It did not go far enough. He wanted her—yes; but only as he believed that he could give her in return all that her dear nature might ever crave. He must be worthy of her as man and artist before he could ask her to meet him at the Camollia Gate. That was asking a good deal for a man to decide for himself. He could not, as a matter of fact. He must show her his best and allow her to decide.

It was on the ninth day, late in the afternoon, that Thayer looked him up in his *pension*. The canvas was covered when Thayer came in. He appeared much disturbed.

"See here," he blurted out, "when is this thing going to be finished?"

"Very soon," Warren answered promptly. "Have a smoke?"

Thayer accepted a cigarette and lighted it. He did not find it easy to say what he had come there to say, but Warren helped him.

"What's on your mind?"

"I don't like this portrait-painting business," Thayer answered.

"No? Then I'd advise you not to take it up."

"I don't mean that. But—you know what I told you about my feeling for Doris."

Warren had almost forgotten, but he remembered it vividly enough now.

"Well?"

"I've been trying for a week to tell her, but I never seem to get a chance."

"Why complain to me?"

"Because it's on account of you."

"Careful!" Warren warned.

"Well, it is. Ever since you began painting that portrait I've had hardly a chance to see her."

"I've asked only for the mornings."

"That's the best part of the day."

"Decidedly," admitted Warren. "But it isn't all the day."

"And another thing," Thayer stumbled on: "Nobody knows how old you are."

Warren rose to his feet at that and started toward Thayer. He did not like the implication, but he checked an impulse to throw this cub out of the room and sat down again.

"That's right," he nodded. "I don't know myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm growing younger every day," answered Warren deliberately. "But I suppose there's a limit somewhere."

"Those whiskers ——"

"They are coming off tomorrow."

"All of them?"

"Every last whisker — tomorrow morning. And then ——"

He rose again, and this time took a stand before the younger man.

"Thayer," he said slowly, "you confided in me and now it seems only just for me to confide in you. I have not yet spoken one word of love to Miss Sheffield, but tomorrow I am going to ask her to marry me."

"You!" stammered Thayer.

"I. You have between now and then to anticipate me. I can't wish you luck, but with all my heart I wish her luck. I think you'll join me in that."

Warren offered his hand; but Thayer, being only a few months out of college, refused to accept it.

"This whole business looks to me darned queer," he choked.

"It is darned queer," admitted Warren quietly. "I guess this sort of a thing always is. I rely on you to respect my confidence as I have respected yours, and so—good night."

He opened the door leading into the narrow dark hall and stood there until Thayer went out.

Warren could not account for his self-confidence. He was not a conceited man, but he went to bed early that night and slept through until morning like a tired boy.

When he woke he found the sun shining for the tenth consecutive day and sprang from bed with a song on his lips. He was not much of a singer, but that did not matter.

What he lacked in quality he made up in volume, until the tenant below—a poor matter-of-fact young advocate—stuck his head out in the hall and demanded to know what, *nom de Dieu*, was the trouble up there.

"It's morning," answered Warren. "Don't waste your time in sleep."

"Bah!" came back the answer. "Either you're drunk or in love. Have mercy on sensible folk, will you?"

Warren did, because he was already at work upon that beard and found it difficult to sing at the same time. He went over it first with scissors and then softened what was left with lather and went at it with a razor.

His shaving was no easy task and not unaccompanied with pain. But even pain in his present mood was scarcely to be distinguished from pleasure—a fact which the young advocate would have used as evidence, had he known about it, to support his argument. At the end of twenty minutes Warren stood forth with his face smarting, but with his skin as smooth as that of a boy. Even he was surprised at the result. He did not look to be a day more than twenty-five and might have passed—on account of the light in his eyes—for even younger. His cheeks had filled out in the last week and done away with every trace of that haggardness which had marked him upon his return. Buoyant, alert, even aggressive, Aunt Emily would have recognized him now for as dangerously good-looking a man as one was apt to meet on an entire European tour.

It was perhaps fortunate that she slept late that morning and so was not on hand to see him when he called at the Normandie.

But Doris was on hand. She had been waiting for him, and yet when he appeared in the little stiff reception room off the lobby she could not suppress an exclamation. She recognized him instantly. She could have done that, in some mysterious fashion, no matter under what disguise he had turned up. Her heart, cleverest of sleuths, would have given her warning. Besides, they had met eye to eye, which is soul to soul, many times during these last few weeks.

"Oh!" she cried.

This was an absurdly inadequate expression for so dramatic a situation, but taking into account her eager movement towards him she had really said even more than she intended.

He dropped his canvas, his easel and his paints and stepped to her side.

"You don't mind?" he asked.

"Mind what?" she breathed.

"If I'm younger than you thought?"

"Are you?"

"I'm twenty-five," he went on bluntly. "But when I first met you I was older. Aunt Emily knew and she was right. I was old then, both inside and out. There was no trick about that. I had been taken ill at a time when I was anxious to do my best and so the bottom seemed to drop out of everything. Then you came and everything was different. You came, and then"—he hesitated a moment, but went on impulsively—"I grew young again at sight of you. All my old hopes came back and with them a thousand new hopes."

He took her hand very tenderly and she did not protest.

"I love you," he said simply.

There were a hundred eager things he might have added—passionate thoughts trembling on his lips—but he did not wish to influence her in that way.

"I love you," he repeated. "But that's no reason why I should expect you to love me. I think everyone must love you. And yet if you could love me—just a little to begin with—then I'd take you with me through the Camollia Gate and I'd do my best for you. We'd stay young forever and ——"

He stopped and met her eyes.

"I couldn't—love you a little," she whispered.

"I'll take whatever you'll give," he said eagerly.

"Then ——"

It was so much she was half ashamed. But before she could say any more he seized her in his arms and brought her lips to his—the lips of youth to the lips of youth.

This is the end of the story so far as the whiskers are concerned. When Thayer turned up a few hours later he did not seem to be surprised.

"I'm going home," he announced.

"Without visiting either Florence or Siena?" questioned Warren.

"You bet! I'm off art for life," he growled.

As for Aunt Emily, when she came down for coffee and rolls at eleven she was met by a very young man with a beaming, smooth-shaven face whom for a moment she could not place, although there was much about him which seemed familiar.

"Dudley Warren," he murmured.

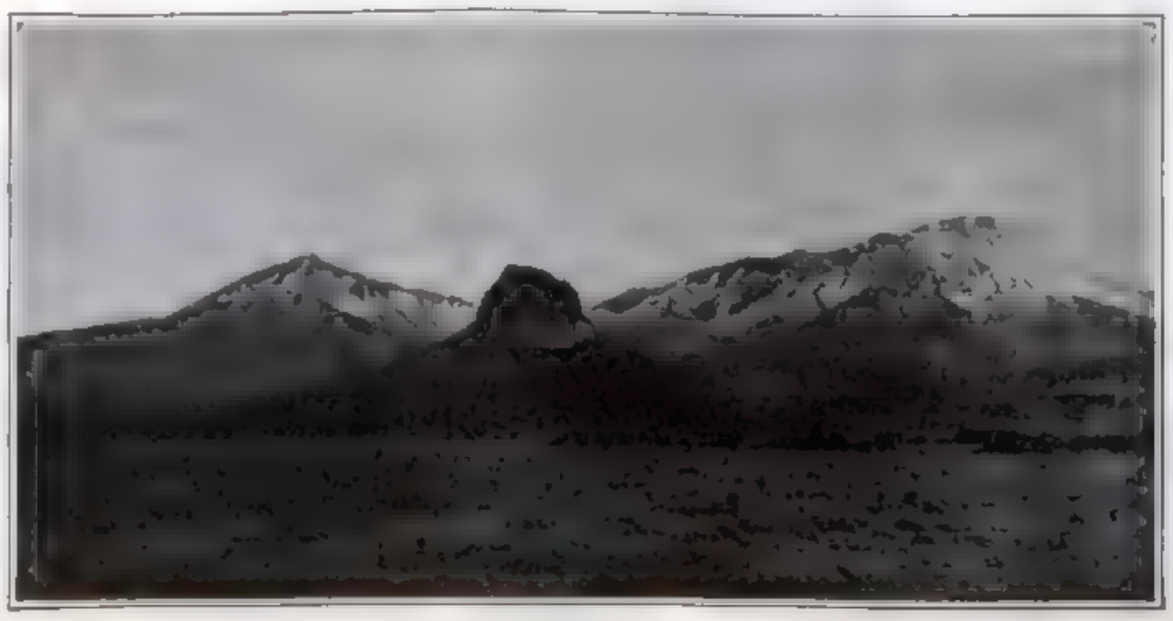
"Where's my niece?" she demanded.

Doris was right at hand and ran forward, throwing her arms about her.

"Aunty dear," she whispered. The rest was lost; but, after all, it was of no importance.

"There! There!" crooned the older woman. "I suppose we must hope for the best."

But it would be hazardous, even today, to introduce Aunt Emily to a bearded man—even to a real Academician.



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Master	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
MacDonald	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Menominee	2, 3, 4, 5
Moreland	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
National Steel Car Co.	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Nelson-Le Moon	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8
Nelson (Jumbo)	1, 5
Netco	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Newport Coach	1, 4, 5
New York	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Noble	2, 4, 5
O B Electric	2, 4, 5
Ogden	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Old Reliable	1
Olympic	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Oneida	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Oshkosh	1, 4, 5, 6
Patriot	2, 3, 4, 5
Pierce-Arrow	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Power	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Rainier	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Reliance	2, 3, 4, 5
Reo	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Republic	2, 3, 4, 5
Revere	1
Riddle	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Rock Falls	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Rowe	1
Ruggles	1, 4, 5
Sanford	1, 2, 5
Schacht	4, 5
Seagrave	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7
Selden	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Service	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Six Wheel	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Standard	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8
Sterling	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Stewart	2, 4, 5
Sullivan	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Tait	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8
Three Point	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Tower	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Trabold	2, 3, 4
Traffic	5
Twin City	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Twin City 4-Wheel Drive	2, 4, 5
Union	2, 3, 5
United	1, 3, 4, 5
U. S.	1, 2, 4, 5
Upperty	1
Victor	4, 5
Wachusett	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8
Walker	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Walter	4
Ward La France	2, 3, 4, 5
Watson	1, 2, 3, 4
White	1
Wichita	1
Wilcox	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Willys-Overland	2, 5
Wilson	5
Wilson, J. C.	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Wisconsin	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Witt-Will	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Yellow Cab	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Yellow Coach	2, 3, 4, 5, 6

FOREIGN TRUCKS

Baico	4
Bean	5
Beardmore 30-cwt.	2, 3, 4, 5
Birmingham Red Buses	4, 5
Commer	4, 5
Crossley Subsidy	4, 5
Daimler 2-Ton	4
Dennis	5
Electromobile	4, 5
Garrett Steamer	2, 4, 5
Guy	5
G. V. Electric	1, 4, 5
Halley	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Karrier	1, 4, 8
Leyland	4, 5
Maudslay	7
Pagefield	2
Ransome	4
Star	1, 2, 4, 5
Thornycroft	4, 5
Yorkshire Steamer	1, 3

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Who Is the Reach Dealer In Your City?

IF you don't know, drop us a line and we will be glad to tell you. If you do know, it will pay you to make his acquaintance.

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TRAILIN' ALONG

(Continued from Page 21)

become frenzied about—and who had died as a result of his panic.

As we heard of it, we couldn't help but think of an afternoon in the Cebolla country of Southern Colorado, when, after having followed a perfectly plain trail, it suddenly had ended in a mass of beaver dams, to be skirted, and to show on the other side, a faint line through high grasses where game had been wont to come down from the higher hills for water. A trail which we had followed, rising steadily upon the side hill—at last to disappear, leaving us with our choice between the willowy tangles of the bed of a creek and the uncertain footing of rock silt, where the slides had halted. We chose the latter that we might still follow upward the course of the creek—for we were working toward a divide—and have the advantage of height which we would not have possessed had we stuck to the willows. A mile went by in precarious progress; once a pack horse stumbled, scrambled wildly and saved himself just in time to prevent a drop of some forty feet to the bottom of the slide rock.

At last the side hill began to flatten out; soon we were in a little valley, fringed with pines and filled with heavy grass. Jack cocked his head. I nodded. The pack string headed toward the nearest group of pines. We unpacked quite jovially, hobbled our horses and turned them loose. We set up our camp. Then we got out our fishing rods and quite perfunctorily went to whipping the stream. Late that evening, when he was cleaning the fish, Charlie, our horse wrangler, looked up from his work and grinned.

"You sure knowed where to pick a fishin' spot," he said. Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"You mean we know enough to stop when we're lost."

That was exactly what had happened. We were lost, thoroughly and effectually. Somewhere down there at those beaver dams we had taken the wrong trail, to be led into stretches of country which we had encompassed without injury once, but might not be able to do again; a trail is often far more difficult from one side than it is from the other. We'd got into a place which was not conducive to back-tracking. So we had stopped. Then we had fished. And now we lay about the camp fire and smoked. And after a long time we got out our forest-service maps and our compasses. Five minutes later Jack relit his pipe.

"Thing to do in the morning," he said, "is for one of us to climb to the top of this mesa over to the right and see how the ground looks up there. If it's all right, we can work the horses up that big rock slide and hit across country to the west." This we did.

A Good Rule When You're Lost

At five o'clock the next afternoon we made camp on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, well on our way to the entrance of the Sapinero country, a previous objective; and the incident of having been lost was nothing more than a pleasant memory, which had led to a couple of wild-eyed fishermen staking out a certain little spot that they—and few others—could reach and where native trout grew far larger than ordinarily. Which, by the way, is far more pleasant than to have the sheriff and the undertaker roaming the hills in search of your whitened bones.

In fact the real mountaineer has a set rule about being lost. That is to make camp, to start a fire, to rest comfortably and wait for morning; especially if the mountains are offering their usual set of wares in the way of thunderstorms or a summer snow flurry and its accompanying gale. Then the move for camp is a hurried one, with the ax pulverizing the first bit of dry pitch encountered so that it will ignite with the first match and hold its fire against the wind long enough to start blazing the dry twigs and branches which have been torn from the lower trunks of near-by pines. And it's toward the wide-branching forms of coniferous wood that the mountaineer moves when he's in trouble, especially from the weather. He knows he has a better chance for a dry spot beneath them on which to make his bed than in aspens or in lodgepoles, to say nothing of being fairly sure of finding pitchy cones or dry needles close against the trunk with which to feed his fire.

But the man who'd found death on Twin Flats had evidently not known of such things as this. He had gone for a little walk. In that little walk he had lost his sense of direction. He had become excited. He had hurried from one hill to the next, finally to reach a flat, where, if he had but known, he could have found any one of twenty spots from which he could have seen the plains country beyond and studied out his directions. But he had hurried, and hurry had become frenzy and panic—and he had died.

Hit-or-Miss Directions

True, he had possessed no maps; nor had he any compass. But he had the sun rising in the east and sinking in the west, and something else—his own footprints, which would have led him to safety again. There's just the trouble in the hills. Persons don't think of those things when they get excited. But troubles often dissolve quite naturally when one sits down and calms one's mind and figures that being lost in the mountains isn't such a terrible thing after all if you've just got time for common sense.

As for the aid of maps, they're great after you know 'em. Before that, they're a bit difficult, in spite of their simplicity. There is hardly a section of the Rocky Mountain region, or at least of those districts in which are comprised the various national forests, that have not been explored by forest rangers, with the result that roads, both automobile and wagon, and main trails have been plainly and accurately mapped in segmented divisions running a quarter of an inch to the mile. Once one has become familiar with them, those maps become merely a mathematical problem of distance pitted against direction. But before one has become familiar with them they're a Chinese puzzle; and so, before starting into astrange territory, one doesn't trust the map. He asks questions—and learns for the first time in his life how inaccurate he is in receiving directions, and how doubly inaccurate ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are in giving them.

"How'll I get out to your place?" I screamed over a static-filled long-distance telephone late one night as I conversed with an aged prospector, stuck far out upon a sagebrush mesa as the guard over a deserted mine in a town equally deserted except for the telephone. "Can I follow the telephone poles?"

"Nope, you can't do that," came the weak voice from the other end of the line; "they head down the cañon an' there ain't room on either side of the river to let two fleas pass. Ain't you got one of them govvament maps?"

"Yes; but it doesn't show any trails or road out that way."

"Well, there ain't none, 'ceptin' what's been washed out for twenty-odd years. Now tell you what you do. Go past the big hotel an' take that first road down the lane. That'll keep right on goin', but you head off to the left at Beaver Creek an' follow that there cow trail up till it pinches out. Then you strike off cross country toward Willow Creek an' cross it an' come to Texas Creek. After that you work up to the forks an' take the left one an' follow it to the end an' then take off south till you come to the old Mill Gulch road. Then it ain't but a piece out here."

I left the telephone well satisfied and sought my partner.

"Get the directions?" he asked.

"Sure!" And repeated them word for word. Jack, in the greater wisdom of his years, gave me a look of consuming scorn.

"And I suppose there'll be a sign a mile square at Beaver Creek, and another at Willow, and a hand pointing the direction to Texas Creek, and a signpost saying it's two miles to the forks. Fine lot of directions you've got! All they'll get us into is trouble. Let's see what the map says."

We saw. The map said there was a Beaver Creek two miles south of town, and another Beaver Creek three miles west, while a short distance to the northeast were Wet Beaver, Little Beaver, Middle Beaver and Sick Beaver Creeks, all converging into the simplicity of Big Beaver. As for Willow Creeks, there were three, scattered within a radius of ten miles. Texas Creek and its two forks, of which we were to choose the left, evidently was not enough of a creek to warrant mapping at all. And there we were.

So we threw away the instructions, took the general direction of the place we wanted to find, followed the first road that led that way, struck out over the sagebrush when the highway veered; and then, for the rest of the day, followed cow trails, sheep trails and abandoned roads when they served our purpose and the sagebrush when they didn't—and reached our destination. Nor was it the last time in 1000 miles of wandering that we took an objective and worked toward it. For the time came when we asked only to be put upon the beginning of the trail. We had learned that to give the average person more of a problem in direction giving than that was a useless and wasteful task.

The Trail-Wise Traveler

Try it yourself sometime. Describe at length, for instance, a circuitous road from your town to the next one. Do it thoroughly. Then go over the road and see how many things you've missed—the road, for instance, that turns off by the mill dam and which you hadn't considered at all. The three houses which intervene before the big white house is reached—the one which you had announced as the first house on the right-hand side of the road. The highway which you had glibly described as Wide Road, without announcing the fact that it was so called because it was the narrowest in the district. Such little mistakes as those are often confusing to a traveler. It makes him eye you a bit ferociously as you append the inevitable:

"You'll see the road right there. You can't miss it."

With the result that the sooner the mountain traveler becomes trail wise, the sooner he will progress easily. And becoming trail wise in the hills quickly assumes proportions resembling a mere mathematical problem. One knows, for instance, that all streams go downhill; and quickly adds to that the instinctive knowledge that if there are habitations anywhere in the vicinity they will be close to that stream, for the simple reason that humans cannot live without water.

In quite the opposite fashion, if one's progress depends upon sighting something from a distance, one sticks to the ridges, knowing full well that he can drop down to water if he desires. Or that, in wooded districts, it is a habit of mountains to break the continuity of their forests by little patches of green, called parks, and that these little parks are more frequently than not connected by tiny streams along which one can work, thus avoiding deadfalls until a trail of some sort, either game, cow, sheep or forestry, can be struck. That aspen growths are easier to penetrate than lodgepoles, where the trees grow so thickly that

(Continued on Page 182)

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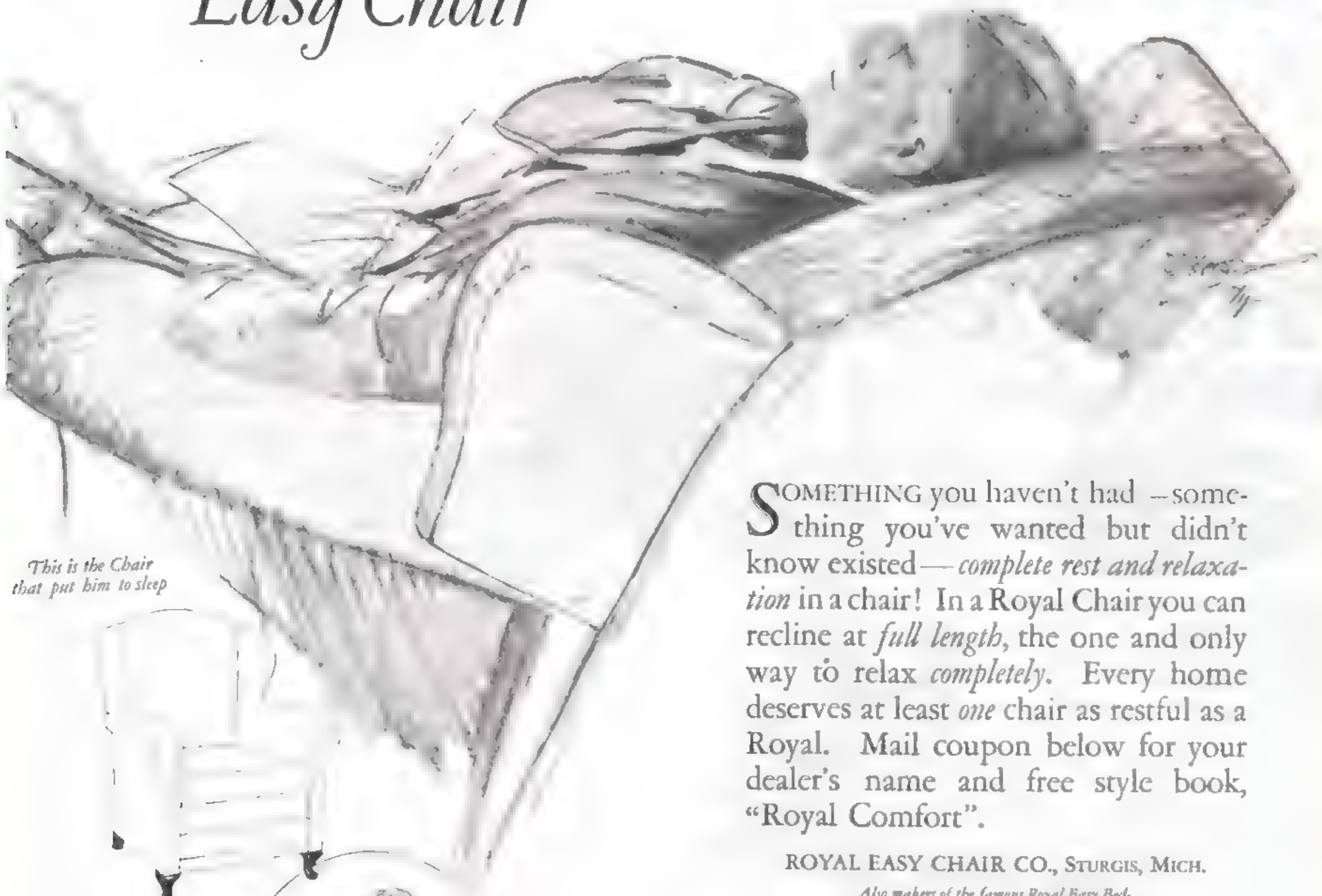

This is the Chair that put him to sleep

SOMETHING you haven't had —something you've wanted but didn't know existed—*complete rest and relaxation* in a chair! In a Royal Chair you can recline at *full length*, the one and only way to relax *completely*. Every home deserves at least *one* chair as restful as a Royal. Mail coupon below for your dealer's name and free style book, "Royal Comfort".

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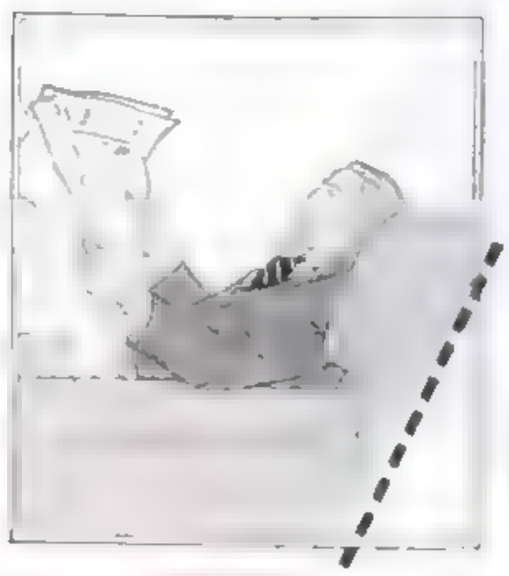
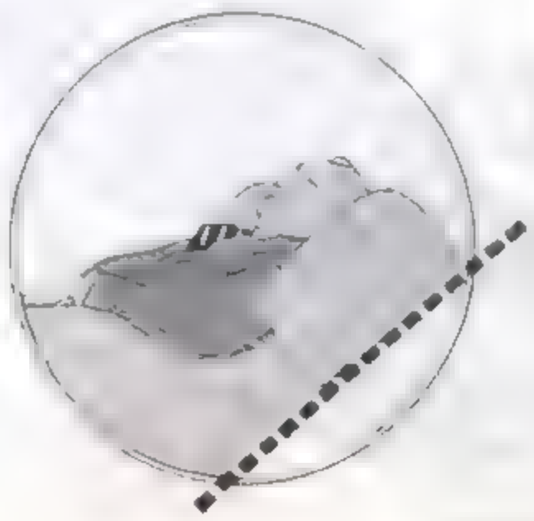


READING

Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.



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Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

Many Beautiful Styles

Royal Easy Chairs have style, grace and distinction. They may be had in a wide range of designs, finishes, coverings and prices. Sold singly or in Bed-Davenport suites, by 5,000 leading furniture dealers.

Royal Easy Chair Company
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Please send me your *free* style book.

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Men-they cut your shoe bill

EVIDENCE!

"I have worn a pair of NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled Shoes for nine months, yet the soles do not show any signs of wear. In that time I would have worn out two pairs of the kind I used to wear. Such a shoe deserves a good word."

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Chicago, Ill.

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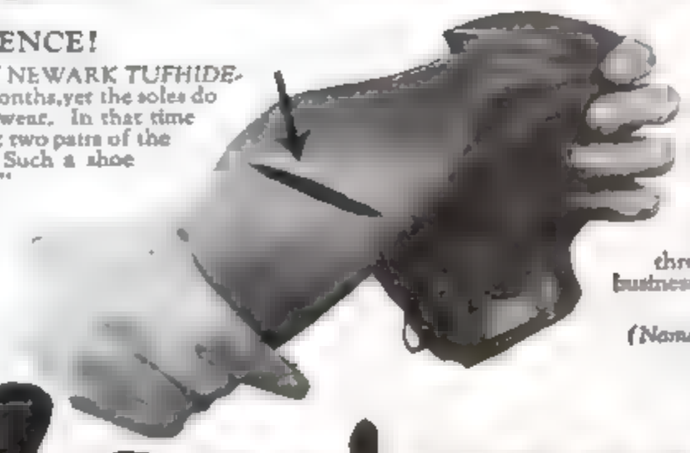

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"I have worn a pair of your shoes every day except Sundays for the past seven months, and, at this writing, there is no sign of these shoes wearing out. In that time I would have worn out three ordinary pairs in my business."

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Sold in over 400 NEWARK Shoe Store Branches in the United States

The ideal shoe for Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are "hard" on shoes. A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

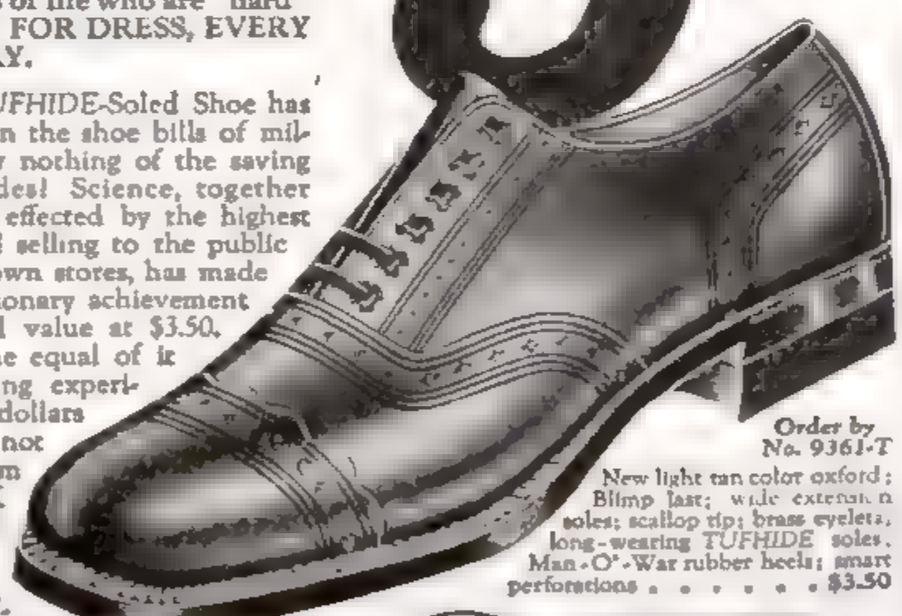
THE NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled Shoe has made a big cut in the shoe bills of millions of men, to say nothing of the saving of repair bills besides! Science, together with the economies effected by the highest factory efficiency and selling to the public direct through our own stores, has made possible this revolutionary achievement in quality, wear and value at $3.50.

You never saw the equal of it in all your shoe-buying experience. You can pay dollars more for shoes and not get the wear out of them that NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled Shoes assure.

Over 400 conveniently located NEWARK Shoe Stores, in all principal cities east of the Rockies, sell this famous shoe. *It cannot be had elsewhere.* If we are not located in your town, let us fill your

Order direct by mail.

When ordering in this manner, include 10 cents parcel post cost. State size and style desired. Order a pair today. Descriptive folder gladly mailed on request.



Order by No. 9361-T

New light tan color oxford; Blimp last; wide extension soles; scallop tip; brass eyelets; long-wearing TUFHIDE soles; Man-O'-War rubber heels; smart perforations $3.50

Genuine U. S. Army Munson Last

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Tan Goodyear welt, U. S. Army style, in the famous U.S. Army last, with soft toe; heavy, damp-resisting TUFHIDE soles; Man-O'-War rubber heels. Soft, pliable uppers with large tongue sewed on both sides to keep out dirt and grit $3.50

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We want live Field Men to sell NEWARK Tuf-Hide-Soled Shoes wherever we have no stores. NEWARK shoes are well and favorably known all over the United States, and the demand for them is big. Liberal commission, wide territory, splendid opportunity to make money. Write at once for details.

(Continued from Page 180)

one wonders where they find space for their foliage. That too far down on a hill, or too high up, will almost invariably lead one into deadfalls, but that there is nearly always a space somewhere between these two points where the timber is thinned and the down timber not so thickly scattered, and that if you'll work down a bit or up a bit you'll find it. That if you're headed south, the sun should cast its shadow on your right side in the morning and your left in the afternoon, and if you're headed north, the opposite should be true. That if the sun isn't shining, it will save time to stop every now and then and look at the compass, with the conviction always that compasses rarely lie, even though they may appear to. And that a compass often is a truer friend than a landmark, because sometimes that landmark—isn't there!

For instance, Jack and I once placed faith in an old friend in Steamboat Springs. We wanted to go to Rainbow Lake, hitting it from the top of the Rabbit Ear Range, which isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, since at about that point the Rabbit Ear, forming as it does a portion of the continental divide, takes a sudden notion to indulge in a general spasm of snowdrifts, sheer plunges, crags, precipices, rock slides, thundering streams, seepage ground and what not. So we asked our old friend just how to get to a certain point on the left side of Mount Ethel, a mountainous lady with whom we were not at all acquainted. The friend waved his hand in dismissal of the subject.

"Easiest thing in the world. Where you heading out from? Long Lake? Well, take the trail out of there and you'll hit the old Buffalo Pass road in three or four miles. Then you'll run into an old drift fence. Can't miss it. Plain as the nose on your face. Built years ago right along the top of the continental divide to keep the cattle from North Park from edging over into this country. That way, you see, they'd hit the drift fence at the top of the divide and that'd turn 'em back into North Park so the cow-punchers wouldn't have to look so far for 'em. Can't miss it. There's a trail along it. Just follow that trail along that drift fence and it'll take you right to the left side of Mount Ethel."

Dude-Ranch Cow-Punchers

At a later date, Jack Nankervis and I fished in Rainbow Lake. We'd taken the trail out of Long Lake. We'd crossed the old Buffalo Pass road. We'd made our way along the top of the continental divide—sometimes in places where the national vertebræ became so scrawny that we gathered handfuls of pebbles, just for the sport of it, and as we rode along, tossed them first over the side that led to the Pacific and then over the other side toward the Atlantic. At a hundred places, as we traversed the bare, wind-swept reaches of timber line, with a turn of the head, we could view the Wasatch Mountains of Utah and the snowy range of the Rockies, a scant forty miles from Denver. We reached Mount Ethel and finally got on the good side of that lady, which was the left. We crossed eternal snowdrifts for miles at a stretch. We skidded our horses over immense stretches of rounded bed rocks, yanked them out of bogs and seepage, and reached Rainbow. But to this day we have never seen that drift fence, nor even a pole or crossbar or wire of it!

All of which, of course, is beside the point for many persons, no matter how much they may seek the heart of Nature by means of the pack train. For all such invasions of the Rockies, in the everlasting desire to get away from the madding throng of those who would rather tread on Nature than treat with her, are not difficult affairs. In fact they're often quite the opposite. The dude ranch, for instance.

For that person not initiated to the hills and the ramifications thereof, the dude ranch is busily filling all needs. There are the horses, fitted to the work and rentable at so much a day. There is the equipment—pack saddles, beds, tent, cooking outfit, and the food, properly proportioned—and cow-punchers, hired for the purpose, to do the packing, make and break camp, guide the way along trails which are to them as familiar as a well-read book, to do the cooking, and if necessary catch the fish or tree the bear or mountain lion, whatever the object of the trip may be.

In fact a dude-ranch cow-puncher in these days is good for almost anything except to tell you the names of the wild flowers. That, so far, is just a little tough to swallow. But he'll take you out and get you home again, and keep you well and comfortable on the way, which amounts to a great deal. To say nothing of having accomplished the purpose of having led you into a country where every hill is not peopled by at least one person with a book in one hand and a pencil in the other, busily tramping down fifty varieties of flora in an endeavor to find out whether the bloom just ahead is really a mountain mignonette or something that looks like it. To say nothing of evading the sight-seeing busses which now have a habit of swishing along the wider roads of the Rockies in jovial little groups of twenty and thirty, and the fishermen who flood forth to every stream within automobile reach, determined to make the last finny enemy pay the forfeit, whether he's of keeping size or not.

To Nature's Last Frontiers

To the first of the last frontiers, the dude-ranch outfit can lead one in safety and in comparative comfort—if one doesn't mind a few blisters after the first day in the saddle. And the cow-puncher guide will do all that with joy and appreciation of the desire of his guests to get away from the routine run of things, knowing full well that the last frontiers are reserved for him and those of his ilk, who can strike into the unknown, into the recesses of the dim trail with its uncertainties, its problems in woodcraft, its difficulties and its dangers—and have a good time out of it.

For not all trails that lead beyond the end of the road are government affairs, marked as such things are with the notch and slash of the service staring at you whenever you need its guidance, with the logs sawed where dead trees have fallen across the road, and a sign now and then to tell you the distance to Trapper's Lake. The ones, for instance, that lead to the last frontiers of game and fishing and Nature in her wilder moods are far different affairs.

A winding ribbon, for instance, made perhaps a century ago when the Utes migrated here and there through the otherwise trackless Rockies, and when the Utes faded, to be taken up by the prospector, pulled onward and onward, from mountain to mountain in his search for gold. Or perhaps a twisting thing resultant from the fact that at some far day in the past an elk paused at the top of a ridge and wondered what glorious revelry of food might await him in the faint greenery of a valley far below. To be followed by other game, and gradually become a run. Then to be followed by the hunter that he might kill the thing which had made the path upon which he pursued it to its death. And followed in turn by the cowboy, hunting the stray critters of his herd, until today it leads, meandering and alluring, difficult and full of pitfalls, into the depths of the last frontier. That is what beckons to the seasoned mountaineer, and when he prepares to follow it, he prepares also for anything that may happen, from a horse down the side of a mountain to a broken leg.

All of which may not sound alluring to a city dweller. But then, city dwelling doesn't sound alluring to the mountaineer, so that makes it even, and the preparations go merrily on, regardless of the interruption. First, naturally, attention turns to the horses, and the man about to take a pack trip, studies them carefully, particularly as to their gaits. Over in Steamboat Springs

(Continued on Page 185)

Royal is Amazingly Different and Better-Comparison Proves It

The 9 TESTS BY WHICH TO JUDGE A CLEANER

No. 1—Surface Cleaning

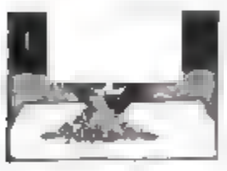
After using Cleaner, examine brush and nozzle. Surface litter, hair, threads, etc., should be deposited in the bag.

Royal puts ALL surface LITTER IN THE BAG.

No. 2—Embedded Dirt

Compare the amount of ground-in, gritty dirt removed by the Royal with the amount taken up by other cleaners.

Royal gets all the embedded dirt



No. 3—Cleaning Harmlessly

Examine the contents of the dust bag. If this shows too large a percentage of fluffy lint, the cleaner is destroying the nap of your rug and is not cleaning harmlessly.

Royal cleans harmlessly.

No. 4—Cleaning Bare Surfaces

We know that no other cleaning device will more easily, quickly and thoroughly clean linoleum, tile, hardwood floors, concrete and brick surfaces. Also ideal for polishing hardwood floors.

Royal removes all dust from bare surfaces. Most other cleaners will not.

No. 5—Adjustable for All Conditions

See that the cleaner you are considering can be adjusted to clean either thick or thin rugs by raising or lowering the nozzle.

Royal nozzle height is instantly adjustable.

No. 6—Rapid Cleaning

Measure width of cleaning nozzle. Wide nozzle and ample power mean fewer strokes and faster cleaning

Royal has the widest nozzle made and maximum power.

No. 7—Durability

Examine the oiling system and bearings. Large bearings and perfect oiling are necessary to long life.

Royal bearings and oilings are without a superior

No. 8—Attachments

You want a cleaner that will clean everything. Attachments convenient to use are essential. Exceptional power is necessary for their successful use.

Royal attachments are efficient and easy to use. Ideal for cleaning automobiles, upholstery, bedding, curtains, clothing, etc.

No. 9—Guarantee

Is the cleaner thoroughly guaranteed by a responsible company and does the guarantee include every part of the machine?

Every part of Royal is covered by an iron clad guarantee.

THE new Super Royal represents the most advanced type of electric cleaner available today. Always considered by Royal owners the last word in suction cleaners, Royal has, through fourteen years of constant refinement, reached a degree of efficiency that is little short of marvelous.

Our steadfast aim is that the Royal shall clean your home better, quicker and easier than has ever been done before. So well have we succeeded in this aim, that we feel that the most convincing proof we can offer is Super Royal itself.

Therefore, in justice to yourself, see and try the Royal. Don't judge it merely by its beautiful appearance, *but by a test in your own home.* Compare the Royal carefully with any cleaner made. We are certain that you will then decide for yourself that Royal is the greatest value and the cleaner to buy.

For your guidance, the nine comparative tests a complete electric cleaner should meet are given in the next column. Be sure the cleaner you select does meet them—perfectly.

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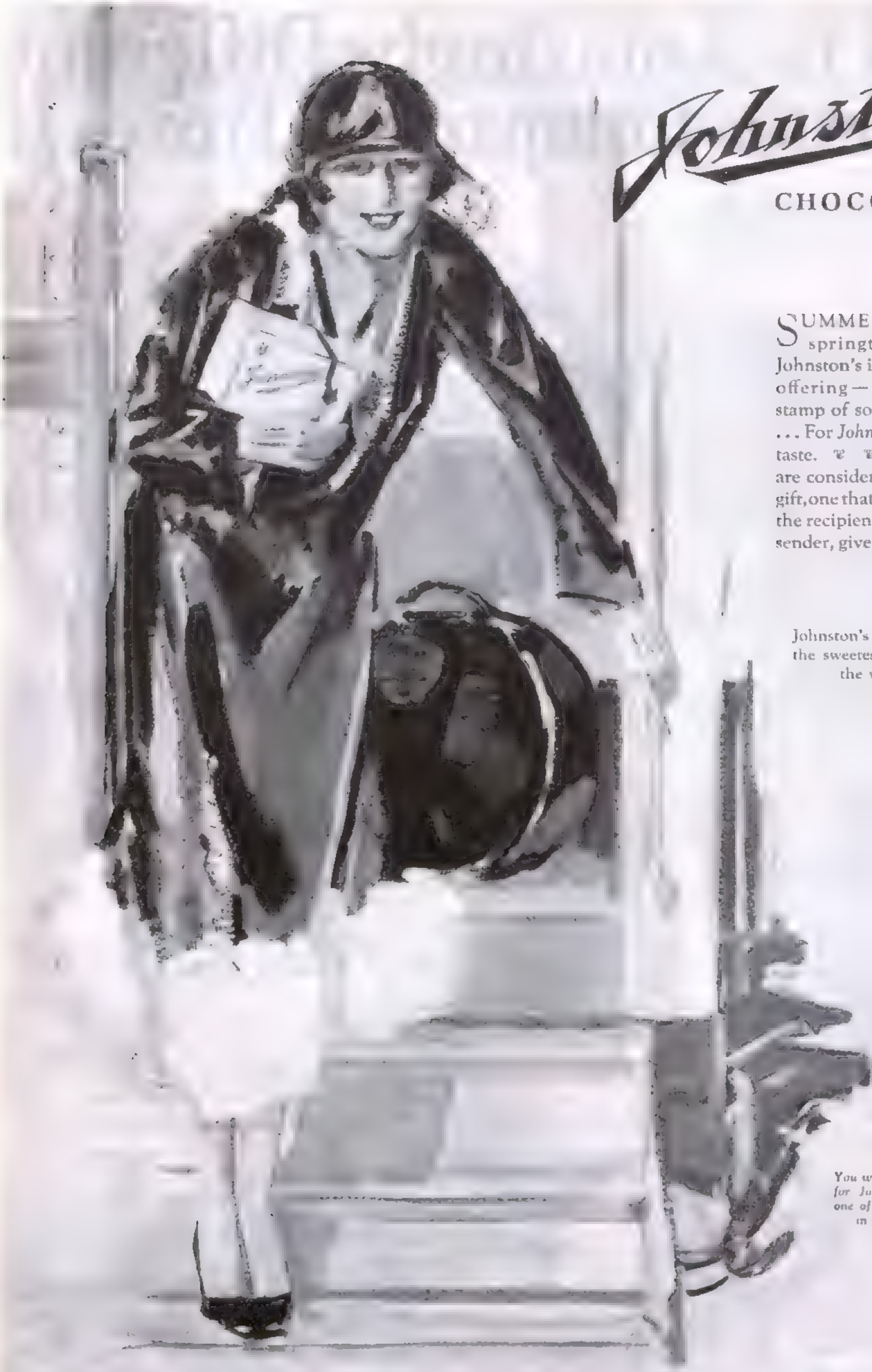

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ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY • • • MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 182)

right now are two horses that I'd like very well to have in my own home town of Idaho Springs. They're burning up hay by the bale and oats by the ten-pound pailful, while Jack and I chalk up a black mark against our horse sense. We'd thought Baldy and Barney would make a couple of mighty good pack horses. But we hadn't taken into consideration that Barney's funny shuffling little single-foot would shake his pack and produce sores on his withers and that Baldy's slight limp in the left hind leg would cause her to slip on a rock slide with the consequent fall mussing her up considerably. Therefore it's worth while to study a gait and limb soundness; one doesn't go on boulevards when one hits the unused trail.

In fact one doesn't do a lot of things that the unthinking person would do. One doesn't take any more clothing, for instance, than one actually needs, beyond a change in case of rough weather, a slicker, a big coat and a second pair of boots. One thinks quite a while beforehand on the question of food, preferring to eat a standard diet of nourishing things rather than a variety of folderol. Because the horses which carry that food may be forced to fight their way through the crumbling drifts of a mountain pass or scramble down descents upon which even a man on foot will slip—and weight counts, even upon a horse.

He'll take a compact little medicine chest with a bottle of permanganate tablets to slip into the incision following the bite of a rattlesnake, a box of cold tablets, a bottle of iodine, a little bundle of swab sticks, and if he has a smattering of medicine, a hypodermic outfit with a vial of strychnine tablets. In addition to which there'll be the ordinary first-aid kit, purchasable at any drug store, and containing everything necessary for the ordinary injury, from picric acid for burns to the compress for a large wound.

He'll carry the lightest tent procurable, perhaps even army pup tents that can go in his bedding roll; and he'll chase the fetish of waterproofing until it becomes an insufferable bore. Because, you know, mountain streams have a habit of becoming swollen after a summer afternoon's downpour. And trails have a habit of running to the side of a stream, leaping gayly across and continuing their course on the other side, leaving the trailer to do the same—if possible.

A Mountaineer's Firearms

A horse sometimes slips in a stream, and when he does, he's down until a rope around his neck and a horse pulling hard against the other end of that rope, hooked around the horn of the saddle, jerks the down animal and his dripping pack to his feet again. And after all other preparations are made, the mountaineer will cast his pale-blue eyes around the circle of his acquaintances and find at least a couple of other Nature-loving fools who'd like to make the trip with him. For the mountains were not built for the lone wolf, in spite of the fact that somebody is continually attempting to flout the statement. Of course, there are those who prove the exceptions. Then there are the bones, whitening with the years, and the missing skull, carried to some coyote or mountain-lion den, to prove the rule.

The Rockies are immutable, mysterious, ever-changing; great tumbled affairs which rise as though in a challenge to humanity, which lead one on by gleaming sunshine only that within the moment they may dash the wanderer with the furious onslaught of the tempest. Friendly enemies, faithless friends—such are the Rockies to the man who alone attempts to pit himself against their unknown reaches. Far better the consolidated thought of several heads, the knowledge of companionship with its proof against loneliness—a screeching coyote, shrieking from the impenetrable blackness of a mountain night is much more cheerful when there's another fellow along than when one's alone—and above all, the protection that several persons can give against the dangers that lurk in spite of every precaution when one strikes the unknown trail.

Not the danger of the bear or the mountain lion or the fabled catamount, for there is practically no such thing as animal menace; one carries a side arm only, rarely of a larger caliber than a .32-20. He only asks that it have a six-inch barrel and rifle sights, and if he knows anything at all of firearms, he is able to shoot with rifle accuracy up to a distance of thirty yards, and one rarely sees a shootable animal that demands more. More, the mountaineer has a playful little habit of doing rifle tricks with his long-barreled six-gun.

If the aim is a bit difficult, he doesn't swing his gun down to an aiming point according to the shooting-gallery rules. Instead he raises it as he would a rifle, extends his weapon only about half the distance that he would if he were shooting according to revolver rules, and then steadies the barrel with his left hand as he would steady a rifle. Following which he pulls the trigger and picks up his game.

Andy, Twenty Years After

No, he doesn't pull the trigger. He squeezes it, slowly, expending more and more force until the hammer is released without the slightest jar or deviation from aim. And as he does that, he holds himself steady against the instinctive flinching from the sound of the explosion. That done, if he knows anything whatever about aligning his sights, he hits his object, which is usually nothing more fearsome than a ground hog or a porcupine for the evening camp meat, and let it be known that properly cooked, they're both larrupin' good truck.

So it isn't the danger of lurking beasts, for about the only time that mountain beasts lurk is when they know that they're far away and safe from that dreaded enemy known as the human. It's a different kind of beast, lurking nearer the trail, the beast that is the hills when they are in ugly mood, waiting to sap the strength of him who invades their private recesses, or break the spirit of even one who has fought against them for years, only to win that he might ——

Our first horse wrangler was Andy, with skin like leather, and wrinkles in the back of his neck that only years of sun and wind could place there. Andy, with his pale blue eyes which had looked upon the 13,000-foot heights of Argentine Pass in their most vicious moments, when the winter blizzards had swept them with a ferocity against which a man could only run, then flatten himself in the white until the worst of the gale had abated, then leap to his feet for a running spurt again in his frenzied efforts to defeat that which seemed bent upon only one objective—the taking of his life. Andy, who had seen comrades move from his side in the swirls of frigid white, to blur in the sweeping curtains of snow, edge into sight again as they were tossed before him in the arms of the gale, then disappear—and the next day be found only hunks of ice in the forms of men, their hands clutched forward in a last effort to be at the thing which had beaten them. Andy, who had crossed every mountain pass in Colorado in fair weather and in foul, who had packed with burro and donkey string the wealth of the hills from timber line to the glaring furnaces of the smelters; who had known the dim trail as boy and man, and who looked forward to the trail again with the enthusiasm of a child on the way to his first circus. But who had forgotten one thing—that twenty years had passed since last he had pitted his strength against the ferocity of the high country, and that twenty years can make a difference.

It rather struck him, the first morning of our packing out, when quite deliberately he began the throwing of a diamond hitch on the first pack. Following which he halted, looked at the ropes and tried it again. Then he looked at the rope once more.

"Funny how those things can get away from you," he said. "Now that there diamond hitch, I used to be able to throw it—just like that. Don't seem to be able to get the hang of it right now. Guess it'll come back to me. Don't make much difference, anyhow. A squaw hitch'll hold just as good."

A little while later, he guessed that he'd just put a common ordinary box hitch on; nothing much to jiggle anyway—every horse had panniers except old Barney with the bedding, and that lay snug to his back. So a box hitch it was, and the outfit swung up the automobile road from Silver Plume, bound for the first turn to the left after we'd passed the sawmill, and the ancient, abandoned wagon road that would lead us to the 11,000-foot uncertainties of Loveland Pass.

Time was when Loveland Pass cut quite a figure in Colorado. Back in the days, for instance, when Leadville was seething with its first flush of the mining boom, when Dillon and Wheeler and Robinson squawked and roared and bustled from dawn to dusk and back to dawn again with the thrill of gold and silver, when every metal-bearing mountain was resplendent at evening with the firefly lights of the carbides atop the caps of miners, and railroads worked construction gangs overtime that they might build just one more mile of narrow gauge toward the waiting bonanza. Then Loveland Pass was quite important, with its strings of ore wagons moving doggedly to the straining of six and eight horse teams, with its stages careening upon their leather springs as they hurried over the hump toward the raucous life of the mining camps. But times have changed since then.

In Snowdrifts and Thunderstorm

Leadville, for instance, isn't the rushing camp that it once was, though hope springs eternal where there is gold and silver. Dillon is only a village again, Wheeler but an abandoned box car, Robinson nothing more than a thing of desolation, sprawling upon Fremont Pass, while along its edge are the ties of a railroad—but the rails are gone. The ore wagons and leather-springed stages no longer travel Loveland. In the ruts of the road that once existed, the creek runs when it cares to, and the deadfalls lie here and there undisturbed. It is abandoned, merely a scar across the hills, a crumbling monument to a departed gold rush. And it was our primary trail.

An hour and the going was not so good. A horse had gone through a bridge, rotted from long disuse; to be unpacked, pulled to his feet and repacked again. The deadfalls across the road had necessitated precarious detours more than once down sheer side hills, with the hoofs of the horses digging desperately as they pulled themselves back to the safety of the road. Higher, another hour brought a few drifts across the road, and plunging beasts as they bucked snow to their bellies. Then the willows, stretching in every direction as willows have a habit of doing at the headwaters of a mountain stream, the sickening sucking of hoofs as our pack beasts pulled one leg free from the concealed bog only that another might become entangled.

And after that—the snow, stretching before us in every direction. A gully filled with it here, a gulch bank full 100 yards farther on, and beyond that merely a succession of splotchy white after splotchy white—and the road disappearing into it. Jack reached for his glasses.

"The eleventh of June," he said, "and folks back East dying of the heat."

Then he lowered the glasses and stood looking for a long time in a direction far remote from the road, searching the mottled drifts one after another. At last ——

"No sense trying to fool with that road. It's banked up 150 feet deep in places. We'll have to try to get around to the right and hit for the ridge."

Andy rubbed his wrinkled neck.

Out! —the old rule of thumb

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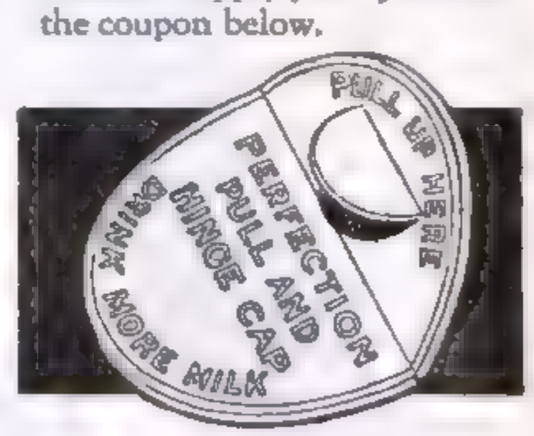

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"Just what I was thinkin'," he said. "If we can hit that ridge we're all right. Snow never lays bad on the other side. Trouble is, though, these here drifts don't look like they're crusted."

A moment later we were sure they weren't crusted. Major was down, pack and all, and Spot, my pinto, straining at the lariat as we yanked him out. We tried again, with a different horse, more accustomed to snow. A path was broken; one by one, our pack horses plunging behind us, we went sloshing through. But there was only another drift waiting beyond, and a score more after that, and the sun had faded. Far over the ragged rocky ridge which denoted the scraggly pinnacle of the continent, a roll of thunder sounded ominously. We paid scant attention. Two horses were down in the second drift, and Jack and I were unstrapping the shovel from its designedly handy place atop the lightest pack.

We shoveled through and on to another drift. After that, a steady succession, while the thunder rolled anew and the clouds massed heavier. At last the downpour—but not of rain. It was hail, pelting against our faces as it swept forward upon a forty-mile gale, and sending us crouching until we could steel ourselves to its attack and again resume our slow labors—of shoveling snow in June.

Our horses were scattered everywhere now, heads down, manes and tails lashed by the hurricane. A hurricane which slashed us with ice for a full ten minutes, then as suddenly shifted its burden to a thing of fleecy white, driving with the determined steadiness of a January blizzard, while the thunder continued to crash and the lightning flashed with such nearness that we could feel the crinkling of static at the edges of our hair.

A Blizzard in June

The incongruity of it! A blizzard! Yet there was the thunder, and the horses snorting with fright at gray-green flashes of lightning, every bolt, it seemed, striking home just over the hill. And we shoulder deep in a snowdrift, shoveling doggedly, while the ptarmigan, in their summer plumage, shrieked and squawked in rapid flights about us, we who had invaded the privacy of their snowy home. But there was little time for noting such things as fool edible birds that know no more than to approach within short stone's throw of humans. There was something else—a snowdrift fifteen feet deep, with never a solid footing until its very base was reached, and stretching fifty feet onward, while in the little patch of stony ground beyond, rapidly whitening with the blizzard, a pack string snorted anew at the lightning and thunder and strove vainly for a means of return to the lower country. Besides, it was five o'clock now. Two hours more, with these clouds hanging above us, and darkness would drop like a suddenly loosened curtain. Darkness meant a night camp upon the pinnacle of the world, without shelter, without wood, without even a windbreak.

We worked feverishly and broke through, to cross a smaller drift and two heavier ones; then hulks of white in the gray of the storm, we slowly began the ascent to the summit, an ascent where there was no trail.

Great rocks barred our progress and sent us to racking detours. Crevices yawned, while we edged past them, one by one. Loose shale slipped beneath cringing hoofs. Higher, higher, while the blizzard took on new intensity; while our clothes crusted with it—the temperature had dropped below freezing now; while the manes and tails of the horses became hard, stiffened things of frozen white and the packs only so many ice-laden lumps upon stolid beasts, halting at every pretext, nor moving until a human hand should guide them.

Over and to a flat where the wind burst in fierce blasts which flattened us against the backs of our mounts, and the sweep of the snow became blinding. Onward, Andy in the lead, with hope fighting fear. Six o'clock now.

Another hour

"Andy—Andy! Where are you taking us?"

When Landmarks Fail

He halted at the scream in my voice, and cupping his hands, shouted back, "Got to go this way. This is the west side of the pass."

"It's not!" Jack had come beside me now. "That's the east side—we'd just be going back where we came from. Besides, that's a ledge drift there—100 feet deep if it's an inch—and nothing to hold it. We'd start an avalanche ——"

Andy stared; snow-blinded eyes had seen only a patch of snow, not the overhanging thing of menace which it really was. One horse upon that and a thousand tons of snow would have gone downward, to say nothing of a human and a beast. Dully, Andy turned his horse and, as he passed us, we could see a gaunt expression of acute suffering in his features, a man fighting a condition which called for the strength of young men, strength such as he had known twenty years before, when others had died on Argentine and he had lived to help carry them in.

A long swing and again a call, stentorian, excited. Jack was hanging far from his horse, staring at the snow-whitened ground.

"What's the sense of this? We've crossed our own trail and we're following it back. We can't go through those drifts again."

There we stood and fought it out, with the blizzard chopping our words into queer sequences and the darkness creeping closer and closer with every moment. Far down to the right lay a fringe of timber and ground that seemed clear of drifts. Our compass pointed to it. But Andy rebelled.

"What's the sense of fighting it all over again? It'll take us down the east side of the range. What's the sense of that? We've got to go over there, I tell you—over there!"

And he pointed toward his west, but the compass said it was the east. At last he dropped his arms.

"If I had a landmark ——" he said, then silently followed us as we began the sliding, dangerous descent, down the forty-five degree angle of a snow-covered mountain, toward the welcome embrace of timber and the tiny patches of dryness beneath the low-hanging pines where tired men might sleep after eleven hours of saddle and snow and climbing. When the fire was blazing, Andy only sat and looked at it, or mumbled something about landmarks. It was as though something which had formed the heart of him had departed up there, when two men fooling around with the newer order of things should believe a mere piece of jiggling steel against the word of a man who had fought mountains and their moods since boyhood.

"But look here," said Jack finally, "did you ever get in a tangle like this before—when you didn't have a landmark?"

He shook his head.

"Always go by a landmark," came finally.

The next morning, when we had broken the ice in the little pool formed by a drift seepage and shaken four inches of snow from the protruding ends of our bedding rolls, we took the compass and the glasses and the forest-service map and led Andy to the top of a ridge from which we could see Gray's and Torrey's Peak.

"The map and the compass show we're just a mile and a half west of those mountains," we argued.

"We're lost," answered Andy. "But if we ain't, the old road ought to lie right down there in the gulch."

And there it lay, a quarter of a mile away. That afternoon we were well along on the trail to Leadville and that night Andy mumbled in his sleep. He had taken no part in our calculations as we had figured out other little problems of the day's journey

He had only sat slumped on his horse, shoulders high, hands clasped on the horn of his saddle, a man with his spirit gone—stolen by twenty years' absence from a thing he had known in intimacy, and by a map and a piece of steel in a cage of glass. Two days later we led our horses into a corral at Leadville and I waved Andy aside as I reached for the rope of a pack horse.

"Better take it easy, Andy," I said.

He put his hand to his head. He whirled dizzily, then sank on a bale of hay.

"Don't know what's wrong with me," he confided, "but I'm sicker'n hell!"

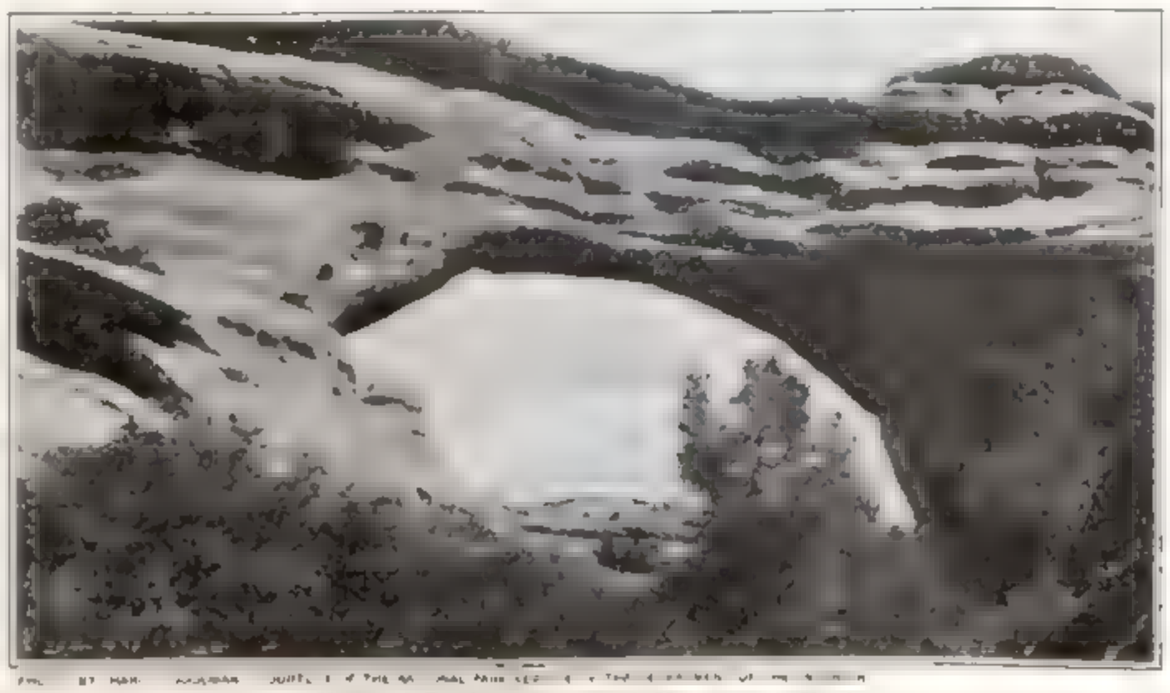
The Trouble With Andy

Nor did he mention that half of it was heart sickness—he who had crossed every mountain pass in Colorado! The next morning Jack and I went down to the railroad station to see Smith, the forest ranger, who, between such trifling duties as scaling a few carloads of logs, walking six miles to another sawmill, and then pounding the saddle for eighteen more out to Twin Lakes, had promised to get us a new wrangler. The conductor of the South Park train for Denver had just sounded "All aboard!" Out from the station came a tall man with freckles, and wrinkles in his neck, holding a duffel bag lightly before him, and with almost a buoyant tread climbed the steps of the rear car. I caught at the arm of my partner.

"Jack," I said, "there's Andy!"

Jack Nankervis, himself a pioneer of a younger day, nodded. "Sure got well in a hurry, didn't he?" he asked. Then, with a note of sympathy, "But a few years make a lot of difference. A man may think a lot of things, but when it comes to bucking up against 'em—— Let's pull back a bit. He might not want us to see him"

And with an inward bow to twenty years agone, we hid like two boys behind the baggage truck, while the South Park train puffed stodgily onward toward Denver.



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THE PAINTED STALLION

(Continued from Page 35)

a mustang chase and didn't shoot him down. It was me that named him. So I have a personal interest in him too."

Conway had revealed more than he realized in that last remark. Powers, on his homeward way, recalled the tale that was linked with White Blanket: a tale to the effect that some rider, drifting through, had run down the colt in a mustang chase and declined to shoot it, naming it instead, and facetiously proclaiming that the colt was his by virtue of the fact that he had failed to take its life for the bounty that Carson was paying for every mustang that was killed on his range at that time. There had been some other tale connected with that same drifting rider, but Powers could not call it to mind.

In the presence of several men he announced to his daughter the result of his conversation with Conway. He neglected to state, however, that he had claimed the stallion as his own without mention of her own interest in the matter.

"He's a-going to stand on range usage, and says you or me hasn't a ghost of a claim over White Blanket," he declared.

"And we haven't," she said.

She declined to be concerned, content in the belief that Conway had caught the stallion for the sole purpose of giving the horse to her. Any rider in the Solaro country would have welcomed the opportunity; most of them in fact had made a try at capturing the painted stallion. All the more reason then that Conway's purpose should be the same. There was but one small recurring cloud to mar the contentment, and she carried this matter to Bob Pierce, the old foreman of the T Bar Z, who was her tried and trusted friend. She recalled that that fugitive youth of years ago had worked for a few days at a T Bar Z camp according to his own declaration.

She opened the conversation in circuitous fashion.

"Bob, do you know Reese Conway?" she asked.

"Right well," Pierce testified.

"Like him?" she inquired.

The old foreman smiled quizzically down upon her.

"Tolerable," he admitted.

"Now, Bob, you tell me," she insisted.

"Well, then, he's an upstanding young buck, honest, capable and with a fair measure of good sense," Pierce catalogued. "Yes, I like him. He won me a horse three days back."

"How?" she asked.

"Ain't you heard yet? Well, you will," he predicted.

She had been having another of her fits of apprehensiveness over this matter which she was taking up with Pierce, and as a consequence she had not seen Conway for three days—and Conway had suffered. Also he had been nursing a black eye and a split lip, as his altercation with Charlie Thorne had occurred three nights before.

"Has he ever been round these parts before—years back?" she asked.

"Who's been telling you?" Pierce inquired in turn.

"No one," she denied. "I was just wondering."

"No, you wasn't. You know for sure," Pierce contradicted. "Come now, don't try to put the blinders on your uncle."

"Yes, I knew," she confessed; "but not what it was, or if it's all cleared up."

"It was a double killing up in Morello four years back," Pierce stated bluntly.

Then he watched the color drain out of her cheeks. She had not even suspected anything of that sort. Some boyish prank, she had imagined, had brought him into a clash with the authorities. But this! A cold hand seemed to clamp down upon her heart, compressing it with icy fingers until it became an actual physical pain, squeezing all the warmth and joy out of life. The eyes that were turned up to those of the old foreman were filled with a great hurt.

"Girl, do you care as much as that?" he asked softly.

She nodded mutely, turning her face away.

"That's what I halfway suspected when I observed how much you was tracking round with him. Folks can't help liking Conway. And the old man wasn't going to see you riding for a spill, little one, so I took it on myself to investigate round a bit."

"Tell me," she urged.

"When he jumped out of our camp just ahead of Latrop's posse—Latrop was sheriff of Morello County then, and still is—I thought the reason Latrop hadn't called in the Solaro sheriff to coöperate with him, which he rightly should have done, was because he was aiming to drag down the reward himself. Then when he decided to stop overnight when he knew he was close onto Conway, I tumbled that he was giving the boy a chance.

"Later he told me. 'Why don't that rattle-headed youngster romp across the line instead of doubling round where I can't help but pick up his trail? I've had one hell of a time trying to miss him, Bob, without the rest of the posse discovering it,' he says. 'I knew that boy when he was a colt and there ain't any meanness in him. But folks up at Morello figure it as a cold-blooded killing and are all het up to get him. If only he'd sat tight, instead of flitting off on the run, he'd have come through, likely. I'd had my eye on that quartet he tangled with since they'd lit in Morello. I know their breed. I figure that not only Morello but the whole world at large is a sight better off for the absence of the two that Conway eliminated. But I haven't got anything but my own personal belief to go on. Meanwhile the remaining pair has offered to put up a thousand dollars for the kid's capture. I wisht he'd sift for the border and leave me free to go back and look up those fellows' pedigree.' Well, as you know, girl, Conway made it across, and now he's back," Pierce concluded.

That cold, constricting hand was releasing its hold upon the girl's spirit, and a vast relief flooded through her, restoring the color to her cheeks, lifting the stricken appeal from her eyes.

"Start at the first and come down to date, Bob," she insisted.

Pierce complied, going into detail.

"And then when Latrop got back to Morello," he said in conclusion, "it was to find that that reward talk and stirring up of folks' hostility had only been a play to get shut of him while the remaining pair made their get-away. They'd left right after he did, without troubling to put up that reward money, and they made their exit just two jumps ahead of a cluster of Cross C riders who was endeavoring real earnest to get sight of them somewheres within gunshot. Latrop tried to get word to Conway, but he'd dropped out of sight and stayed out for close onto four years, eating his heart out to be back on this side of the line. Then some rider who knew the lay of things run across him and told him how things was. So here he is. It's maybe not cleared up formal, but it won't ever cause him any trouble. I made sure of all that when I saw how much time a certain little lady was putting in with him."

The girl gave the old foreman an affectionate little squeeze. Then she rode off in search of Conway. She was all contrition for having avoided him for the past three days, her heart swelling with sympathy for his long and lonely exile south of the border. She failed to locate Conway, which was unfortunate for him—and for her.

Instead she met a T Bar Z rider, who jogged along with her for a mile before turning off.

"It's a shame about White Blanket," he said. "This Conway, now, is a real one, according to my notion, and I'd have bet my last chip on him. Of course, his having words with your dad thataway, and all the roughing he's took from the boys about eating his meals at the Box 8 and all, along with the fact that Powers is going to put a halt to his mustang trapping by making that drive—well, all that might ruffle any man's temper a mite. But I didn't think he'd hold out on you and keep White Blanket. Every man in the whole Solaro country has spoke of that paint horse as yours ever since he was a spraddle-kneed colt."

She laughed and remarked to the effect that she had never had the least shadow of a claim to White Blanket, but a small shaft of pain had been inserted with the rider's observations. Why did Conway delay in the matter when it was commonly believed throughout the Solaro that he was keeping White Blanket because of a quarrel with her father? The rider, she knew, had summed up the matter as it was understood by the whole countryside.

She desisted in her search for Conway, which would have been futile in any event, as he was at that moment riding White Blanket down the single block of Solaro's main street.

The horse-loving population of that little camp turned out to view the magnificent wild stallion, as White Blanket, a bit apprehensive at the presence of so many of those creatures that had so recently been his mortal enemies, pranced mincingly down the street, snorting and shaking his head. The stallion fidgeted nervously as Conway halted him before an admiring throng.

"He's a mite sniffy yet with so many folks around," Conway explained. "But he'll grow out of that."

Charlie Thorne shouldered his way through the crowd, and the very manner of the sheriff's approach caused a little electric current of warning to tingle along Conway's spine. But Thorne greeted him affably in his usual sarcastic vein.

"How's your eye?" he inquired, surveying Conway's discolored optic.

The very fact that he referred to their altercation of three nights past, since he himself had come off the loser, was taken by the crowd as sufficient evidence that he cherished no grudge.

"Better, thank you so much," Conway returned. "I can almost see with it now. How's your jaw convalescing?"

"Oh, much improved," Thorne declared.

He allowed his eye to travel over the stallion with an appraising glance.

"Great horse," he said. "I hear he ain't for sale."

"Your information was correct to the last detail," Conway returned.

"Unless the last detail would be a price that would alter your notion," Thorne qualified.

"Oh, well—yes," Conway admitted. "But I was speaking within bounds of reason. No sane mortal would pay the price it would take to separate me from White Blanket."

"Maybe no one in his right mind would keep him instead of taking the price you could get for him," Thorne suggested.

"There's that, too," Conway confessed. To himself he added, "Now just what is all this leading up to, I wonder? First Thorne convinces folks that our recent wrangle has been forgave and forgot. Then he elicits a flat statement from me that I won't part with White Blanket at no price whatever, making sure that I'll get my back arched so that I won't back down. Directly he'll make me an offer, which I'll refuse, and it will make me out a plumb half-wit for declining so much money."

He smiled down at Thorne.

"You was about," he said—"you was about to make me an offer. Let's hear it."

"So you've decided to sell?" Thorne conjectured.

"I've decided not to sell," Conway corrected. "I just wanted to determine which

(Continued on Page 190)

The gay floral pattern shown on the floor above is Congoleum Rug No. 570

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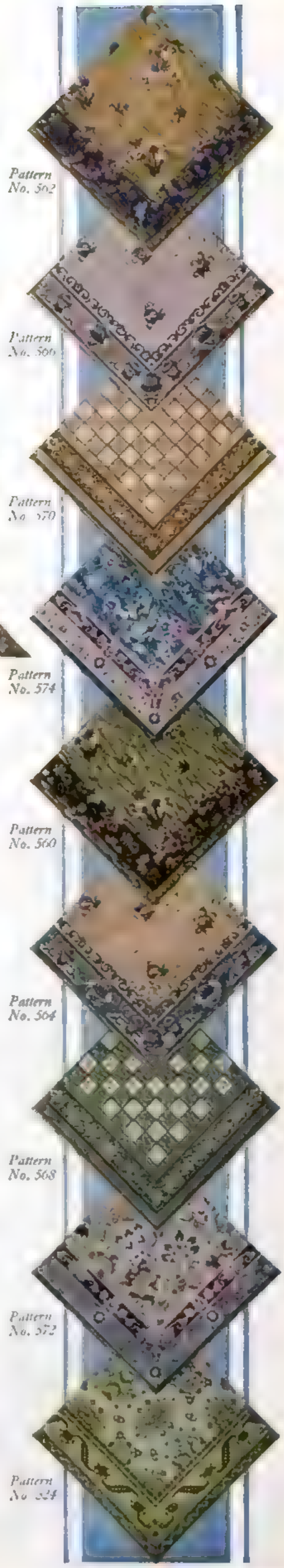

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

~Always look for the Gold Seal~

(Continued from Page 188)

of us two was the most addle-headed—you for bidding so high or me for declining your offer. It's bound to be a draw, and with you setting the pace."

"I don't quite get your drift," said Thorne.

"Excuse me most profusely for flatly disbelieving you," Conway returned. "You get it right enough. So do I get yours. I savvy the game, but I don't know the object. Who wins and why? That'll likely come out later. What's your top offer?"

"Five hundred," Thorne snapped.

"Sho!" Conway remarked deprecatingly "You don't want to buy a horse. You just want to show off. Come again."

"Five-fifty," Thorne offered.

"What's the use to clutter up our time with triflin' fifty-dollar raises?" Conway inquired. "You aim to bid high and I aim to decline, so let's give these folks some swift action and let 'em get home to their business. Would you pay a thousand even for this horse?"

"Yes," said Thorne. "Come over and I'll give you a check for him."

"I was just asking, not offering him," Conway returned. "I wouldn't sell him for that. I just inquired to shut off any more small bids. What's your next raise?"

Notch by notch, Thorne lifted the price to fifteen hundred dollars. There he halted. Conway had begun to look speculatively off into the distance and Thorne suspected that he was reflecting upon the many pleasures of life that could be procured with such a generous sum.

"No more?" Conway queried. "Well, that price wouldn't touch him." Thorne breathed a sigh of relief. "And now," said Conway, "with you taking the lead and me inhaling your dust, we've convinced folks that we're both out of our heads. I know why I won't sell White Blanket, but I don't just see why you act like you want to buy him."

"Then I'll tell you," Thorne volunteered. "I want him so that I can present him to the party to who he rightly should go—that party being a particularly good friend of mine."

Conway considered this, comprehension dawning upon him. Thorne had led him into this to make it appear that he was refusing to sell out of pique toward Powers, while Thorne stood forth in the presence of assembled Solaro as one whose friendship for Powers would lead him to pay a preposterous price for a horse in order to present it to his friend.

"So that's it—and the thought does you credit," he said softly. "It's a real generous, whole-hearted impulse and I'm going to give you a chance to see just how deep that friendship strikes in. There's never been a price put on White Blanket. Just for your sake, I'm going to make one. He's yours for four thousand dollars. That's a flat offer, good for two minutes."

Thorne laughed nastily.

"Why don't you hold up a bank?" he asked scornfully.

Conway glanced toward the Solaro Bank on the corner.

"It's your bank," he said. "That's what I'm trying to do—hold it up for four thousand dollars. Do you want him that bad?"

"No," Thorne declared.

"Now there's one other little thing," Conway said. "You've done a considerable talking at me about one thing and another. Now you seem to have reached the point where it's your job to comment about my personal ways and question my motives. From now on out, any remarks that you drop to me are slated to be real impersonal. I'm just telling you."

He wheeled the stallion and rode out of town.

"Son," he said to himself, as White Blanket lined out at a run toward the home camp, "it's narrowing down to where you and the honorable sheriff is due to have equally times if he don't desist from going round tending to my business and forgetting his own His advice may be sound, but as long as I haven't paid for it, I don't have to listen to very much more of the same—and I won't. This four-flush play he just turned, when it's called to old man Powers' notice, which Thorne will make sure that it is, will convince that hard-headed old whiskered lizard that I'm nursing a grouch against him and that I'm even worse than he thought."

Sometime later he commented again.

"This here is the gossipin'est community I've ever sat in on," he said. "Right now, there's several that's risking their ponies' necks and their own in their haste to carry the details of that conversation out to the Box 8. I wonder how she'll take it. Anyway, I'll know the next time we meet."

That meeting, however, was a long time deferred. For days Conway scanned the range for some distant rider who would be Millie Powers, but she failed to appear. At first he was anxious, ever alert at the sight of some moving speck on the range. As the days passed his genial grin seldom appeared. When it did it was forced. He turned moody, his thoughts ever upon the girl and the reasons for this protracted nonappearance.

"White Blanket," he said at last, "she ain't coming to see us again. We're left high and dry, you and me. Quit us cold, the little lady has—dead cold. And I can't see for why. Maybe the old man has laid down the law and put the Indian sign on us. But one day she'll turn up and tell us the whys and the wherefores. We can count on that anyway. I'd feel better if only I could catch sight of her riding past."

Riders he met occasionally. Their attitude puzzled him. Any cow hand in the world would be prone to slouch with one leg across the saddle and inquire in detail as to the capture, breaking, the good points and the bad of a stallion so famous as White Blanket. But their comments were brief, their curiosity apparently nonexistent.

"Great horse, that," one said, and switched to a different topic.

"I helped relay that pretty rascal as a two-year-old and I'll proclaim to the wide world at large that he's the fastest and toughest beast on four legs," said another.

Conway enlarged upon White Blanket's virtues, but the other man made no further comment himself

Conway's proclamation to the sheriff to the effect that all remarks in the future had best remain strictly impersonal had been heard by many and widely heralded, and though it had been directed solely at Thorne, others had decided to abide by it as well. Many there were who felt that any particular reference to White Blanket—the stallion being the key, so to speak, to a situation that was known and discussed country-wide—would be verging upon the personal.

Conway did not understand this. He was somewhat mystified at the apparent lack of interest manifested by the various riders in a great horse. But other matters weighed too deeply upon his soul to permit of his giving any particular thought to that phase of the matter. The actions of any individual he met were of little moment to him. Usually he failed even to notice, answering abstractedly.

"White Blanket, this here is upsetting me something fearful," he confessed. "I can't seem to lay hold of it. I wonder now if, unbeknownst to ourselves, we've gone and inadvertently rode on the down-country side of a sagebrush when we should have held more uphill. It must be that, White Blanket. Somehow or other we've turned on the wrong fork of the trail. If only we knew what about! This is eating right into me, pony, that's what it is."

He knew of course that the fact that Millie Powers had ridden out to meet him so frequently had been commented upon; Thorne's remark had enlightened him as to that. The cessation of their rides together also was coming in for considerable comment. Of that he had not the least doubt.

"They was free enough in their speech prior," he said. "Why don't no one ever bring it up now, so's I could get a line on what's brought it about? But they don't, and you'd think all Solaro would be ragging me into shreds. Instead, nary a word. Likely, since my run-in with Thorne, they figure I'm too hair-triggered, sort of."

And meanwhile the girl was enduring much the same sort of thing. Thorne's offer to buy White Blanket and his avowed reason for doing so she knew for just what it was—a grand-stand play—and it did not endear Thorne to her; it exerted, in fact, just the opposite effect. As the days dragged by, her desire to see Conway mounted and she fought down the urge to ride out and meet him. It became an acute ache. There must be some explanation forthcoming, she knew. After she had ridden out and spent day after day with him on the range, he would surely not humiliate her before the whole of Solaro. She could not, someway, quite accommodate that sort of thing with what she knew of Conway.

It was not that she had the least title to White Blanket. But every man in the Solaro country had looked upon the horse as hers since his colthood, her title as thoroughly assured as if the Box 8 brand had been scorched upon him while he still traveled at the side of his mother, the renegade Patches. It struck deep that Conway, of all men, should be the one to deny that title on account of a few words with her father—words for which she herself had sought to atone by deliberately showing the population of the country that she was not in accord with her parent's stand. Nor was it through any great desire to possess White Blanket. That had been so deeply buried under weightier issues as no longer to matter a straw. It was that he should have put this public affront upon her for the sake of a grudge toward another, or for the sake of a horse, when she would not have inflicted the same hurt upon him for any reason under the sun.

Eventually, after a space of three weeks, which had seemed an interminable period to both of them, she reclined one day on a ridge, sweeping the country with her glasses. The cows had been combed from the low country and thrown up in the Cusillas. Inside a week her father would be back with such of the Box 8 hands as could be spared temporarily from their work in the hills, and after recruiting such additional men as were necessary, he would proceed to put on a drive and clear the mustangs from the range.

She picked up a distant speck and recognized White Blanket. For a moment she fluttered between hope that the rider would head toward her and fear lest he should. He did not.

The painted stallion was traveling at a terrific pace, as if Conway might be in pursuit of some fleeting shadow. Instead, Conway had given the stallion his head and was fleeing from his own moody thoughts, as if this tremendous speed would enable him to escape them. She watched the great stallion pour down steep pitches without slackening speed and leap across cut-bank arroyos with the ease of a greyhound. Then he passed out of the field of her glasses and the range seemed empty and cheerless. A great loneliness possessed her, and she started for home, while Conway thundered on into Solaro.

The long run had served to settle his turbulent mood somewhat. He entered the Thompson House and ordered a drink, tossed it off and repaired to the roulette wheel. His bets were small, his preoccupation great.

"If I hadn't made that first payment on the Ewing place, I'd step up on White Blanket and leave these parts behind for all time," he told himself, knowing even as he threatened that he would never leave without at least one parting word with the girl who filled his thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

It was at this juncture that Thorne entered. He greeted all those present by name save Conway. The latter, who faced the roulette layout, with his back to the door, Thorne pretended not to see. Conway did not so much as turn. A cold wrath welled up in him. From somewhere deep within his consciousness a small voice was clamoring to be heard.

"Steady! Hold your head!" it cautioned. "Don't do anything foolish now and start yourself off down the wrong fork of the trail."

He endeavored to heed it. Then Thorne, pretending to notice him for the first time, hailed him from the bar.

"Hello," Conway said, turning to nod.

"What's all this bad news I've been hearing?" Thorne asked.

"Steady! Steady!" that inner voice counseled.

"Well, just what have you been hearing?" Conway inquired.

"Nothing to speak of—except that folks has been remarking the fact that you've been cut off even from your lunches these days," Thorne said.

Conway turned slowly to face him. The counsel of that inner voice was receding until it was but a faint piping squeak that died out completely as his eyes settled on Thorne. Those who observed his face moved hastily aside.

"That, and the fact that I forgot to wear my insignia of office today—namely, my badge," Thorne continued. "Just because you planted a lucky slam on my jaw one time don't mean it'll ever happen again."

"No, it won't ever happen again," Conway promised. "You maybe left your badge off, but you're still wearing a gun. There's just one subject that ain't ever going to be remarked on again between you and me—and both of us go right on living immediately thereafter."

Thorne read relentless purpose in Conway's eyes.

"And what is that subject?" he asked.

"You know what it is," Conway returned. "And you can start shooting at the same time you start talking the next time it comes up."

"Are you threatening to shoot me?" Thorne demanded, striving to assume an air of incredulity.

"I'm promising to," Conway corrected. "I've sojourned south of the border before, and I'll be headed back that way right after you bring up a certain matter again."

He turned and walked out, mounted and rode back to camp.

"That was a real childish way to act up," he reflected. "But I meant it, at that. Anyway, what the hell does it matter?"

XIII

GREEN FLOOR, a valley so named from the profusion of springs which supplied moisture sufficient to floor the bottoms with a carpet of grass, lay well toward the eastern end of Solaro range, its mouth opening toward the west. This mouth consisted of a funnel-shaped flat, flanked by abrupt hills, that terminated in a deep-etched notch that served to split two flat-topped expanses that formed the next higher tier of benches. It widened into a valley of generous dimensions, three miles long by half that distance across at the widest point, walled in at every side by sheer sandrock cliffs. The bottoms were accessible only by way of the narrow gorge at the mouth or by means of a few stock trails that threaded breaks in the sandrock rims, and followed sloping ledges that angled along the face of the walls and led down to the floor of the valley.

Conway sat on a point overlooking the narrow fissure that formed the entrance to Green Floor. Here Sol Carson and Bob Pierce joined him. Pierce chuckled and pointed. Carson's gaze followed the direction of the foreman's indicating finger. Some object that vaguely resembled a human figure stood on the point of a high hill, its arms extended sidewise, a hat surmounting it. Beyond it, angling down a sloping sidehill, several objects of varying colors were attached to the tips of junipers at irregular intervals and flapped crazily in the wind.

"There's your last year's jacket, Bob," said Conway, indicating the dummy on the point; "topped off with an ancient bonnet

(Continued on Page 195)

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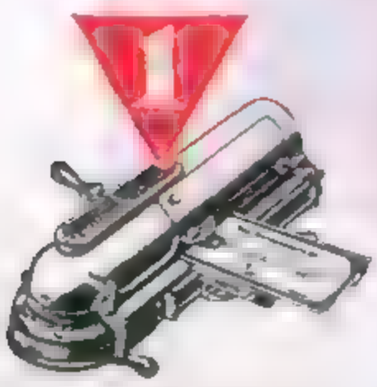

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(Continued from Page 190)

of Chalk Ridell's. That there red banner floating from the juniper just beyond it is a strip of a worn-out tablecloth from the Thompson House, and the next is one leg of Cal Mason's overalls."

Carson reached for Conway's glasses and trained them upon a distant flat expanse.

"And what's that contraption yonder?" he inquired.

"It's flat there, no high points, and I didn't want to drop back to the ridges and belly the straight line of the wings for fear some of them might get pocketed in the sag and bust on through, so I held to the line and rag-fenced it solid across the flat," Conway explained. "I bought up some bolts of cheap cloth, unrolled them and split them down the center, then draped the strips from the top of one patch of brush to the next. Look close and you'll see a couple of dummies stationed along that rag fence to help out."

Carson nodded.

"How far does these rag wings extend each way?" he asked.

"Right at fifteen miles southwest and the other about the same toward the northwest," Conway said. "It makes a funnel that's upward of twenty miles across at the mouth."

"And you figure that all the mustangs that Powers' drive shoves into the mouth of that funnel will come converging down this way and romp into the opening to Green Floor?" Carson chuckled.

"I know it," said Conway. "In the past few weeks I've gathered up all the cast-off garments in Solaro, and the Mexicans has brought down a dozen pack-horse loads on and off from up Morello way. In addition to rag-fencing, which the mustangs would shy off from anyhow, I've rigged scarecrows everywheres along the line—shirts and jackets rigged on brush and with their arms stretched out, and topped off with a hat or a chunk of something or other. A mustang will stop short and whistle at sighting one of them a mile off, as paralyzed scairt as if you was to jump up out of the brush right in front of him, spread out your arms and yell "Shoo!" They won't go anywheres near that string, but hold away from it and come angling up along down the wings. The mouth of Green Floor is clear, and after the lead bunch goes in the others will pour in after them like pouring rice into a funnel."

The three men left their horses in a little depression some distance back from the lip. Then they stationed themselves behind a patch of brush and waited. Somewhere off to the west Powers' riders would be coming, heading eastward toward their stand and sweeping every band of mustangs on the Solaro range ahead of them. The drive had been timed to start at dawn, with riders at half-mile intervals, forming a line from the base of the Cusilla Mountains on the south to the fenced strip of cultivated land that flanked the Gila Wash on the north. The riders would be jogging slowly, not attempting to press the wild horses closely, the plan being merely to keep them ahead of the line until they should crowd into the Carolon Pass, a narrow gorge affording an outlet at the eastern extremity of the Solaro country. A score of Mexicans had been stationed at the pass with rifles to shoot down every mustang that entered it.

Tons of bleached white bones on the floor of the Carolon Pass testified to the success of a similar drive that had been held a dozen years before, in which more than twelve hundred desert horses had met a quick end.

A few bands of mustangs dotted the lower country in the foreground. Occasionally Conway swept the landscape with his glasses. Twice he looked at his watch.

"It's coming on toward noon—half past ten right now," he said, snapping it shut. "They had thirty-five miles to cover and will be jogging along easy, not over six or seven miles an hour. But the lead mustangs will be miles ahead of the drive. Some of them ought to be showing up right soon now."

Presently a drove of mustangs in the foreground exhibited signs of uneasiness. Every member of the band mounted to join the sentinel mare on a near-by ridge. They stood clustered there, facing the west. Other bands sought similar eminences. A half dozen pronghorn antelopes stood on a low wave of ground, flaring their rump patches and stamping excitedly.

"Right soon now," Conway said softly.

Far off to the southwest a low-hanging streak of dust marked the course of some band of swiftly traveling creatures. Conway turned his glasses on the spot. The forward motion was suddenly halted, the forepeak of the dust streak transformed into a hovering, stationary cloud, as the trailing smoke-tail from a moving locomotive terminates in a few belching, upflung puffs as the snorting monster halts at a desert water tank.

"That band has sighted the rag fence a mile in front of them and stopped short," Conway said. "I could almost hear that stallion whistle when he sighted a dummy out ahead and set his feet. Now they're angling down our way."

The mustangs, holding well away from the line of apparitions that blocked their course, veered toward the mouth of Green Floor. Off to the northwest another speeding streak of dust came into view. Here and there other streaks became visible through distant breaks in the low rolling hills. Presently a band of running mustangs topped out on a far-off ridge and were briefly held in moving silhouette against the sky line. A stallion, more nervous than the rest, quit his post on a high point of ground two miles out from the observers and led his mares to the east, not in a direct line toward the mouth of Green Floor but on a course by which he would miss it by perhaps a mile. He was not greatly alarmed and held an easy pace. Suddenly he halted. Even at a distance of more than a mile his piercing whistle cleft the still air and drifted to the ears of the three men on the ridge. The stallion had sighted a dummy on the sky line far out ahead of him. The wild horses halted and viewed this fearful apparition, then veered away from the watchers, only to be confronted by a series of similar objects that were strung out at quarter-mile intervals along the edge of a bench.

The stallion turned, the mares wheeling in behind him, and angled toward the observers on the ridge. He held well away from the flanking line of dummies and fluttering things. The V-shaped flat that led to Green Floor was invitingly clear of all such terrifying objects and he raced down its center. Behind him there were now a dozen streaks of dust within the range of his vision. Mustangs spurted across distant ridges and poured from the mouth of every draw. He knew that the whole wild-horse nation was in motion and that somewhere behind all these racing droves there were men.

The stallion, a sage-gray animal of fair size, followed by eight mares and colts of mixed colors, moved warily through the flat, snorting and eying the benches that rose on either hand. A second band spurted from the mouth of a draw and followed in the wake of this first band. The gray stallion, deciding that all was well, suddenly turned on all his speed and bolted straight into the notched mouth of Green Floor.

"Nine in," Conway tallied as the clattering of hoofs floated up from the narrow neck.

The second stallion, a small black mustang with five mares, followed the route that had led the band ahead of him to safety. Three other droves were converging upon his route.

"Fifteen," Carson said, as the black and his mares entered the neck.

A magnificent ivory stallion with twelve snowy white followers came next, then a sorrel with a family of ten, and a pinto with two mares and a colt. A dozen other bands were racing along the same route, converging upon the line of retreat selected by those ahead.

"Gad!" Pierce exclaimed, pointing. "This country is fair belching mustangs!"

For as far as they could see the wild horses were coming, pouring across distant sky lines, boiling from the mouths of valleys. The various droves still held clannishly apart, declining to mass or bunch. The roar of pounding hoofs, walled in by the towering cliffs, produced a booming vibration as the wild horses thundered through the narrow neck and on into Green Floor.

"Son, they're pouring into that gorge like flood water boiling down a barranco!" Carson said. "You've made yourself one big haul today."

Conway nodded, watching a band of a dozen cream-colored mustangs sifting toward the mouth of the cut. The steady procession slackened somewhat. Then came occasionally large droves, bands whose disinclination to mix had been overcome by fatigue. These were the horses that had been ranging farthest to the west and had traveled the greatest distance ahead of the drive.

Behind these came others; the very young whose strength had proved insufficient to hold the pace; the very old whose endurance had failed, the weaklings; mares heavy with colt, and colts that whinnied shrill appeals to the mothers who had deserted them. They straggled into the mouth of the cut and clattered on into the bottoms of Green Floor.

A rider topped out on a ridge, jogging at a trot. Another appeared off to the left, a third to the right. There was an occasional gunshot as some rider shot down some stray cripple that had fallen behind to await the end, unable to travel longer ahead of the drive.

The first to ride into the flat was a big man with a flowing brown beard. He held straight on to greet the three men who had descended from their retreat and now sat their horses before the narrow opening that led to Green Floor. Just within the neck, at the narrowest point, three Mexicans, who had been concealed on the point across from Conway, were already engaged in erecting a stone wall that would block the gorge.

"Well, now what?" Powers demanded.

"It's like this, Mr. Powers," Conway explained. "I've got every trail that leads up through the rims of Green Floor blocked off so solid that a mustang couldn't get out of it without wings. And most of the mustangs of the Solaro has took it into their heads to pour in through this gap into Green Floor. They're trapped—every last head."

"Fine!" said Powers. "When some more of the boys come up I'll send 'em in to shoot them all down in a bundle."

"I'm afraid you can't do just that," Conway said.

"And why can't I?" Powers demanded.

"Because Green Floor is owned ground. It's part of the old San Matin Grant, which is owned by Carson here," said Conway. "It ain't open range. And I've got it leased for horse-trapping operations for one year, which has something over nine months yet to run."

"That's right, Powers," Carson seconded. "That's the way it stands and I can't go back on my play."

Several other riders came up while the thing was threshed out.

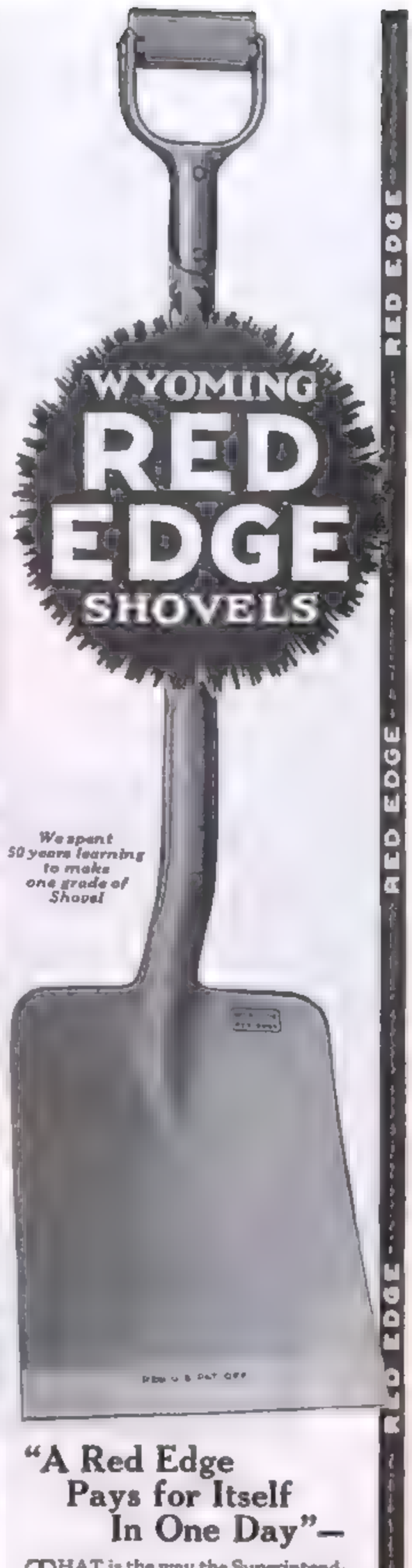
"You can kill any mustang you see fit on the open range, Powers," Conway said. "But I've got somewhere round eight hundred head trapped on owned ground that I've got under lease. And I've got those horses sold under contract. All I have to do is to sit back while Pedro's men rope them and pay me the money. If you'd rather see them shot why go ahead, only pay me for every one your men shoots, the same as Pedro pays me for every one his men ropes. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Fair, hell!" Powers flared.

"Your only object is to rid the range of mustangs, wasn't it?" Conway asked.

"That's all," Powers declared. "And I'm going to see that it's done."

(Continued on Page 197)



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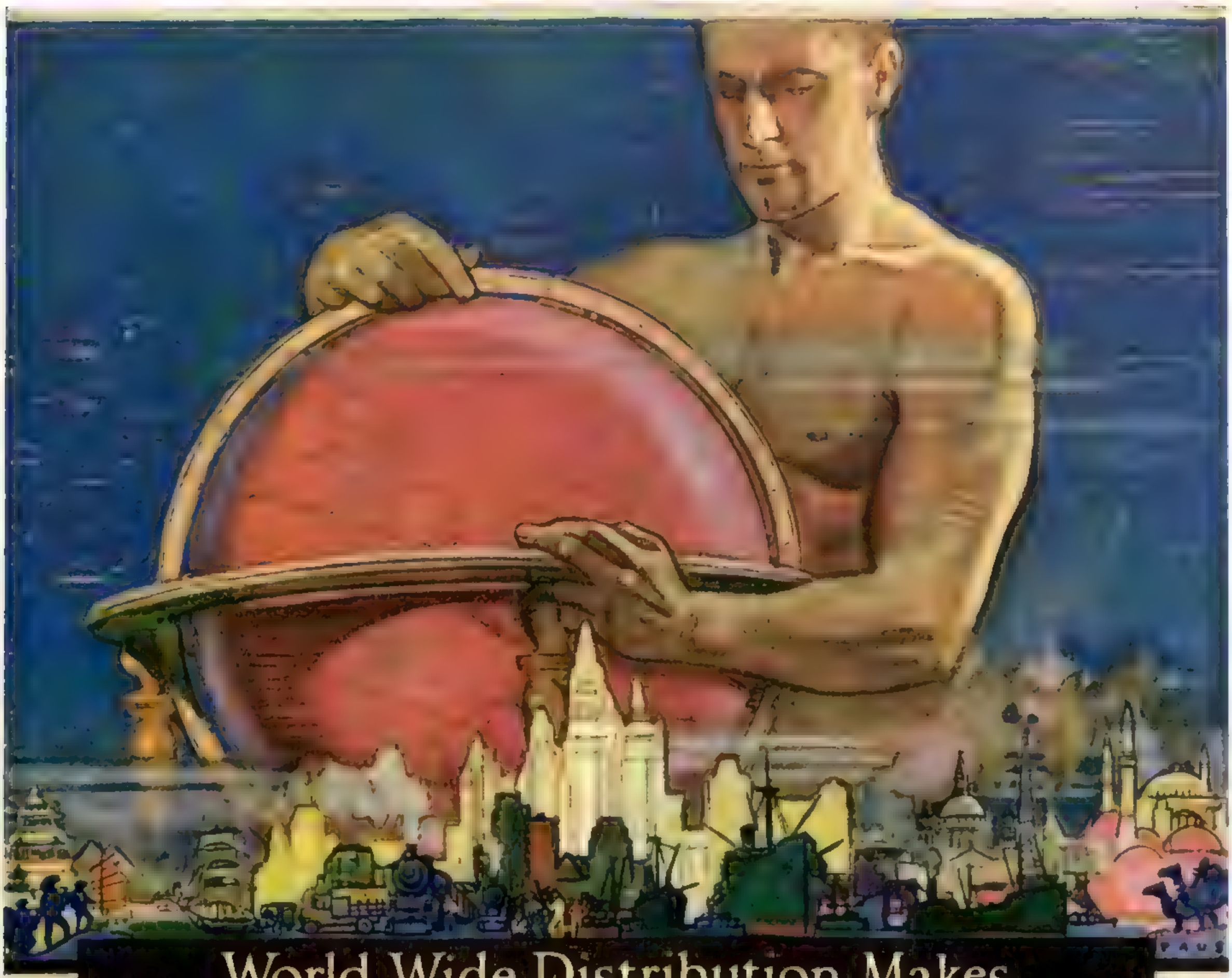

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(Continued from Page 195)

"It's already done," Conway said. "Mustangs are a thing of the past on the Solaro range right now. Every one is trapped in Green Floor."

"But the mustangs aren't dead yet," Powers said.

"And they ain't going to be dead right off, unless you figure it'll be sport to shoot them and want to pay for the privilege. This way is better all round. The range is swept clean of mustangs, which satisfies your only aim. I make a nice little stake, which accomplishes my own object real satisfactory. Pedro gets horses at a figure so low that he can make a good profit and still trade them off to the Indians at a price that'll please them to death. Now why ain't that a lot more satisfactory deal for all hands concerned?"

"Not for me!" Powers asserted.

"Then if you'd rather see them shot down, why you just fly at it," Conway said. "Only you can pay me from three dollars up for every head as they fall. You said it was only good business to clean them off your range. They're off. It's only good business for me to sell them now that they're on range that is mine for the present."

Carson laughed and slapped Powers on the shoulder.

"He's got it straight, Powers," he said. "He turned one boomerang prank onto me and I liked it. Then you made a set at him this way and he's bottled you up. You can't help yourself a nickel's worth. Why don't you take it like I did?"

"And with me paying the bills for a country-wide drive that put them into that trap?" Powers said. "Do you call that square shooting?"

"I was coming to that," Conway said. "The first week I was here I sized up Green Floor and took it up with Carson about making a drive with rag-fence wings that would shove all the mustangs into Green Floor. I'd planned to have forty-odd Mexicans down from Morello to stage it. I'd even figured the cost. They'd be out from Morello three days and Pedro was to pay them two-fifty a day, which is right at three hundred dollars. Now you've never been inclined to listen to me, and you was so hell-bent to put on this drive that I let you. I'd have done it myself if you hadn't. Carson has in his pocket a memorandum I made a month or so back, stating that I'd pay you three hundred to defray the expenses of this drive. The cash is with the note. It's yours. If this drive cost you more than it would have cost me, that's your bad luck for being so headstrong. There ain't anything unfair about that."

Carson tendered a long envelope to Powers, but he waved it aside.

"I don't want it," he said.

"Then I'll deposit it to your credit in the bank at Solaro," said Conway. "You'll never be able to state that I put any sharp trick over on you, and I don't aim ever to get myself under obligations to you for any one thing in this world."

Other riders, following along the line of the rag-fence wings, had arrived to the number of eight. They sat in silence.

Powers glared at Conway, who returned his stare casually, but behind the scowl there was a faint spark of something else in Powers' eyes, an expression, if only Conway could have read it, of grudging respect.

"I'll take it now," Powers suddenly decided. He took the envelope from Carson's hand. "That squares the deal."

Then he rode off toward the Box 8, some of the riders following, others remaining to hear the details of the big catch of mustangs.

"Whatever will you do with all of them?" one rider inquired.

"There's close to eight hundred head in there," Conway said. "First off, I'm going to select a dozen of the best mares to keep. Later, I'll run them with White Blanket and raise the best colts in this country. There's fifty-odd fine horses among them, some that the boys hereabouts has longed to try out under a saddle. For a week, now, any man that wants to bid on a horse can come out and make his offer. Cal Mason already told me that he'd pay a hundred for Smoke, that big sage-gray stud, if he was caught in the drive. Smoke is in. I watched him go through the notch. After all special horses is sold, the rest goes to Pedro for three dollars a head. I aim to get all except that twelve head of mares that I'm keeping off of Mr. Carson's grass inside of two week, so's not to work any undue hardship on him by pasturing all the mustangs in Solaro on his feed. If any man wants a horse, send him out."

For the next ten days Green Floor became a scene of ceaseless activity. Nearly every man, white or Mexican, within fifty miles came to view the spectacle of eight hundred wild horses ranging the bottoms.

Various riders purchased twenty-odd well-known wild stallions at prices ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. Twice that number sold from fifty down to fifteen. Conway blocked off sixty horses to one Mexican for ten dollars a head. He would accept no offer of less than that figure out of fairness to Pedro. Day after day a dozen of Pedro's men were busily engaged in roping mustangs, necking them to domestic horses and moving them up to Morello.

Three times during this period of activity Millie Powers rode over to Green Floor and looked down over the rims from some point where she was invisible to those who worked in the bottoms. Conway was training White Blanket to rope work and the girl's eyes followed him as he flashed through the bottoms on the big painted stallion, overtaking and roping any horse he selected.

Always there was a sense of loneliness and hurt as she mounted and rode back toward the Box 8.

Then came a day when the last relay of mustangs departed in charge of three Mexican riders and Conway was left alone in Green Floor. He had long since moved his base camp there and fenced off a small area across the lower end of the bottoms. In this inclosure he had placed the twelve best mares out of all the wild-horse herds of the Solaro, where they now ranged with White Blanket and the rest of his horses. He set about the work of breaking them, intending, as soon as this task was accomplished, to drive them across the Cusillas to the Ewing place and establish himself there.

Bob Pierce rode down and joined him on the morning following the departure of the last of the mustangs.

"All snug and comfortable, with as nice a little camp as ever I set eyes on, and yet I hear you're calculating to leave soon," the old foreman greeted.

"That's the lay, Bob," Conway agreed.

Pierce filled his pipe.

"Son," he said, "in many ways you're a sure good one. In one or two respects, howsomever, you're the pig-headestest, stubbornest, know-nothing youngster I ever met up with. I've got a good notion to bend a gun over your head until you come to your milk."

"Well, go ahead. I don't mind much if you do," Conway returned. "It couldn't be much worse off than it is. Maybe a little going-over with a gun butt would fix it. But what makes you want to try?"

"Son, just because you had a ruckus with Powers, whatever put it into your head to take it out on the girl?" Pierce inquired.

Conway stiffened.

"Pierce," he said earnestly, "I never did one mean thing to her in my life. I just couldn't. You know I couldn't. I'd run from here to Solaro barefoot to pick up her knitting if she dropped it. Somebody has lied to you."

"Then why didn't you give White Blanket to her?" Pierce demanded.

"White Blanket?" Conway echoed. "Whatever would she be wanting with White Blanket? If I had any notion she wanted him, I'd tie a blue ribbon and a bunch of daisies on him and send him right over—him or anything else I've got that

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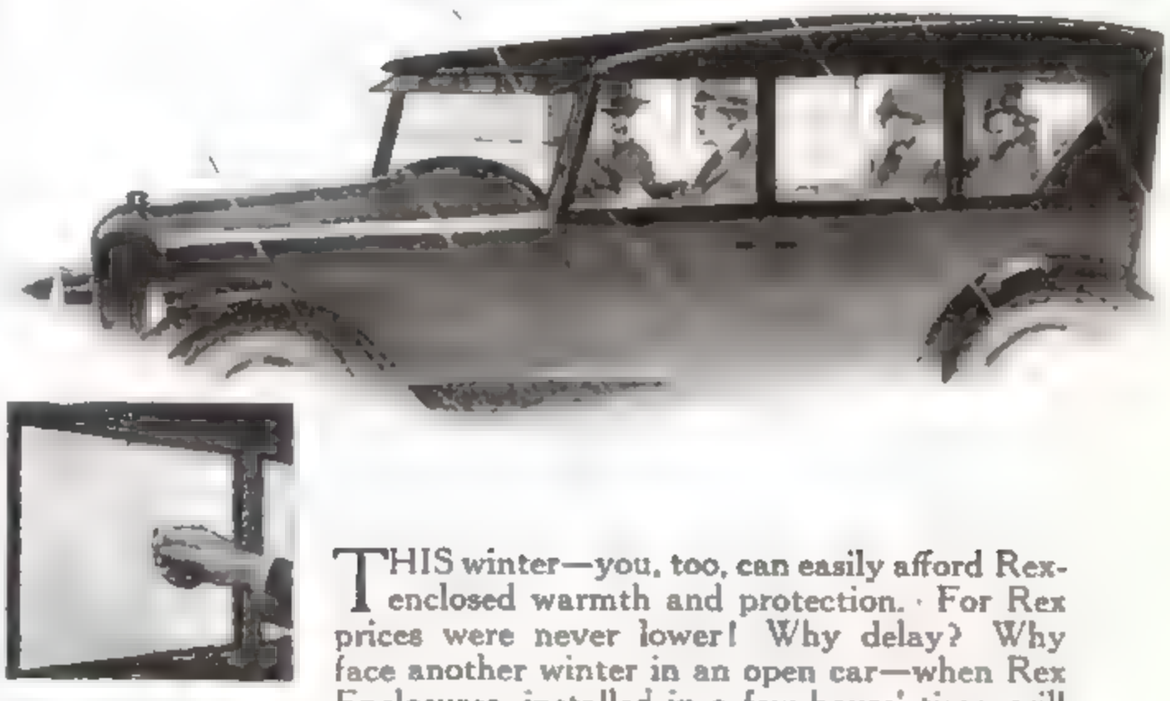

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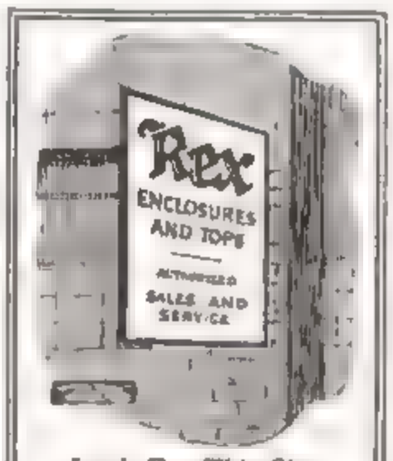

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she coveced, including myself. What's this about White Blanket?"

Pierce settled back, his mind now at rest.

"I halfway figured that," he observed. "Where have you been living at these last few weeks? Didn't you know that White Blanket has been looked on as Millie Powers' own horse ever since he was a knock-kneed, no-account colt, with every rider in the Solaro a-promising faithful to catch him for her these past three years and falling down on the job? Then you up and catch him and decline flat-footed to come through. It wasn't that she wanted the horse so bad, but the fact that you'd up and treat her that way before the whole of Solaro after she'd used you white."

Pierce gave him all the details of the situation, sparing him nothing in relating the text of the comment that had been current for weeks, even to the point of explaining that his stand was condemned by the whole citizenry of the Solaro country.

Before he had finished, Conway was on his feet and heading for the painted stallion. He returned leading him.

"Here," he said, thrusting the rope into Pierce's hand. "Straddle that nag of yours and set out for the Box 8 with this horse. I didn't have any notion of all this. I refused flat-footed to let Powers talk me out of White Blanket, but this is the first I've heard that she had any interest in him at all. Hustle along."

Pierce settled back.

"You take him," he said.

"Not me; not after what she thinks I was trying to do," Conway declined.

"She's up on the bench a half mile back waiting for me," Pierce said. "She was riding a piece with me and I told her I had to drop off down here and see you for a minute. She wouldn't come down; said she'd wait. Saddle a horse and lead him on up."

Conway complied.

Ten minutes later the girl looked up to see Conway riding toward her, leading the painted stallion.

"I've got your horse," he said, extending the lead rope. She took it automatically. "I didn't know until right now, when Pierce told me, that you ever had the least notion of wanting him."

"But I can't take him as a gift," she said. The very intensity of the relief and gladness that surged through her rendered her speech a bit stiff and prim. "You've been offered fifteen hundred dollars for him, I hear."

Sudden recollection of Thorne's bidding for the horse publicly in the street of Solaro, and his avowed purpose for doing so, came back to Conway with a rush. So that was what Thorne had meant. And everyone within earshot had understood but himself. In the eyes of those assembled he had been playing a despicable part. Swift humiliation, coupled with wrath against Thorne, turned his face bleak and forbidding.

"So, you see, I'll have to pay you for him," she said.

"I've been paid for him," he said, producing a leather case and opening it for her inspection. Her own likeness peered back at her. "You don't recollect, likely, but I purloined that off of you four years back. I've been paid a hundred times over by looking at that every day for four years."

He wheeled his horse and was gone before she could answer. She half raised a hand to stop him, then sat looking after his disappearing back. Wiser than he in the ways of love, a smile wreathed her lips. She touched her finger tips to her lips and tossed a kiss to him as he rode out of sight over the rim. The sun was shining for her again for the first time in weeks. She would come back tomorrow—after first settling several details with her father for all time to come. Without waiting for Pierce, she transferred her saddle to White Blanket, leading her own horse instead, and headed for home.

"You got back in nothing flat!" Pierce exclaimed as Conway rode into camp. "You ain't been gone twenty minutes and I'd settled myself here to wait three or four hours. What happened?"

"I just give him to her and pulled out," Conway returned listlessly. "What did you figure would happen?"

"Why didn't you stay and chat with her?" Pierce insisted.

"Chat! Say, she don't want me hanging round chatting after all that's come up!" Conway exploded.

The old man regarded him curiously. After a space he spoke up softly.

"Why, you poor spindling, misguided, long-eared, braying jackass you!" he chanted. "You misfit, chuckle-witted, misunderstanding owl! Why, you —— And here I've been believing that you was halfway smart!"

XIV

MORNING was not the period of greatest congestion in the Thompson House. Powers found less than a half dozen men there when he entered after completing the business which had occasioned his presence in Solaro at this early hour.

Charlie Thorne, having seen him disappear within the portals of the Thompson House, sauntered across from the bank and joined him before the bar.

"I guess Conway likely made a good thing out of your mustang drive, Mr. Powers," Thorne said.. "It was right nice of you to help him out that way."

"I wasn't setting out to do him any favors," Powers declared. "It came up accidental."

"Accidental on your part—not on his," Thorne corrected. "He had it all mapped out in advance."

"Well, he paid me for any expense I'd been put to," Powers grudgingly confessed.

"But he didn't make any amends for White Blanket, did he?" Thorne asked.

Powers grunted, his tone implying both a negative and a lack of inclination to continue the topic.

"Just between you and me, confidential, Mr. Powers," Thorne confided, "I don't think much of this Conway party."

"That's confidential between you and the whole country, not between you and me," Powers stated. "No use of acting secret about what everybody within a hundred miles knows for a fact."

"Well, anyway," said Thorne, "I don't like him."

"That's what I hear," Powers returned.

He was in an ill humor; and besides, Thorne's comments about the friction between Powers and Conway had served to crowd Powers into a position from which it would prove somewhat difficult to back down if such a move became advisable; and it had served to increase the friction between father and daughter. Powers had been at a loss to understand his daughter's moodiness of late.

"Neither do you, I guess," Thorne submitted.

"Well, you go right on guessing, but let me do my own talking," Powers suggested. "I don't need any agent to spread tidings of my likes and dislikes two weeks ahead of my line of march. I can do my own announcing."

"It ain't so much a mere matter of like or dislike," said Thorne. "I think this Conway is a bad hombre."

Powers emitted a sarcastic chuckle.

"You don't have to think, do you?" he asked. "He proved it to you."

"Oh, that!" Thorne remarked deprecatingly, as if waving all such petty personal issues aside. "Not that; but on and off, he's had to reside south of the border."

This remark served as the clarifying element to precipitate the vaguely clouded recollections which had been stirring in Powers' thoughts for some weeks past.

"Huh!" he grunted. "That's what I've been trying to lay hold of since he let it slip that he was the drifter that names White Blanket four years back."

Thorne straightened and the bystanders drew closer.

"Are you real sure of that, Mr. Powers?" Thorne's voice was now brisk and businesslike.

"Dead certain," Powers affirmed.

"The man that named White Blanket," Thorne stated impressively—"the man that named White Blanket, Mr. Powers, was heading for the border right then. That's one of the times he'd had to jump south of the line."

"I recollect now," said Powers. "What had he been up to? I forget, sort of."

"For killing two men in Morello," one of the bystanders declared. "You know, I've thought all along that I'd seen him somewheres before, but I never said nothing."

He had never seen Conway, would not have known him now if they had met in the road, but with a mystery being unraveled it was well to be on the inside.

"You see?" Thorne said triumphantly. "That time he jumped south of the line over a little matter of killing two men. His other operations I can't recall offhand without looking them up."

"I heard some of the boys saying that he was leaving soon to go south of the Cusillas," the well-posted bystander contributed. "Likely he's headed back across the border again."

Thorne nodded in a gesture of assent.

"But we'll block that notion unless he's already gone," he predicted. "Mr. Powers, let's you and me step across to my office."

Powers had been priming himself to make overtures to Conway for the purpose of renewing friendly relations—more particularly in order to smooth out the strained situation between his daughter and himself. Being a just man at heart, he had been compelled to respect Conway and to confess to himself that he had perhaps been a bit too hasty and headstrong. This, however, put an entirely different light on the matter. He followed the sheriff to his office and Thorne put in a call for Morello.

Latrop, it seemed, was away. Some clerk or new deputy answered. At first he said that no one by the name of Conway was wanted in Morello. But under the stimulus of listening to Thorne's recitation of the details he began to recall the case himself.

"Oh, yes! That affair! That was before my day, but I remember hearing. Yes, you're right, Thorne; he shot two men down on the street. It's been so long ago that there ain't been any active search for him lately, I reckon. There don't seem to be anything about it on file in the office. A reward of a thousand? You're right again. I recall hearing that there had been a reward posted. Will I take the responsibility? Well, now—with Latrop away and all. Yes, I know I'd ought to act prompt. All right, Sheriff Thorne, you go ahead and bring him in. Latrop will be back along this evening sometime."

The man was anxious to show his efficiency in the absence of the sheriff and so attain standing in the eyes of his chief.

"There!" said Thorne, hanging up the receiver. "He's wanted in Morello for a double killing. Inside an hour, now, I'll deputize a couple of the boys and be out after him."

Powers rode toward home. He showered himself with congratulations. Perhaps after this his daughter would attach more significance to his opinions. This would fix things all right. Deep down within him he was aware that he was merely trying to fix things with himself. By every rule of the game he should be most delighted over this termination of the Conway affair. But his self-congratulation was forced. A sense of something gone amiss weighed heavily upon his spirit.

"Darn it, why couldn't the boy have turned out to be straight?" he inquired.

But swift anger surged through him again as he saw White Blanket, saddled, standing at a feed rack in the Box 8 corrals. No fugitive killer could continue to trail about with his daughter. He strode into the house.

"Where is he?" he demanded of his daughter.

"Who?" she asked in surprise.

"Conway!" Powers exploded. "His horse is outside."

"That's my horse, dad," said the girl. "Reese isn't here. White Blanket is my horse, not his!"

"Since when?" Powers asked.

"Today. He gave him to me." She threw both arms round her father. "I just knew he would, dad. He didn't even know I wanted White Blanket until Bob Pierce told him this morning."

Powers was once more assailed by that oppressive weight upon his spirit as he looked down into his daughter's upturned shining face; also he was guiltily conscious of the fact that he had purposely omitted to refer to that point himself when conversing with Conway on the subject of White Blanket.

"Now, dad, you'll have to act sensible about Reese," the girl continued. "I do just love him to death. You'll patch things up between you and Reese right away, won't you, dad?"

"I was aiming to, girl," Powers said. "I was for a fact. I could see how things were going with you. And he had me about three-fourths fooled, too, in spite of myself. Yes, he did. I was growing to like him. I figured to tell him the next time we met, but it's a hard thing to say, someway, and I've been putting it off. But I meant to. And it's too late now, girl." He watched the color drain from her face, the sparkle vanish from her eyes, but he had to go on. "Reese Conway is wanted. He's off for the border right now."

"What for?" she whispered. "What has he done? Oh, if only I'd followed him back to camp this morning! What was it, dad? Tell me quick! Did he kill Charlie Thorne?"

"No; but there's a good chance that he will," Powers said. "Thorne's taking a posse out after him."

He described the circumstances.

"Oh, that!" the girl exclaimed in sudden relief. "I've known all along about that."

She headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" her father demanded.

"To warn Conway first; then to Morello—or across the border with Reese, if he does have to go," she called back. "Good-by!"

Powers sought to intercept her, but White Blanket whirled down the lane. He mounted his own horse and followed her, but the painted stallion sifted across the range at a pace far greater than any speed his own mount could attain and eventually disappeared in the choppy hills far off ahead. Still Powers held grimly on.

Conway was breaking one of the green mares. After a few preliminary try-outs in the bottoms, he rode her up a trail that led out over the rims of Green Floor. As he topped out he observed two horsemen approaching. He angled along, some fifty yards from the rim, and the two riders intercepted him.

Conway recognized Thorne. The other man he did not know.

"Breaking a new one?" Thorne asked as the mare, cringing nervously away from them, snorted her suspicion.

"Yes," Conway said.

Then, suddenly, two guns were menacing him.

"You're under arrest!" Thorne proclaimed.

"And for what?" Conway asked.

Thorne told him. Conway laughed.

"All right; I'll ride in with you. There's maybe some little formality about that affair that Latrop wants to clear up," Conway conjectured.

"Give me your gun," Thorne instructed.

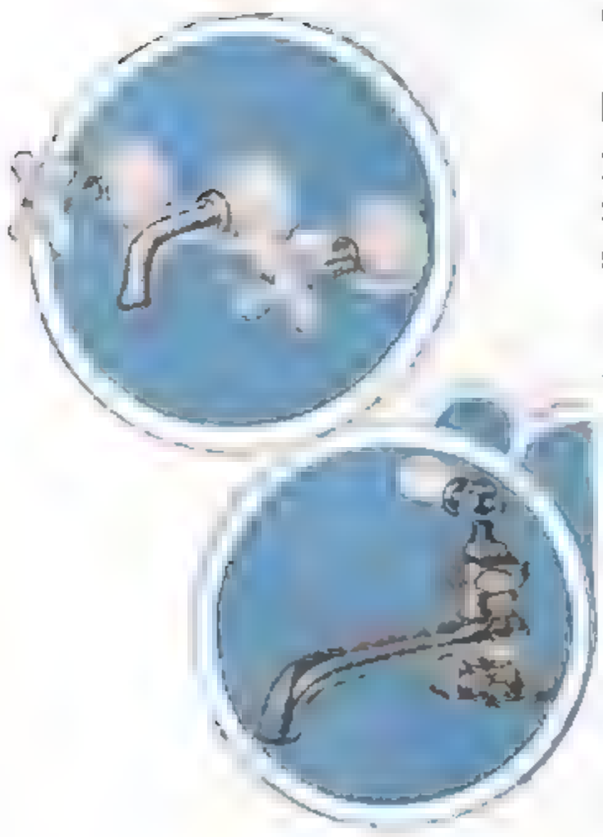
"You don't need to pull my teeth. I'm not a bad one. I'll go along peaceable. You must have misunderstood Latrop's instructions," he said. "But anyway, if you want it, here goes."

He extracted his gun from its holster and tossed it across the intervening six feet to Thorne. The sheriff missed his catch and the weapon clattered to the ground.

"And now," said Thorne, "hold out your hands. We'll slip these cute little bracelets on you."

(Continued on Page 203)

LAVATORY FAUCETS are Vital Spots in your plumbing



Faucets! You use them many times every day. But do you realize that they offer the only practical way of controlling your home water supply . . . and that they must withstand harder usage than probably any other part of your plumbing system? How important that you always choose these *vital spots* with utmost care!

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THE STORY of Ice Cream is another of the great romances of American industry. It is a story of imagination soaring with unclipped wings, of far-visioned building, of able administration.

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More than 79 everyday household uses for 3-in-One, lubricating, cleaning, polishing, and preventing rust and tarnish, are explained in Dictionary of Uses, wrapped around every bottle and sent with sample.

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Sold in over 400,000 good stores—drug, hardware, grocery, general merchandise, etc., in 1-oz., 3-oz. and half-pint bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The half-pint bottle is the economical Household Size. Contains most oil for the money.

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All's Well That's Oiled Well

A very few drops of 3-in-One in the water used for cleaning windows, mirrors and other glassware, creates a brilliant, "streakless" mirrored surface. Try it

"I'm behind the times," mourned
the Grandfather clock,
"I'm a has-been—I'm simply
not in it."
But a little "spring" tonic of 3-in-
One Oil
Brought the old boy right up to
the minute.

A Kansas City woman says that 3-in-One is a fitting name, "as one bottle does three times as much work as any other kind."

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The lady who pays $85 for a sewing machine, "saves" a nickel on oil and "gums up the works."

Time for Fall house-cleaning! 3-in-One Oil reduces toil, removes soil, shortens term of turmoil.

Myrtle Toomey says she finds 3-in-One a swell remedy for chapped hands. And now she wants to know if it will keep the chaps away from her lips, too?

A mother of triplets, named Bunn,
Was asked how she got her work
done
And she laughingly said,
"Put the trio in bed,
Things work when I have 3-in-
One."

"Us locksmiths don't mind *Love* laughin' at us," complained Trap C. Peters, of Burkeville Four Corners, "but it's plumb aggervatin the way these 'ere *Women* calls up and snickers, 'Nev' mind comin' over—all the lock needed was a little 3-in-One."

Speaking of "old saws"—try an ounce of 3-in-One rust prevention.

There is a girl in our town
And she is extra wise,
For when she asks for 3-in-One
She says, "The Half-Pint Size."

3-in-One owes its 31 years of success to doing a thousand ordinary things extraordinarily well.

A squirt from the Handy Oil Can squelches squeaks, squeals, squawks—try it on your phonograph.

As to household oils, comparisons are odorous—and most women prefer the sweet, clean odor of 3-in-One.

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The oven left to "sweat" with condensed steam, is doomed to rust and ruin. Keep handy a cloth moistened with 3-in-One and wipe out the oven, racks and all metal parts after each meal.

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3131

(Continued from Page 198)

"Sho! You surely don't aim to shackle me and take me into Solaro in irons," Conway said, eying the handcuffs doubtfully.

"Just that," Thorne declared. "We're taking no chances on a desperado of your caliber."

"Desperado—me?" Conway chuckled softly. "You're rubbing it in a bit raw, Thorne, don't you reckon?"

Conway's thoughts flew ahead, picturing their entry into Solaro. His dislike of Thorne deepened with this unnecessary affront and there was forming in his mind a determination that he would not go into Solaro, manacled, in Thorne's custody. That small inner voice was urging caution, counseling against any rash move, but his whole nature revolted at the thought of the girl's hearing that Thorne had brought him back to Solaro in irons.

"There ain't any need for all that, Thorne," he urged.

"Put 'em on!" Thorne rasped.

"Well, there don't seem to be any out for me if you're set on it," Conway said.

He half extended his right hand as if to receive the steel bracelets from Thorne. The mare, responding to the rein, moved over to close the six-foot gap between the two. Conway freed his left foot from the stirrup and drove his spur home in the mare's flank. The startled animal made one wild leap, almost colliding with Thorne's mount. Conway, as if almost unseated by this unexpected maneuver, lurched far sidewise in the saddle, his arm still extended, and with a lightning swoop his hand pounced for the sheriff's gun and clamped on it. Conway's whole weight and strength were thrown into a terrific downward jerk as he flung from the saddle. The gun was wrenched from Thorne's grasp and he was nearly torn from his seat by the unexpected downward force of the jerk. The gun was brought solidly down upon his skull and he slid from the saddle. The deputy, his slow-working brain not fully recovered from the delusion that Conway had been unseated and had clutched at Thorne for support, suddenly found himself fixedly regarding the muzzle of a gun which Conway held on him from beneath the neck of Thorne's horse.

"Drop it!" Conway ordered, and the deputy complied, his weapon clattering to the ground.

He was the bystander who had commented about Conway in the Thompson House some three hours previously and his conversation had led to his being deputized by Thorne. His heart was not in the work. Why take a chance? It meant nothing to him.

"Now ride on off," Conway instructed. "After I'm a half mile or so on my way, you can come back and resuscitate Thorne. He ain't hurt. I'll be riding on into Morello by my lonesome to see just what Latrop is wanting with me."

He retrieved his own gun and that of the deputy.

"I'll leave this assortment on one of those rocks yonder," he promised, pointing to a cluster of sandrocks on the rim of Green Floor, perhaps seventy-five yards away. He mounted the mare and struck out on a lope, and had almost attained the cluster of sandrocks when the mare pitched down to her knees, her head doubled under her as a gunshot roared across the range. Even as he was thrown sprawling, Conway was scrambling for the shelter of the rocks. Another bullet sang nastily as it glanced off a rock close beside him as he threw himself face down.

"First off, I thought Thorne had been shamming and had pulled a second gun and shot down my horse, or that his deputy had," Conway reflected. "But just as I dived in here I see two heads peering over the edge of a barranco out yonder. Thorne left reënforcements there."

After a space, he peered from between two sandrocks. Thorne's horse still grazed on the mesa, but the sheriff was gone. There was but one head peering over the edge of the barranco. Presently Conway discovered Thorne. He had sought the shelter of a prairie-dog mound and was peering round it.

"He's got a second gun, right enough," Conway said. "He's just well enough protected by that dog hole so that I could clip his backbone in half. But it's my play not to indulge in any pistol practice today. I've acted up foolish enough as it is. But I someway couldn't swallow the notion of Thorne's taking me into Solaro in shackles—and I still feel the same way. When it comes on night I'll slip away and make for Morello."

He ducked convulsively as a heavy slug flattened viciously against a sandrock within a few inches of his head and drove biting splinters into his face. He withdrew his head and settled himself for a long wait. It lacked an hour of noon. The rocks afforded ample shelter from those in front. The sheer drop that fell away at his back cut off any possibility of a rear attack.

"I'm snug enough here," he decided, and twisted a cigarette. "That was a wildcat play I made in the heat of righteous indignation, but it'll likely pan out all right."

His complacency was suddenly shattered as a pistol ball ricocheted off a rock close to his head. The report came from behind. He divined the situation instantly. This was the narrowest part of Green Floor, just within the mouth before it had widened appreciably. The far rim was but little more than two hundred yards distant, and a little higher than the one on which he lay. The two men in the barranco had ridden down it, dipped over the bench, crossed below the notch that led into Green Floor and mounted to a place in his rear.

"It's long shooting with me flat and only a strip of me showing, but they'll get me, give 'em time," he decided. "I've got to shift out of here pronto. But where to? Thorne will pot me from out there if I make a run for it."

He gave himself over to swift calculation. His very spirit gorged at the thought of the one sane way out—to surrender to Thorne and be conducted, manacled, into Solaro.

"I could, of course, shoot a section out of Thorne's backbone where it shows above that dog mound," he said, "and outlaw myself for all time. There's only one way to keep on the right fork of the trail—to bottle my feelings and tender my person to Thorne for him to drape with handcuffs, leg irons and what not."

Two reports sounded from the far rim and two slugs sprayed him with fragments of sandrock.

He permitted himself one last mental picture of his entrance, shackled, riding into Solaro, shut his teeth on the unpleasing prospect and called out to Thorne.

"Time out for a parley! I give up unconditional!"

Two more leaden messengers sought for him. One grazed his shoulder.

"I say," he called, "I surrender! Take off your sharpshooters!"

Still there was no answer. Conway called twice again with the same negative results.

"So that's it," he said. "He pretends not to hear until one of that pair over yonder punctures my innards. I don't aim to lay here and get potted in my nest without lifting a hand."

A splinter of rock cut him above the eye as another report sounded from the far rim and a ball crashed viciously close to his head. He wiped the blood from his face with the back of his hand and edged his gun forward.

"Here goes," he said. "Inside sixty seconds Thorne's soul will be soaring on high, and you, Conway, will be up on his horse and soaring for the border, to travel the wrong fork of the trail for the rest of your days."

He looked down the barrel of his gun at the section of Thorne's back that was exposed by a sag in the dog mound. Then something appeared over his sights as a rider pitched into view above the edge of the mesa, and he saw White Blanket, stretched out and running his best, the girl crouching low on his neck and urging him on. The stallion swept across the barranco that sheltered the unarmed deputy, veered past Thorne's prone figure behind the dog mound and came to a sliding halt, set back on his haunches, at the edge of the rocks.

"Step up behind me, quick!" the girl ordered.

"But you ——" Conway began.

"Quick!" she interrupted. "They can't possibly shoot with me right in line. They won't dare. Come up, quick!"

With a single sweep Conway attained his feet and vaulted to White Blanket's back behind her and they were off at a run.

Thorne, unable to shoot, knowing that it would be useless to pursue the painted stallion even though he carried a double burden, was powerless to intervene and rose to his feet to watch the speeding paint horse out of sight.

The girl headed White Blanket to the south toward a dip in the crest of the Cusilla Mountains.

"And where," Conway asked presently, "are we headed? It don't matter to me, as long as you're with me, but I just thought I'd ask."

"For the border," she said, pointing to the pass in the Cusillas. "If you have to stay there, so will I, if you'll take me."

"Do you mean that?" he asked after a space.

The girl nodded. Conway's arms tightened round her.

"Then stop White Blanket right off—just for a minute," he said. "And turn halfway round in the saddle."

White Blanket was halted for considerably longer than the specified period. It was perhaps a half hour later, with all past misunderstandings banished, that they remounted.

"And now, girl dear," said Conway, "unless you're dead set to honeymoon south of the border, we'll head for Morello instead. I've put in sufficient time south of the line to suit me for a lifetime. We can pick up a second horse at some Mexican layout and make it up there in ten hours."

It was midnight when Powers, having changed horses twice, rode into Morello. He strode into the sheriff's office and found his daughter asleep, her head on Reese Conway's shoulder.

"Sh-h!" Conway warned.

"Sh—hell!" Powers exploded. "What does all this mean anyhow?"

The girl opened her eyes.

"Hello, dad. We postponed the wedding until tomorrow so you would be sure to get here in time for it," she cooed.

"Wedding!" Powers snorted. "There'll never be any knot-headed, fire-eating, gun-fighting trouble raiser that's a fugitive one jump ahead of the law a-marrying into my family!"

"Of course not, dad; that's the very reason I'm going to marry Reese—because he's the exact opposite of all those things you mentioned," she soothed.

Powers' retort was cut short by Latrop's entrance. The sheriff greeted them cordially, then turned to Conway and shook his head regretfully.

"You put off coming till I'm afraid it's too late," he said.

"Too late for what?" Powers demanded, interrupting.

"Why, you see, it's like this," Latrop explained: "A few years back Reese, here, accounted for a pair of miscreants that the Cross C outfit had posted a reward for of five hundred each. But now the Cross C has changed hands and I don't expect Reese has much chance to collect it. We was talking it over before you rode in."

"And you will stay over for my wedding in the morning, won't you, dad?" the girl asked.

"I will not! There'll be no wedding in the morning! Do you think I'm going to let any daughter of mine get hitched in a bum camp like Morello?" Powers roared. "You're coming straight back to the Box 8, the pair of you, and hold your wedding right there at home! You hear me?"

They heard him.

The girl's eyes twinkled.

"I just knew it," she said, going up to her father and patting his arm. "I just knew all along."

"Well," said Conway—"me, I wasn't so sure. But that arrangement will suit me pretty fine."

XV

THE man and the girl stood in the lane leading from the yard of the little three-room log cabin that nestled among the pines beside the singing brook, their folded arms resting on the top bar of the gate.

In the flat that spread out below them a great stallion was grazing with a dozen mares. He decided that it was time for a run as the shadows lengthened, so he rounded up the scattered mares and drove them before him, his head swinging low as he brought up the rear.

"White Blanket bullies them shamelessly," the woman observed. "He won't even go to the creek for a drink but what he drives them all to water, whether they're thirsty or not."

"They like it," Conway said. "They were all raised that way as mustangs, every last head of them, and it makes them feel right at home."

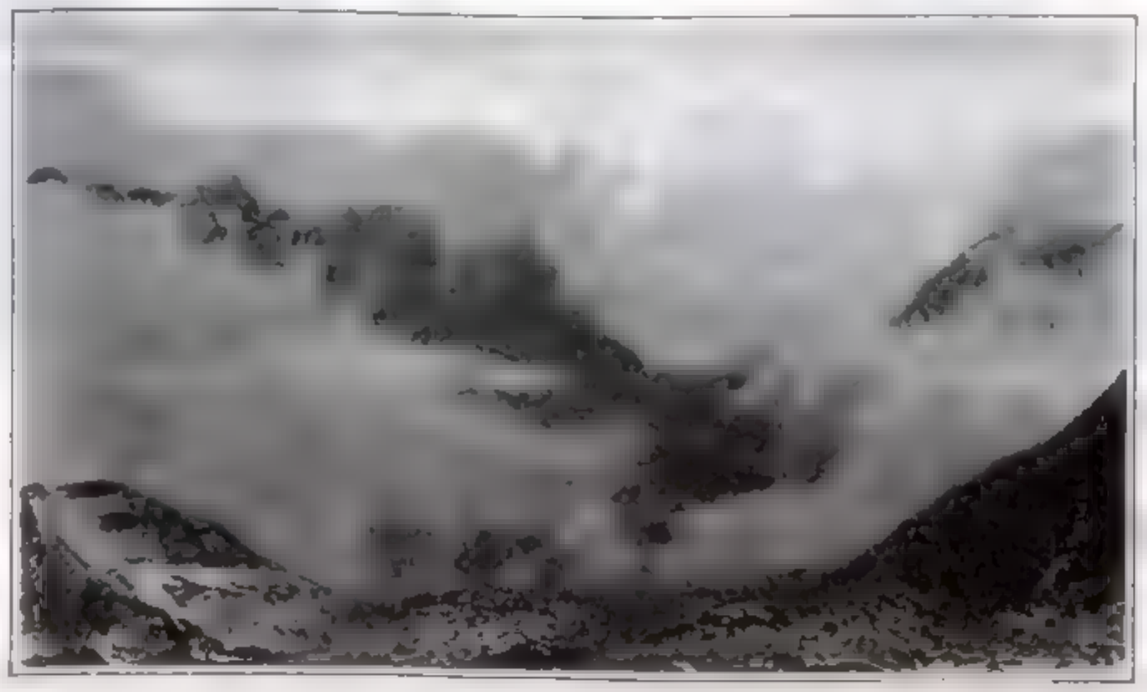
Three times the drove thundered round the big pasture.

Night descended swiftly and a fresh breeze from the Cusillas sang through the pines in accompaniment to the tinkle of the rushing stream.

Then a sound rose on high and clashed against the still face of the hills—the screaming challenge of a mighty wild stallion. Conway chuckled and placed an arm about the girl's shoulders.

"White Blanket is playing at being wild again," he said. "But he wouldn't go back if he could. Neither would I. Both White Blanket and me has trailed with the wild bunch sufficient to know that it's a hard game to beat. With you holding the reins over the pair of us, girl, I expect we'll always keep our feet planted on the right fork of the trail."

(THE END)



West Rosebud From Grasshopper Glacier, Beartooth National Forest, Montana

CORROSION is the cancer of metal

CORROSION! Rust! The incurable and malignant malady which day and night, unceasingly, is eating away the life of the pipe in your home. Your first warning of its deadly work is a sudden leak. Then comes a ruined ceiling or floor. A plumber's bill, a plasterer's or carpenter's bill. Trouble, annoyance and expense!

Corrosion "strikes" without the slightest warning

The accompanying picture, drawn from an actual photograph, shows what corrosion can do to steel pipe. But you notice that the coupling is still as good as the day it was installed. That coupling is made of Genuine Wrought Iron!

When building or refitting, specify Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—the pipe that endures. No other metal compares with the best wrought iron for economy, combined with rust-resisting qualities. True, there is cheaper pipe, but none more *economical* than "Reading." Figured on a cost per year basis, a supreme quality of wrought iron is far and away the least expensive pipe you can buy.

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READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

EST. READING 1848

IN THE LAND OF EIGHT PER CENT

(Continued from Page 15)

several millions of dollars in the Southwest and never a cent in Europe? Most of my money has always earned eight per cent or even more. Quite a lot of it is earning eight per cent right now. That's a standard bank rate down our way. It's a standard rate also for land mortgages and cattle loans.

"Adam Smith, who, I believe, is still a great authority on the wealth of nations, ranks land and cattle as pretty good security. Well, we still pay eight per cent on land and cattle in the Southwest. One reason why we have to pay that rate is that we don't attract as much capital from the creditor states as we could use. And one reason we don't attract it is that a great deal of our security is not regarded as good enough for the strong box. But if I had very much of my money tied up in foreign bonds, I'd be up at daylight every morning waiting for my newspaper, and hoping that all was going well with the countries that issued them. And if I felt that way about them I'd keep them in my broker's office handy to the market and not in the safe-deposit vault. Granting that every one of those foreign issues is absolutely beyond the shadow of a doubt as to safety, still I notice that quotations on them fluctuate fully as much as the quotations on high-class preferred stocks and bonds issued down our way. If for no other reason than the fluctuations in price, I'd feel that I wanted to look at the market quotations on them every day

"Now I am not going to entertain you with the conservative banker's favorite monologue on safety first because, just to be plain about it, I'm more of a cattleman than banker. That is true of a very large proportion of our Southwestern bankers. Most of us got our start by selling beef on the hoof, and later land. Then we took our money to town and put it to work. You'll find it now scattered along Main Street of every Southwestern city in the form of banks and modern buildings."

Speculation With Judgment

"Men who have had this experience bring a dual point of view to bear upon financial matters and it is this dual point of view that I am presenting now. Briefly there are a lot of so-called speculative investments that I like very much. By speculative I don't mean gambles or long shots; I mean simply paper that doesn't rank with solid seasoned issues for the strong box. In other words you've got to use your judgment in selecting it. You can't just go it blind and say that all of it is good, as you can with United States Government bonds. The stuff I'm talking about pays seven per cent or more, usually more. The principal reason for this rate, I believe, is that such investments tap relatively small reservoirs of capital. They aren't classed as A1 in the East. And that is precisely the reason why I am now astounded to find so much seven and eight per cent paper regarded in New York as suitable for traditionally timid investors.

"Development is proceeding very rapidly nowadays in the Southwest. Quite a lot of our industrial enterprises are resting on just as good foundations as those of corporations in the East with securities listed on the big exchanges. Investment fields that I used to enter only with the most extreme care are organized today so that a man can put his money into them without being on the ground to make a personal examination of every proposition. In a general way the same statement might be made of the whole South, and of the Northwest also.

"I can give you a clearer understanding of these changes by telling you just about what the conditions were in different fields in the Southwest when I was a young man and what they are today. Some of the best of these fields are still too spotty for a nonresident to play with, but others have become so stable that money ought to flow into them from any part of the country where cash is seeking interest. I am going to discuss only stuff that pays seven per cent or more, because the point I want to make is that our securities yielding those returns are better than foreign bonds.

"Not every speculative investment, you must understand, is a wildcat proposition. I never have played with oil stock, but I have assisted in the organization of new banks and, from the strictly conservative point of view, that would be called speculative. I agree that it was speculative, but I knew what I was doing and accepted the risk eagerly. Ordinarily you wouldn't find bank stock classed as a speculative investment, but, at the time I am speaking of, it certainly was so regarded, and quite properly, too, because the character and ability of the men at the head of these new institutions were not yet proved by long experience.

"Eastern investors would have passed upon such stocks about as follows: 'This is a new bank—or it is only two years old. The town in which it is situated is only ten years old—or, perhaps, twenty. The bank is very small'"

Investing With Judgment

"They would have regarded the enterprise as a heavy risk. But I was on the ground and, therefore, able to determine for myself whether the bank in question was needed. Also whether the men at the head of it were trustworthy and capable. As a rule, the need of these new banks was so self-evident as not to permit of argument. With a whole territory developing rapidly because of a world-wide demand for cotton and other staple products, I failed to see any great risk even when the banks in question were little crossroad affairs with $10,000 to $50,000 capital. I took my chances on that form of speculative investment, and not one of them has paid less than fifteen per cent.

"Today that field is every bit as inviting from the standpoint of returns, and the risk is much reduced. A man can buy stock at attractive prices today in good solid banks that have been well managed for ten to twenty-five years. He doesn't have to look each director and cashier in the eye in order to pass on the proposition, because the records of the institution speak for them. In the East, bank stocks are so high that only very wealthy investors can afford them. In our part of the country we are now in the midst of the work that will eventually make our bank stocks too high priced for ordinary investors. That is why I say that the present time is a good time to get on the band wagon.

"If we had capital enough in the Southwest to take care of all of our needs and still leave a surplus for export, our bank stocks would be quoted much higher than they are. But we lack capital. And bank stocks have to compete against highly successful commercial enterprises that are also in need of capital. I don't care to bore you with a lot of tiresome statistics, but the records of growth and profits earned by Southwestern banks would make some of these old five per cent boys popeyed with amazement. They wouldn't have to go out into the brushwood, as I did, to look for little banks in order to get bargains; they would confine their operations to banks in cities of not less than 50,000 population. Those cities were villages on unpaved roads, when I first saw them. Some of my early purchases in this field have averaged twenty per cent. Banks, of course, don't distribute every cent they earn in dividends, but the money is there just the same and if I needed it I could get it.

"When I speak of my own so-called speculative investments that is the sort I mean. For another example, I used to buy land mortgages. They weren't worth ten

"These figures end that argument . . ."

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cents a wheelbarrow load at that time in New York or Boston, but I was on the ground and felt competent to pick out good ones. The usual practice then was to charge a commission of two per cent for making the loan, and the interest rate was eight per cent. Nowadays the interest rate is still eight per cent on most of these loans unless the property happens to be exceptionally well located in a large city; then it will be lower. Paper of that sort is still not very highly regarded in the East, except among insurance companies. Now that, to my way of thinking, is one of the choicest little jokes I know, because the world hasn't yet produced a class of business men who excel the executives of American insurance companies in knowledge of investments. And they lend hundreds of millions of dollars on land mortgages in the newer states. Without the help of this capital, we'd still be not very far from the development of Civil War days. But individual capitalists still shy away from that field.

"One proof of its soundness, I think, will be found in the fact that a great deal of Southern, Southwestern and Northwestern money goes into such loans. The people on the ground like that form of investment better, I believe, than any other. Its popularity accounts, in very large measure, for the fact that stocks and bonds have never found much of a market in the South and Southwest. In recent years, with development proceeding more rapidly than ever before, the business of dealing in mortgages has grown to such proportions that there are now many excellent firms that buy these mortgages for their clients, charging a small commission. Their service includes, of course, passing upon the title to the property, and with experience behind them they know what they are doing. The fact that such companies do not draw very much money from the East is due largely to historical reasons—Easterners got stung on Western and Southern lands long, long ago. I can understand that that would tend to make them ultraconservative for a decade or two, but even so, it seems to me they are overlooking a mighty good bet at present. Choosing between a Texas mortgage recommended by a good firm and a foreign bond also well recommended and both yielding eight per cent, I'll take the mortgage every time."

Livestock and Mining Stock

"Another form of investment, yielding eight per cent, that used to attract a large part of what little capital the Southwest had, was cattle loans. When I was a boy working on a ranch, I used to wonder how men could afford to lend out money at such a low rate as that. Cattle loans ranked as about the safest investments there were, and at that time ten or twelve per cent was not an unusual rate on other classes of loans. I don't know why, but eight per cent seems always to have been the traditional rate on cattle loans—and still is. American investors never did care much for that form of paper, but English and Scotch capitalists did. There again we have one of life's little jokes. Boston in those days would have had a nervous chill, or, perhaps, called a policeman if you had tried to sell them cattle paper, but New England has always been an excellent market for mining stock. Also New England provided a very large share of the money with which our Southwestern railroads were built. Some of those roads were constructed before the Indians were all driven out; New England regarded the cattlemen in that territory as intrepid pioneers, daily risking their lives and property, but railroads they considered good safe investments. The record, I think, will show that the Scotchmen and English who took a chance on eight per cent cattle paper fared better.

"In the course of time I had some money to invest and I put it in cattle loans, because that was the only business I knew very much about. The personal or moral risk was a very important element in such investments, and the only way to make them was to be on the ground. Eventually little cattle-loan companies were formed, principally by ex-cattlemen. There are now quite a number of companies of that sort doing business, many of them with long and honorable records of success, so that cattle loans are available now without the investor being acquainted in the ranch country. I have some stock in a cattle-loan company, but it is positively not for sale; therefore the fact that it isn't listed on any of the exchanges hereabouts doesn't worry me five cents' worth. If I took that stock upstairs and tried to trade it for a foreign bond, I don't think I'd have much luck, but that also suits me, because I'm not looking for the trade.

"The East, if I recall correctly, used to have very different ideas on the subject of what constituted a conservative investment for the strong box. Just as an example, they didn't think much of the securities of small electric light and power companies in the days when copper wires were spreading over the South and Southwest."

Growth of Holding Companies

"'Well,' they'd say, 'it's true that you have a nice little town down there, and business must be good, or you wouldn't show an eighty per cent increase in population since the last Federal census, but still all the people might move away some day. They haven't been there very long. Moreover, these electric light and power enterprises are all comparatively new. They aren't seasoned enough for conservative investment.' And from a very conservative point of view they were just about right, but it meant, in effect, that electric light and power might after all prove to be nothing more than a temporary fad and, if so, where would the bondholders be when demand ceased? This argument was used even after electricity was a staple product in the East. I knew the Southwest intimately of course, and so far as I could judge, electric light seemed to be right-smart popular with our people, so I put some money into those enterprises. One little corporation eventually became the parent organization in a long series of consolidations, and after a few years paid me a stock dividend of ten shares for my original one; each of the ten is now worth more than I paid for the first one.

"There were a lot of ambitious little electric light and power companies operating down that way at the time. Some of them also owned street railways and a few were distributing gas as well as electricity. All of them were having a very hard time trying to interest capital in order to keep up with the growth of the communities they served. Their customers, if they had capital to invest, could get at least eight per cent and were not easily interested in local public utilities. This situation forced the scattered little companies into larger organizations that might hope for better results in the principal financial markets. The East would look askance at any one of these hustling little communities, but if ten of them joined hands they had a better chance.

"A special sort of holding company grew up in the public-utilities field; it is a company that does not always own a majority of the stock of its subsidiaries, but it puts its brand upon a local enterprise and gives it the protection of the group. This usually takes the form of engineering advice and, especially, coöperative buying. Sometimes it includes management as well. Thus, a local company, without necessarily submitting to actual financial control, would be one of the group, and able to obtain prompt financial help from the parent organization in time of need. The parent organization, representing many of these local industries, could go into the big markets for money. I bought stock in one of these parent organizations. It now controls properties in about fifty cities in the following states: Kansas, Washington, Oregon, Nebraska, Iowa,

Minnesota, Wisconsin, Florida, Arizona and Texas. The largest and most important holdings are in the Southwest. The common stock of that company sold for sixty-five dollars a share as late as 1921. In 1925 the company issued a stock dividend of ten shares for one, and the new stock was very soon selling at sixty-nine dollars a share. The return, as you can see, was enormous and there is nothing scandalous about it either. Economies in operating methods account for part of the profit, but growth of the country accounts for most of it.

"In one town, for example, where the company owns a plant, the population was about 5000 in 1900, about 10,000 in 1910, about 30,000 in 1920, and now has well above 40,000. Anybody with operating capital and a modicum of business sense ought to be able to make money in a community showing such growth as that. And that is not the only example.

"The effect of world competition for capital shows more plainly at present, I believe, in the public-utilities group than in any other. They went through the war without much damage, except that the street railways got bumped pretty hard on high wages. The power and light and gas and telephone companies, however, came out in excellent shape with no end of new business clamoring for service. Under rate regulation, these companies can't undertake new construction to any great extent out of earnings; they have to raise new capital. So they went after new capital in competition with the world. They were not only solvent but prosperous; still they had quite a battle, because most of these industries aren't yet much over thirty years old. Even the new plan of grouping many local power and light companies under one central organization solved only part of their problem, because the parent organizations themselves were young. They had to offer very attractive rates in order to get money. Well, to make a long story short, they offered attractive rates and they are still getting money; not as much as the foreign countries are getting, but enough to make considerable progress.

"However, to my way of thinking, the joke in this situation rests on the fact that Europe could get any money at all in competition with American industries as solidly intrenched as our public utilities. Electric light and power are just getting started; it would take a poet to guess what lies ahead for that business. Nevertheless, it is competing with foreign bonds for money on a basis of the yield, as though its future prospects were not a bit better than those of certain governments that are not as old as these companies. That makes me laugh."

Backing the Utilities

"Consider, as an example, the fact that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company a few years ago issued a nine per cent stock. You will find it listed on the New York Stock Exchange. I doubt if I can name seven foreign countries whose financial standing would equal—at least so far as I am concerned—the position of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. I made several fat profits a long time ago in the stocks of little independent telephone companies that have long since merged into big organizations. My original purchases were beyond question speculative; they were prompted by the need for telephone service, but the risks in that field are today very much reduced and still the returns remain attractive.

"As another example, here is the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Brooklyn with an eight per cent stock. That company sells principally electric light over in Brooklyn, and I am willing to venture the guess that Brooklyn will remain a fairly good market for that commodity as long as you and I live. At any rate I'd rather take a chance on that stock than on Chinese Railway bonds, which are also offered in New York.

"However, Brooklyn isn't the basis of comparison I wanted to submit. I speak of public utilities because they are national in the scope of their operation, which means that they do more business in small cities than big ones. The industry is now pretty well gathered up into about 145 companies; anyway these cover at least 90 per cent of it. Every one of these 145 companies is paying dividends at the present time, and well over 100 of them have never failed to pay dividends.

"When we consider securities representing investments in our more remote states it is worth while to realize that city building, even in the case of very small cities, is done today on entirely different plans from those in use when I was a boy. We dig in deeper. In those days a small city was a collection of cheap frame buildings with, possibly, ten or twelve of brick or stone. At the most six or seven blocks were paved, but more probably none at all. The roads leading into the town were muddy trails. There were no lights, no sewers, no telephones, no gas, and only a half-hearted job of distributing water, usually from an inadequate reservoir. Such superficial affairs were easily abandoned without staggering loss. Today engineers have taken the place of stray cattle in the work of laying out roads. Millions go into the paving of them. More millions are sunk into the ground in the form of pipes and cables. The city digs in; it has foundations; there is scarcely any danger at all of its people folding their tents and fading out of the picture. If it enjoys a steady growth those who invest in its stable industries make two profits, one from current dividends, the other in the form of unearned increment."

Progress in Remote Places

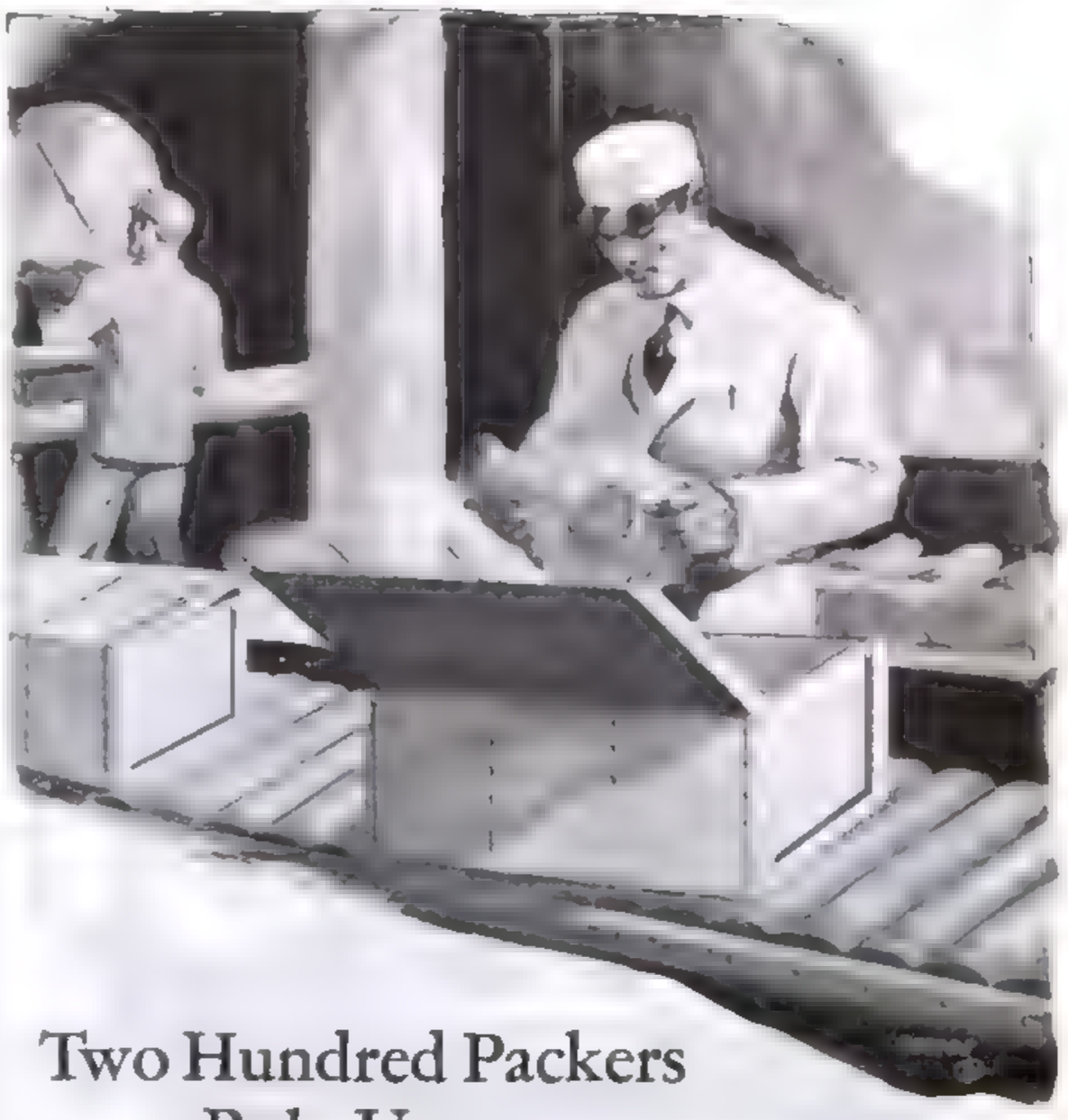
"That's what I like about the Southwest. It is solid enough now, I think, for any sane man to concede that we aren't going to give it back to the Indians, and yet it has boundless room for growth. The risk so far as it relates to fundamental elements is gone, but instead of the returns from investment in it declining in proportion to the decreased risk they are more attractive than ever. I can recall a time when many sensible men questioned whether Southwestern grazing lands could ever be turned into farms. I thought they could be; in fact, I felt sure that they very soon would be. I took that risk and made money. Today the risk is gone, but you can make just as much or more money than I made out of the same investments, although I was there a quarter of a century ahead of you.

"When I first began making what Boston or New York would then have called extremely doubtful investments in first-lien notes, I took a much greater risk than one needs to take today. At that time I do not believe there was a firm in the entire Southwest that issued guaranteed mortgages. They simply couldn't do it, because they didn't have the capital. But some of them are doing it now.

"At that time the country itself wasn't old enough for a mortgage firm to say to a prospective customer, 'We have a record of twenty-five years in this business.' But now there are plenty of such firms. That's why I say the South and Southwest are a better field than ever before. If all the mortgage money came from the Atlantic Seaboard, as all the railroad money once came, it might create a bad public sentiment, but such is not the case, and never can be in the future.

"Progress in the more remote states of this country has been very remarkable during the last ten years. You don't hear many yowls from our people nowadays on their once favorite subject of the wicked corporations. One reason for the change is that they now have a lot of home-grown corporations. They were making considerable progress in that direction along about 1914. Then the World War came along and speeded things up. Today it's not much of a trick for a well-managed local industry in a good-sized city anywhere in the South or Southwest to raise $1,000,000 of new capital

(Continued on Page 209)



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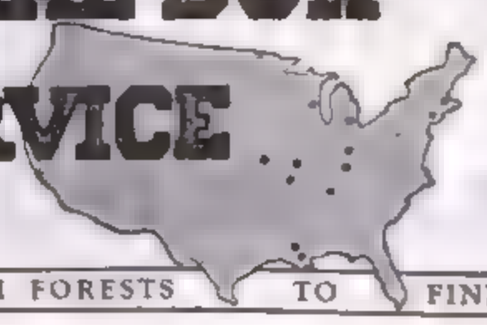

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(Continued from Page 207)

at home. I can name half a dozen companies that have raised twice that much in the course of three to five months. The debtor states, as they are called in the East, now have at least some capital of their own.

"They are still debtor states, of course, and will be for another quarter of a century in all probability, but they are becoming a better investment field every year. My argument is that they are now such a wonderful investment field that the East ought to take another look at them. If it has changed its mind to any considerable extent on the subject of coupons and dividends and is prepared to admit that there is such a thing as seven or eight per cent and safety, then it doesn't have to go to Europe to get that return on its money.

"Lately I have been watching Florida with considerable interest, partly because one of the companies in which I own stock is building and acquiring public utilities in that state. Florida isn't going to have the hard struggle that other states, such as California, for instance, had at first in the process of building on a grand scale. They won't have to begin with little independent telephone lines as we did in the Southwest, or run around in circles trying to raise $50,000 to enlarge the local power plant of some growing town.

"Engineers for the parent organizations will look over their towns and make scientific forecasts of their needs. If that were not the case, however, Florida would find her present prosperity not very effective in drawing large sums of money for permanent improvements out of conservative reservoirs of capital. It seems to take a long time for capital to concede that values are solid in the South or Southwest."

Opportunities in the Southwest

"Not many years ago Florida was supposed to be the natural home of the wildcat promoter. The state was growing and developing with that peculiar succession of booms and intervals of quiet that one usually encounters when a new territory is coming to life. Communities start off with fits and starts very much like an automobile on a cold morning with an inexperienced driver at the wheel. The road seems to be full of bumps before one can settle down to a steady pace. Today Florida is definitely on her way.

"But opportunity is smiling in half a dozen other states that one does not often read about. New Mexico and Arizona are both developing along very sound lines in spite of lack of capital. Oklahoma fares far better, because of its wealth in oil, but considering the size of the state in relation to its population one can readily see that it is just getting a good start.

"Among the states that are now engaged in city building, Texas has an interesting place, because with more than 5,000,000 population there is not yet an urban community of a quarter of a million. Within a very few years there will probably be three or four of them; the growth of the state simply demands it. The people of the larger Texas cities are absolutely confident of that development and are making their local investments accordingly. If the world were suddenly to decide that it doesn't need any more cotton, then those Texas people would have made an error, but I don't observe any drift in that direction. On the contrary, the world cotton problem of the future is where to find land to grow all that apparently will be needed.

"Texas, like all of the Southern states fronting on salt water, is bound to see tremendous growth in its ocean freight business. Our principal railroad lines at present run across the continent; the lines that run up and down have always been of secondary importance, because they served a more sparsely settled section of the country. But if American industries of all sorts continue at the present rate of development they are bound to turn more of their freight toward Southern ports.

"As a matter of fact, that change has been in progress ever since the World War. It is inevitable. But the point I wish to make is that these events are widening the field for Southern investment and creating new opportunities for profits over and above dividends.

"I can make this clearer by a direct comparison between two forms of securities. I am going to pick for this purpose a certain foreign bond that no one will deny is speculative, because it is in default and has been for a number of years. Nevertheless, I see it quoted on the New York market at twenty dollars, and sales are reported. If it were restored to full favor it would perhaps go to par, or $100. The buyer would then have a profit of five for one and consider himself lucky. In the interim he isn't making a cent on his money and so far as I can see he stands a good chance to lose all of it. Now let me compare that with my so-called speculative investment in Southwestern public utilities. I received a small dividend from the start, and I knew the company was solvent when I bought its stock. If the officers of it had falsified the records on which I depended or had at any time tried to loot the company, I could have had them arrested by an American sheriff. The trial would have been conducted in the English language. If the people of one of the communities in which that company controlled property had tried to destroy it by imposing impossible conditions, we could have appealed to the Federal courts. But a foreign country can tell you to go jump in the lake. You have no recourse whatever. This country never will send battleships to protect your foreign bond-holdings, but it has on several occasions called out United States marshals, and even soldiers, to protect property within our borders. In spite of all those differences in the risk, the holders of those bonds can't possibly make more than five to one on their gamble, while I made ten for one on my little speculation. I forgot to add that, during all this time, I could have borrowed money on my stock in any bank. I don't believe a man could borrow much on defaulted foreign bonds. He couldn't in my bank, anyway. Granting him all the good luck he could possibly have on his bet and then submitting mine just on the record of what actually happened, I beat him at least 100 per cent. But let me repeat again that I never did consider my investment a long shot; I regarded it as entirely sane in the first place, though I scarcely hoped for such excellent results."

Land for Long Shots

"I have, in the course of my career, taken a few long shots. I'm not bashful about admitting it, because I could have afforded the loss if my guess had turned out absolutely wrong. I speculated in land. As I see it land is always a long shot, because for one reason you can't be sure of turning it back into money on demand. You may have to hold it a long time. But, then, the holder of a defaulted foreign bond must surely, if he is in his right mind, be figuring on holding his investment for a long time also. He doesn't know any more about how it is going to pan out than I knew how my land purchase would pan out. He has a hunch that it's a good bet, that's all. And that is all I had.

"The land I bought was offered at five dollars an acre. At that price I could, at the time, have purchased certainly 10,000 acres and probably a great deal more, but I knew it was a gamble so I risked only what I was willing to lose. That happened to be at the time $5000, and it bought 1000 acres. The price seemed to me to be very cheap, but don't overlook the fact that there was a great deal more land available for not a cent more. In other words, I bought at the market. My plan was to hold on indefinitely, and that meant paying taxes. This land was part of a ranch in the Panhandle of Texas and a few people were already growing good wheat in that part of the state.

"I knew I had wheat land, but there was no way to know when the wheat growers would need it. Eighteen years later that land sold for fifty dollars an acre and it was a better bargain at that price than at five dollars an acre, because its future was then beyond question.

"Land is an excellent long shot if you are prepared to give it plenty of time. It is the only long shot I have ever played. If you don't go in over your eyes, you can be pretty sure of coming out with a profit eventually, and there is scarcely any chance of a total loss, because the land will not run away. It amuses me to hear people speak of the wonderful opportunities in cheap lands that used to exist a quarter of a century ago. Those opportunities are better today than ever before. I think I could prove that statement to the satisfaction of any fair mind without going beyond the states of Arkansas and Mississippi. Both are enormously rich in natural resources; neither of them has ever to my knowledge had a boom. As a matter of fact, thousands of their people have trailed off to participate in the booms of other states. They have not attracted outside capital to any great extent; they draw very little immigration; and briefly, they are waiting their turn. I don't know when it will come and neither do they. But when it does come those who are already on the ground will do well. I don't know of any two states that offer wider margins between actual and potential values.

"A friend of mine is playing an interesting long shot in Mississippi right now. He and some friends have bought a large tract of cheap land and planted pecan trees on it. They don't expect much out of it for ten or twelve years. But if fancy grades of pecans are still in demand at anything like present prices when those trees come into full bearing, the owners ought to have an annual profit larger than their original investment for a great many years. The South and Southwest offer numerous opportunities of that sort, along with good solid investments that pay dividends every quarter. But I didn't start out to talk about gambling. As I see it, we have a very interesting situation today with regard to Southern and Southwestern dividend-paying securities and I want to summarize that situation in a few words. We're over the rough spots down there and don't have to seek adventurous money to carry on our development. But just after we achieved this desirable position we bumped into a very much shaken-up world that came to the same market we had our eye on for money.

"The outside world has bid up the rate for money by offering enormous quantities of bonds that, in my opinion, are not superior to our better grades of seven per cent preferred stocks. It is not my purpose to depreciate the soundness of the foreign bonds, nor does it advance my argument to do so.

"Anyway, as I said in the beginning, I am biased in favor of domestic issues and to that extent, of course, I am prejudiced against foreign issues. I have no right to reflect upon them and don't wish to be understood as doing so. Assuming that the foreign bonds are excellent, my contention is that they are matched by domestic securities of equal soundness that yield just as large a return. I have no quarrel whatever with these foreign issues, because, fortunately for me, I am now a capitalist, and keen competition in the money market has increased the returns on the very kinds of securities that I like best. I'm not hurt and I have no grouch. On the contrary I'm doing fine; better than I ever did before in my life. Consequently the only message I have is for my fellow capitalists. And the gist of it is this, 'Come on in! The water's great, right here at home.'"

A TRIAL RUN

(Continued from Page 17

This lonely maiden, robbed of the wealth that once was hers, and driven by necessity to accept humble employment, yearned for the speed she could no longer command, for the roar of wind in her ears, the streaking hedges and the thunder of mighty engines. Was ever before such complete affinity between any two persons?

And there was no one save himself in all the world who could make good her losses, repair her broken spirit and win back the light of happiness to her grief-stricken eyes. Yes, it was up to him, and he would not fail.

Rather tentatively he remarked, "I've a mo bike that can shift a bit." Moyra's expression dulled again, and he hastened to add, "Though after that heavy stuff you wouldn't think much of motor bikes, would you?"

Kindness prompted the answer, "They're all right."

"But not the same, eh?"

"Not quite, perhaps."

A retrospective vision of the Hon. Richard crouched over the wheel of a Sherringham Bland, of herself tucked against his shoulder and of the world ahead disappearing into the dust behind, awoke in Moyra's face a look of complete loveliness. Tony's enthusiasm fired.

"How would you like to have the past back?" he asked, trembling with eagerness.

"Not much hope of that."

"Funny things do happen sometimes."

Moyra looked at him queerly.

"Why do you talk like that?"

"Because," he began, and funked it—"because—oh, I don't know. I was thinking, that's all."

"You know," said Moyra, "you're not a bit what I expected."

"Aren't I?"

"Not a bit. Most boys back from school don't bother about other people's troubles. My young brother used to spend all his holidays messing about with wireless sets and chasing butterflies. We hardly saw him at meals even."

Tony colored a bit.

"What a rotter," he said.

"You're quite different."

"Well, I should hope so." He added, "'Course a lot of chaps are selfish—beastly selfish—but then I dare say there isn't much inducement to take 'em out of 'emselves, if you see what I'm driving at." He could hardly have made a more dashing declaration, and he watched nervously to see how she would take it. Alas, she seemed to miss the point! He went on, "Nothing I like so much as being with other people—or at any rate another person."

Moyra sighed. "I used to think that once, but sometimes the other person is a disappointment and one's thrown back on oneself."

"Must be frightfully slow for you here."

"No, they're very kind."

"But you can't help missing things."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course one can't."

"Look here," said Tony, "do you trust me?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she said.

"Then—then I'm going to tell you something"

"Well?"

He hesitated.

(Continued on Page 212

The greatest merchandising

Display in a Nampa store that closed its doors six times in one day to handle the crowds

"Tuesday we had a Grangers' parade almost a mile in length. Nearly thirty Granges from the country around were represented"

How an aggressive Nampa merchant displayed his merchandise, advertised on Farm & Fireside, outside his store—with gratifying results

Listening to an address by John M. Evvard, Associate Editor of Farm & Fireside

When the stores of Nampa, Idaho, closed their doors against the crowds—and did a $90,000 six-day business

WHEN the merchants of Nampa decided to "put on" a Farm & Fireside Week, it was a foregone conclusion that it would be a rouser. Nampa is that kind of a town.

Results, however, astonished even the most optimistic of the merchants.

Nothing in the history of small-city merchandising quite compares with Nampa's crowded week of business.

Thousands of farmers from a radius of 30 miles poured into town. Stores were forced to close their doors several times against the crowds to prevent injury to those inside.

A big increase in sales

Stores of every type, from the smallest to the large Nampa Department Store, profited.

Total sales for the six days were approximately $90,000. This was an increase of about $34,000 over normal business.

Says one of Nampa's foremost merchants, "This Farm & Fireside Week was one of the biggest weeks in the history of the town."

A plan that always works

Other towns have held Farm & Fireside Weeks with equally gratifying results. Other merchants, in all lines of business and in all parts of the country, have held Farm & Fireside Weeks in their individual stores. And all have been enthusiastic in their reports.

Farm & Fireside Weeks are invariably successful because they are part of a plan based upon sound merchandising principles—a plan backed by one of the most powerful selling forces in rural America.

This plan will help *you* to get new business, build a larger volume of sales, and increase your net profit.

What it does for you

The Farm & Fireside plan will enable you to reach out into a big, rich market—the farm families in the country surrounding your town—and get more and more of this valuable trade.

It will put to work for you the tremendous selling power of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*.

In more than a million homes this great magazine is read by people representing a selected list of the most progressive farm families in every community where it circulates.

You can, if you will, use the powerful influence of Farm & Fireside among farm families in your surrounding country to build bigger business for you. The Farm & Fireside plan works for the individual merchant just as well as for a group of merchants or a whole town.

Send for the Plan Book

If you wish to join with other merchants in your town to do what Nampa did, or if you wish to hold a Farm & Fireside Week in your store alone, we shall be glad to co-operate with you. The Farm & Fireside plan is as easy and simple to use as it is sound in principle.

Our new 36-page book, "*To Help You Get More Farm Trade*," tells you how you can make it work for you.

It is full of actual experiences of other dealers, many of them in your line of business. It shows you how you can get the same results that they have secured. We supply this book to responsible merchants upon request. Send for it now. You will find the coupon on the opposite page convenient.

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

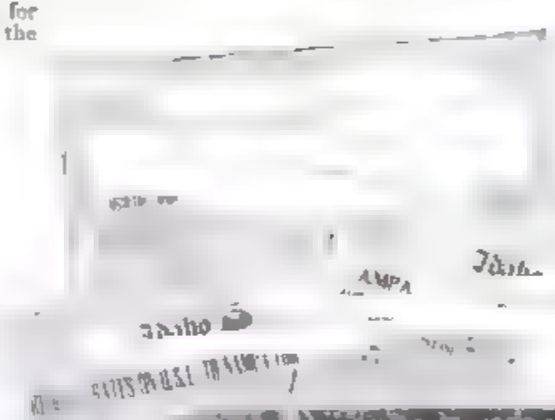
FARM & *The National Farm Magazine*

event in small-city history!

"Mardi Gras night blocked the streets for hours. It was one of the biggest crowds in the history of the town"

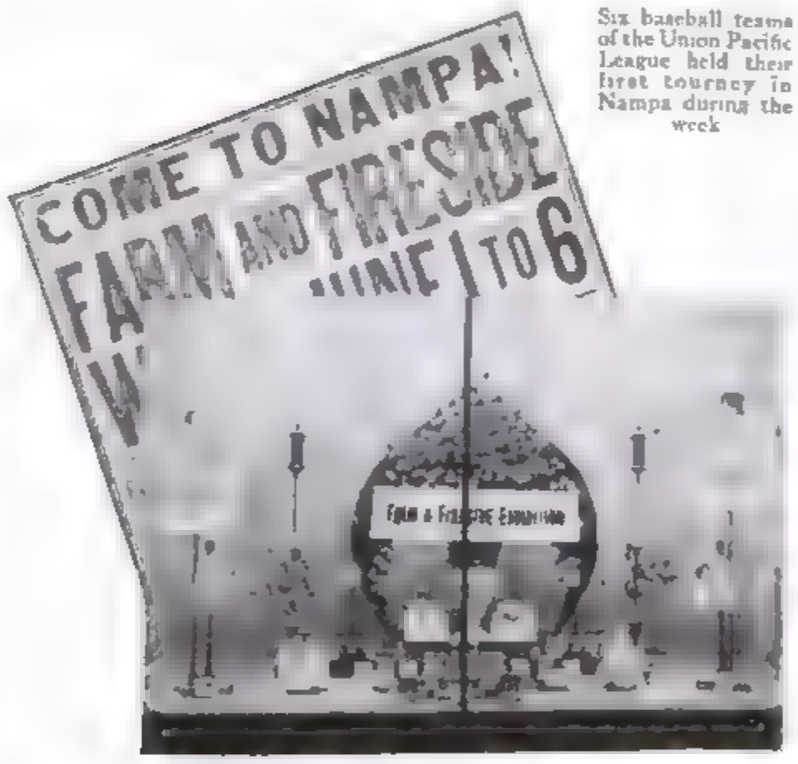
"The town was crowded with visiting farmers and their families who thronged the stores and down town district"

Six baseball teams of the Union Pacific League held their first tourney in Nampa during the week

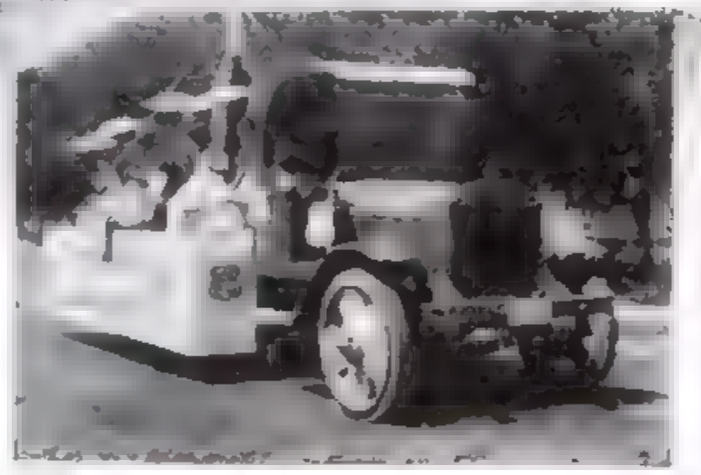


Generous newspaper publicity contributed much to the success of Farm & Fireside Week

Striking display in window of Nampa retail meat shop. Trims like this paid Nampa merchants big during Farm & Fireside Week



An effective Farm & Fireside window display—an example of the taste and energy exhibited by Nampa merchants in "putting over" the greatest of all Farm & Fireside Weeks



A Union Pacific System float. Reduced round trip fares to Nampa during Farm & Fireside Week were in effect from points on the Union Pacific System

One of many floats representing Nampa retail stores

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Aluminum
Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled Windmills)
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bass Stoves and Ovens
Boston Garters
Brown's Beach Jackets
Buckeye Pumps
Buescher Band Instruments
Buick Motor Cars
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machines
Calumet Baking Powder
Calumet Furnaces
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Clark Grave Vaults
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Congoleum Rugs
Conn Band Instruments
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio
Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants
Delco-Light Pump
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Dodge Automobiles & Trucks
Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
Dunlop Tires
Durant Cars
Durham-Duplex Razor Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
FADA Radio
Federal Farm Loan Bonds
Ford Automobiles and Trucks
Fordson Tractors
General Electric Company
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Glover's Mange Remedies
Hull, Hartwell & Co., Inc. (Collars, Shirts & Underwear
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hart-Parr Company (Tractors)
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Harvey Hickory Single-trees
Harvey Ride Rite Automobile Springs
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
Instant Postum
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jewett
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly Springfield Tires
Le Page's Glue
Lee Union-Alls and Overalls
Lets-Dixie Feed Grinders
Louisville & Nashville Ry
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
"Lysol" Disinfectant
Marlin Firearms
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Company (Miraco)
Monarch Ranges
Multibestos Brake Lining
Multibestos Clutch Lining
Multibestos Transmission Lining
Nash Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
National Fence
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal Granite Enamel Ware
Oshkosh B'Gosh Overalls
Paramount Ranges
Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Perfection Oil Ranges
Perfection Oil Heaters
Perfection Oil Water Heaters
Postum Cereal
Quaker Oats Company (Oats)
Ranges
Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Savage Firearms
Schwarze Motor Horns
Simmons Beds
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stearns Electric Paste and Roach Exterminator
Stevens Firearms
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
Vassar Underwear
Victor Talking Machines
Wearing Adams Co. Brushes
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

FIRESIDE

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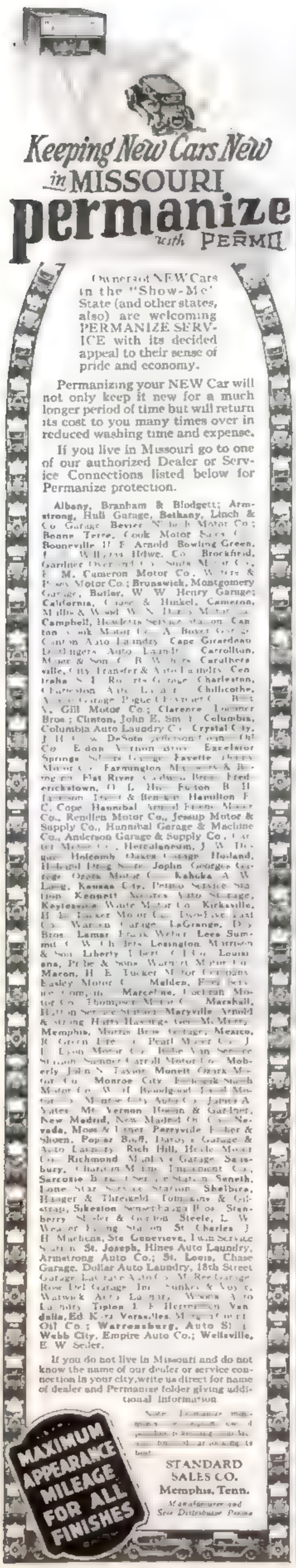
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me without cost your new book, *"To Help You Get More Farm Trade."*

Name

Address

Business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(Continued from Page 209)

"No, no. P'r'aps I'd better not say anything yet—except this: You can safely leave it all to me."

"Leave what to you?"

"Why, the job of—the job of—well, you'll see. I'm a man of my word and when I tackle a job I get it done."

"Thank you," said Moyra, and for want of a better idea gravely put a hand in his.

In Tony's opinion, based on the sound authority of the Upper Sixth Remove, this was the moment for a complete man to take the maiden in his arms and seal his faith and duty with a kiss. His failure to do so was traceable to two causes—inexperience and a humiliating rebellion of nerves, and the sound of his mother's voice crying aloud from somewhere adjacent, "Where's my baby? Tony, boy, where are you?"

His indignant reply, "Oh, here," was less understandable from a parental point of view than from an outsider's.

As Mr. Venables remarked a minute later, "Come, come, hardly the way to speak to your mother, is it?"

Mr. Venables was a corrective man, and he liked best to make his corrections in public. By this means a larger number of persons realized his authority. At lunch he even corrected Moyra Swift of Suffolk, just to show what he could do if he wished. It was a genial sort of correction:

"Not finished those letters yet? Well, well, you'll get them done this afternoon no doubt."

Mrs. Venables applauded her husband for adopting this tone. She supported the theory of no sentiment in business.

"Miss Swift is quite a beginner," she told Tony. "It's nice for her to have father show her the proper way to do things. Isn't it, Miss Swift?"

But Moyra was looking at the lime trees. Tony thought it was the most disgusting piece of bullying he had ever witnessed. He was, however, too busy with his own plans to protest. He registered disapproval with a scowl; but as his mouth was full of prunes and rice, the scowl was rounded off with the plump lines of affability.

Lunch over, Moyra retreated to the study to poke forth two words a minute on the typewriter and punch holes for full stops.

Left to his own devices, Tony drifted off to the garden, where he stared at the pinks and considered the future. Presently he picked a pink, and tiptoeing across the lawn cast it through the study window. It struck Moyra in the eye, causing her to get into a muddle with the shift keys. The word "dear" came out "%3@4."

"Do shut up!" she said. "It's rotten enough doing this without having things chucked at you. I don't know where the India rubber is either."

Tony went away feeling like an ass. His attempt to say it with flowers was a dismal failure. Her affections, it seemed, were not susceptible to floricultural advances. He should have stuck to safer ground. She had treated him like a kid.

In the rhododendron walk he met his father wearing a silly old panama hat. Mr. Venables was reading his school report with gravity proper to the occasion.

"This is a disappointing document, Anthony; most disappointing. I wonder you cared to bring it home."

"No choice; had to," said Tony. "They're awful rot, those things. I'd chuck it away if I were you."

Mr. Venables folded the report and put it in a pocket of his alpaca coat.

"When are you going to do some steady work?" he asked.

Tony didn't seem to know—soon, he hoped.

"And I should hope so, too, my boy. Paying large school fees for no results."

"They aren't much for you—if you can afford to buy that car," Tony countered.

"H'm!" said Mr. Venables, somewhat placated. "A fine—a magnificent car."

"All right for wet weather," said Tony.

"What's that?"

"A man like you wants two cars." Mr. Venables frowned. "Ever seen the new Gaston-Potin, guv'nor?"

"I have not and don't intend to."

"But one ought to see everything, don't you agree? I've often heard you say so, I mean."

"Nonsense!"

"But there's no obligation to buy." Tony was speaking from the book in the pure poetry of the publicity department. "These ads say: 'Why not let Colonel Oxendon give you a trial run? I am so confident in the power and excellence of this superb machine that I have no hesitation in exposing it to any test, any time, anywhere, any day. Colonel Oxendon will prove to you what motoring means.'"

"He'll do no such thing," Mr. Venables declared.

"Are you content to be behind the times, when at the cost of a postage stamp you can be ahead of the future?" Tony demanded oratorically. "The Gaston-Potin is to other cars what the *wagon-lit* is to the farm wagon."

"The head master says your failure to concentrate accounts for the low position you hold in your form."

"But, guv'nor," Tony urged, "you don't want forever to be changing gears. The unrivaled flexibility of the Gaston-Potin offers a smooth range of speed from five to ninety-five m. p. h. on top. Think what that means to you!"

He flung out a hand and pointed an accusing finger at his father.

"Don't do that—don't point! I won't have it—and stop this silly talk at once!"

"Let's have one down, guv'nor, and try it."

"Silence!" roared Mr. Venables.

"Let's see it—that's all. You needn't buy the thing. If you funk going in it I could have a beat round with Miss—Miss Swift."

"Miss Swift! How do you mean? D'you think I'm going to have my secretary careering round the countryside in a damned juggernaut? Never heard such blither."

Tony abandoned the character of motor salesman and became a psychologist.

"But suppose it's necessary, guv'nor. Suppose she must have a run in a Gaston-Potin. Suppose her happiness depends upon it."

"My boy," was the reply, "in my young days, if a fellow talked as you are talking he would be thought up the pole."

Mr. Venables was fond of reviving bits of extinct slang. In his opinion it marked him as a modern. But Tony had gone too far to retreat.

"So," he cried, "you think you've the right to keep her shut up like—like a beast in a cage!"

Mr. Venables stared at his son in dismay.

"Have you taken leave of your wits?" he demanded. "What's the meaning of this wild talk? And why refer to Miss Swift? What has Miss Swift to do with you?"

Rather lamely, Tony stammered, "It's up to you to play the game."

"Knucklebones!" retorted Mr. Venables. "Knucklebones! I'm not a fool. D'you imagine I can't see through your little game, my boy? I can—emphatically. You've one of these wild racing ideas in your head. You want to go out in an infernal machine and kick up a lot of dust; and because you lack the courage to ask on your own account, you invent this tomfoolery about Miss Swift."

"Guv'nor!"

"Don't interrupt, but listen to me! Miss Swift is my secretary, and I won't have her work interfered with. You're my son and I'll have obedience from you. If you make any further effort to persist in this absurd discussion I'll stop your pocket money—from the word 'go.' Understand that? And I'll confiscate your motor bicycle into the bargain."

With a fine sense of the theater, Mr. Venables gave his silly old panama hat a downward tweak and marched off in the direction of the house.

For a moment Tony Venables stood irresolute, then swung on his heel and crashed irresistibly through the rhododendron bushes. Branches slashed his cheeks, curled petals of dead flowers fell like rain upon his head.

In a little clearing, secure from mortal eye, he flung himself on the warm earth and beat it with his fists. Earwigs, centipedes and a colony of small red ants organized a hasty exodus from the afflicted area. A solitary wasp, marking the disturbance, paused in its flight and stung Tony with precision. The stab of physical pain, following so swiftly the rack of mental torment, for the moment bade fair to unman the gallant youth. He sucked the back of his hand where the wasp had alighted and gasped jerkily, "It's a b-brutal sh-sh-shame! A b-b-brutal shame!"

He saw very clearly that the world was an evil place, ruled by an intolerable injustice. Here was he, but three hours a lover, being treated like a naughty child by all and sundry. Even his heart's delight had told him to shut up and go away. He forgave his heart's delight, for no one is very amiable after being hit in the eye. But his father he could not forgive. He could not forgive the way he had bullied Moyra, the way he insisted on keeping her shut up like a prisoner, his refusal even to see a Gaston-Potin, and finally the threats of confiscation.

That he would keep the threats Tony did not doubt. Mr. Venables was no idle talker. He had done it before and would do it again. It followed therefore, if he, Tony, were to fulfill his promise to Moyra and revive the laughter in her eyes, that he must do so at his peril. It is not an agreeable prospect for a fellow to be without cash for the long vacation, to say nothing of the loss of a motor bike. But life is a battle, and battles are a barter of certain losses for uncertain gains. Suppose he abandoned his efforts in the matter of the Gaston-Potin—was it likely Moyra would have anything more to do with him? No, it was not likely. Their brief acquaintance had proved conclusively that only by the provision of speed her affections might be won. If she was to be his, speed must be hers. Nothing else would serve.

His! How vague, but how entrancing the possessive sounded! His! For what? To marry? Somehow marriage presented few attractions. Ordinary husbands and wives were not as a rule inspiring. To adore, then? Well, perhaps; but not sloppily, of course. Not like those people who sit on benches after dark and hold hands. Oh, crumbs! Not like that! Well then, for what? Goodness, he didn't know! As a kind of companion, a Bill-and-Jack sort of companionship. Someone to tear along the road with, someone to crack nuts with her teeth and take the silver paper off the butterscotch while he decoked the motor bike. Yes—and no.

After all, it didn't matter what he wanted her for. Nothing in particular. To be about, to light up because of his presence, and not to look unhappy any more. Perhaps in a few years he might marry her; but there was no hurry about that. She was older than he—seven years older. Who cared? Women last longer than men. They ought to. They try harder.

Tony's mind was made up. The future, indistinct though it might be in form and outline, was attractive enough to justify the risk. He sat up, hugged his knees and began to plot.

Meanwhile Moyra was in the study, typing out a fair copy of Mr. Venables' views on the grave risks of the jumping poles carried by Boy Scouts becoming entangled with the legs of pedestrians. By a strange mischance the letter which was destined for the editor of a prominent morning paper opened with the words, "Darling Dick."

Since Tony's arrival that morning Moyra could not banish Dick from her mind. He obsessed her. Idle and worthless he might be, but he obsessed her. It was

(Continued on Page 214)

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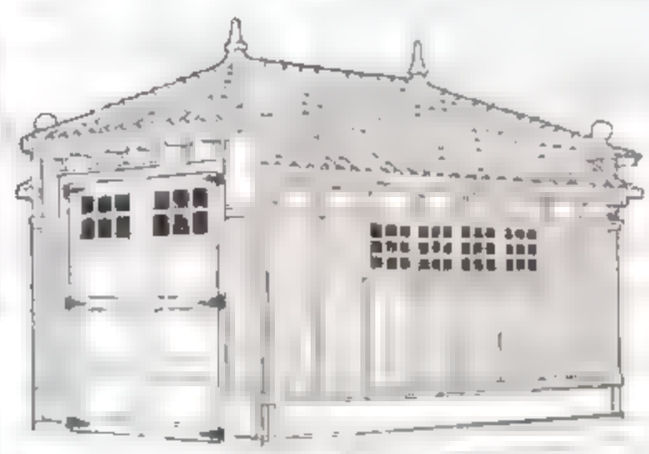

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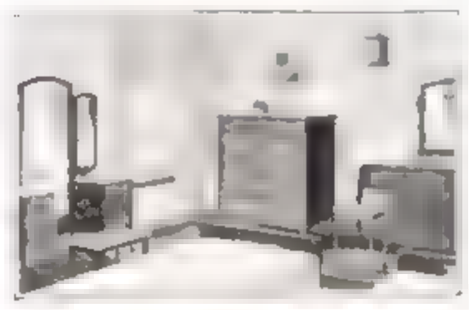

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(Continued from Page 212)

useless to pretend that she did not love him. It was useless to pretend that she could resist the temptation to fly back to his laughing embraces very much longer.

"I must—I must," she said, and beat out the last lines of the letter—"8t is highh time this %angerous Practise ¼hould be put a stop to. Ever and ever Byour loving ;oyra."

A face, Tony's, appeared at the window.

"I say, you done with the typewriter?" Moyra nodded. Tony nipped in over the sill and pulled down the blind. "Better be out of this," he said darkly.

"Why? What's up?"

"Can't say, but I'll give you a hint. D'you know what you'd like best in all the world?"

"'Course I do," said Moyra, rather irritably.

"Well, you're going to have that. Not another word—off you go."

Moyra went.

Tony tugged a copy of the Brooklands Gazette from his pocket and whipped over a dozen sheets and studied an address on one of the advertisements.

"Ah!" he said, and squared up to the typewriter.

Later he strolled down to the pillar box with a letter in his pocket.

Tony's conduct the following day was peculiar. He spent the afternoon hovering near the garden gate and at 5:30 he brought in the evening mail. He delivered it to his parents with an air of suspicious innocence, whistling, humming and rattling his feet. This done, he vanished in the direction of the rhododendron bushes. In this leafy solitude he opened a letter addressed to his father.

The letter said in warm and heartening phrases that as Colonel Oxendon was abroad testing the new Alpine model on the Hautes Pyrénées, one of the directors would be charmed to demonstrate the Gaston-Potin to Mr. Venables:

"The car will be at your house at 11 A.M. precisely tomorrow, the thirtieth inst. We note that you wish the supersports model to be sent and have arranged accordingly."

Tony slipped out of the garden by the back way and hared for the post office. It was a longish run, and he arrived only seven minutes before closing time. As luck would have it, he got his toll call without delay.

"That Regent 98988?"

A pleasant voice said it was.

"Gaston-Potin, Albemarle Street?"

"That's so."

"This is Mr. Tony—I mean Anthony Venables—speaking for his father, of Woking—Mr. Franklin Venables who wrote to you yesterday and's just got your reply saying you would."

"Can we have it once more and a bit slower?" said the pleasant voice.

Tony decelerated and fixed his identity.

"Yes, I get you."

"The point is," said Tony, "our house is so jolly hard to find you'd better not try."

"Not come?"

"No fear; not try to find it, I mean."

"I see," said the pleasant voice. "You'd like us just to stick around till it finds us, eh? What sort of house is it when it comes along?"

This chap was a card—a real funny merchant—but Tony was in deadly earnest. Too much was at stake for jest. "I mean we'd better meet in some place we both know."

"Give it a name then."

Tony meditated.

"How about the lunatic asylum?" he proposed.

There was a snuffle of laughter.

"Just the spot."

"Look here," said Tony, "this is dashed serious, you know."

"That's all right. Lunatic asylum at eleven sharp."

"It is all right? No kidding?"

"'Course. Remember our trade slogan—Any Time, Any Place, Anywhere."

"That's topping. I've great hopes of persuading my guv'nor to buy one of your busses."

"Good, egg," said the voice. "Till tomorrow."

"Till tomorrow, sir," said Tony.

If Tony's behavior had been strange during the afternoon, it was stranger at breakfast the following morning. He was bubbling with an almost irrepressible excitement. In his eagerness to pass the toast to his father he knocked a dish of apples right across the table. His conversation, too, was unaccountable. He asked Moyra if she was interested in churches. She supposed she was, but did not seem enthusiastically sure.

"You seen our church?" he asked.

"No."

"You ought to oughtn't she, mother? The font's absolutely num and there's a top-hole graveyard if you care about that sort of thing."

"I think it would be quite nice if Miss Swift would like to go," said Mrs. Venables.

"But I don't in the least want to go," said Moyra. Then, intercepting a meaningful glare from Tony, she added, "Except that one ought to see all the churches one can."

"Then it's arranged," said Mrs. Venables. "Tony shall take her for a walk."

As they passed from the dining room Tony whispered in Moyra's ear: "Shove a veil in your pocket. Sh-h-h! Not a word!"

At a quarter to eleven they walked down the road, finger on lip, so to speak.

By the pillar box Moyra halted, to ask, "What's all this about, and where are you taking me?"

"Hush! To the asylum," said Tony in an impressive whisper.

Moyra said "Pig!" and faced homeward.

"Look here," said Tony, clutching her arm, "you promised to trust me. It's a bit thick to call me a pig when I'm risking all in your service."

"I never said I wanted to be served."

"But I discovered your secret, didn't I?"

"No; how could you?"

"Time will prove," said Tony in block characters carved on stone. He added, "I shall give you back the past."

But Moyra was in an unsensitized mood.

"You can't, so what's the good of pretending you can? And what's the meaning of this nonsense about risking all?"

"It's jolly well true. I am."

"What are you risking?"

"Liberty, fortune and my good name."

Moyra sniffed and tossed her head.

"I believe it's just a silly practical joke. Anyway, why should you risk anything?"

"For—for you."

"Why?"

"If you don't know," said Tony, "all I can say is—is—find out."

It was not perhaps a very loverlike speech, but a fellow doesn't care to be jostled into showing which way his affections lead.

The walk was continued in silence until at last they came to an open space, with a large building at one end. Before the gates was drawn up a huge yellow car with trade number plates. At the wheel, his back toward them, sat a man. He wore a leather helmet and goggles. The storm collar of his greatcoat covered his ears. Tony stopped and pointed.

"There! See? He's come. It was my doing. I got it here—for your sake. When it comes out I'm done for. Heaven knows what the guv'nor will say to me. But I don't care. Rather than see you unhappy I'd have written to every racing firm in the world."

"But, Tony ——"

"No, don't thank me. I don't want thanks. I only want you to see that for your sake no suffering could be too great to sacrifice. The other way round, I mean. Stop here and I'll give you a shout."

Leaving Moyra, he raced to the yellow car and stopped breathless beside it.

"Hullo," said the driver. "You the sportsman who rang me up last night?"

"I'm Anthony Venables, sir."

"I see. Where's your father?"

Tony blushed. Now for the lie.

"Matter of fact, he had to attend a—meeting—of—lots of important friends at Guildford and asked if you'd flip me over there and fetch him, d'you see?"

The pleasant man stretched his mouth lengthwise.

"What a very curious thing," said he.

"Jolly bad luck, sir, but if you wouldn't mind."

"Oh, jump in," said the pleasant man.

Tony hesitated.

"It'd be awfully decent if you'd let my—my companion come with me."

"But there's only one extra seat, and if ——"

"She could come back on the guv'nor's return half, sir."

"She—so your companion's a she?"

"Yes."

The pleasant man scratched his chin.

"Seems queer, as your father expected to be fetched, that he should have bought a return ticket."

"Not a bit; he has a season, sir."

The pleasant man pushed up his goggles and looked at Tony with steady eyes and a twitching mouth.

"Youngster," he said, "how about just a spot of truth for a change? I don't doubt you're a first-class sportsman, but you're a very third-rate liar."

Tony's lower lip quivered.

"I know it was a low-down trick, sir, but I swear I wouldn't have done it for myself. You see, she was in distress, and it was the only way. She used to go in cars like this, but now she's cooped up in my father's study all day long writing rotten letters. I had to do it to show how much I—I—I'd do for her. It was my only chance."

The pleasant man took a decision.

"Have her along," he said. "I know something of blighted hopes, my son, and if this run can do anything to cure 'em I'm your man."

"And you won't split to the guv'nor—dying oath?"

"Dying oath. Produce the lady."

He let down his goggles and squared to the wheel. Tony lifted a great shout. When Moyra came she was quite fluttery.

"I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding," she said, addressing the leather figure at the wheel. "I'm afraid ——" and stopped. "Dick!"

"Moyra! Moyra!"

They stared and stared. Tony stared too. Then Moyra swooped round on him and putting her hands on his shoulders kissed him twice.

"Tony, you wonderful boy! How did you guess? How could you possibly know?"

She would have said more, but she was dragged back into another pair of arms. She was saying "Dick, you're working!" when the sound of her voice was smothered.

Of course, it happened at the gates of a lunatic asylum, where strange sights are not infrequent.

To Tony, standing alone on the pavement, the world seemed an empty place, an aching void, until into it came two people who punched or kissed him, according to their sex, and told him what a magician he was. It was lonely, too, in the back seat of the car, with the two huddled figures in front and the road unwinding beneath the wheels.

Infinitely lost and sad he felt, sitting there forgotten while those two remembered. Between their heads two white dials shone from the facia board—the rev counter and the speedometer. The restless needles steadily compassed the circles. Twenty—twenty-five—thirty—forty miles an hour.

The dreary expanses of life unaccountably seemed less dreary for the gathering speed. But what was there left to live for? Fifty—fifty-five—sixty.

Tony leaned forward, for the heads in front were obscuring the dials. Seventy-seven—eighty-one—four—six. Would the needle touch the ninety mark? Would it—could it? Ninety-two!

"Num!" shouted Tony.

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AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 47)

the laughter or even the happiness of saints. I am ready to take what comes on that side of the grave as I have trampled through what has come to me on this side; but I have a burning conviction that I have earned happiness and that one needs it here in the present world. When my corruption puts on incorruption I may be equal to something more elevating, like holy joy; but right now I wish to be recognized by some happier fate, not with honors, but a sort of levity peculiar to mortals.

This desire is the more exasperating because I have a shrewd suspicion that I have myself squandered that sense of life which is happiness. It is something innocent and lighter than one's sense of virtue, which I begin to believe leads to a sort of heavy vanity of the mind. I believe now that I might have been equally well off in virtues without taking them so seriously.

If I had my days to live over I should not be nearly so conceited about doing my duty; and I should exercise some wit about returning good for evil—not that I have done that, you understand, but what I mean is that I have frequently missed the Lord's mind entirely at this point, and that now I should be smarter about what kind of goodness I returned for evil. I would not encourage evil by being so senselessly and sentimentally kind in return. I would stick a few prongs in my goodness, as the Lord himself does when He punishes us for our sins. That also is goodness. The effect upon me in that case would not have been nearly so serious. I should have been more on the level.

As it is, I have come close to the hypocrisy of feeling nobler than I am on account of doing silly goodness to somebody who had despitefully used me.

I should like to get back to that honest feminine normalcy of being just a woman with the ordinary exercise of my give-and-take disposition. I would spare more time for living instead of working. I wish above everything else to indulge more in inconsequential conversation about just pleasant things. What has become of all the natural, cheerful little topics we used to discuss? I rarely ever hear a conversation now that does not turn out for the worst instead of ending in a gale of laughter.

Am I wrong, or is there a note of sinister wisdom in laughter these days? Is there some dreadful quality in the knowledge we are getting which changes innocent merriment to cynical hysteria? I must be wrong about this; but when you live alone most of the time, and only go abroad occasionally in the world, you do notice things like that—the eyes of people not so trustful of one another as I remember them long ago, a fearful wit, and that queer triumphant note in laughter like a comment indulged at the world's expense.

I am merely setting down my thoughts about all this as one thrusts out his hands in the dark and feels his way toward the door. What actually happens is that I spend most of my days alone here in this cabin with a companionable fire upon the hearth. Usually I get away with it; but if I am in a particularly keen mood, the illusion fails. I know it is only a bright combustion of heat and wood in the fireplace. No real sense to the crackling of these blazing logs. I read some, walk abroad with the dogs, and I have my usual look at the stars, as a poor lonesome shepherd may watch his flock a long way off and beyond his reach, but his sheep still. So are these stars mine. The heavens above this cabin are familiar to me like a garment I have worn a long time upon my heart.

But I have never seen an angel ascending or descending! That keeps one strained up too much—no respite from this business of believing what you cannot see with the naked eye.

I am not denying that it is good for the soul, but sometimes I have wished for something that was just good for me.

Growing up year after year in a place like this requires more studious application than taking a master's degree in a university, where you attend lectures and have a course of reading to defend you from thinking your own thoughts on that subject. It is a fact which you discover for yourself under the circumstances that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." We are at best no more than the imitators of wisdom. We borrow it, show off in it; but I have yet to see the faintest trace of natural wisdom in man, though the lower animals seem gifted with enough of it not to worry about their fate, whatever fate it is. I reckon this is the reason they remain lower, the damned harnessed victims of their content, as we are the more aspiring victims of our discontent, doubts and anxieties.

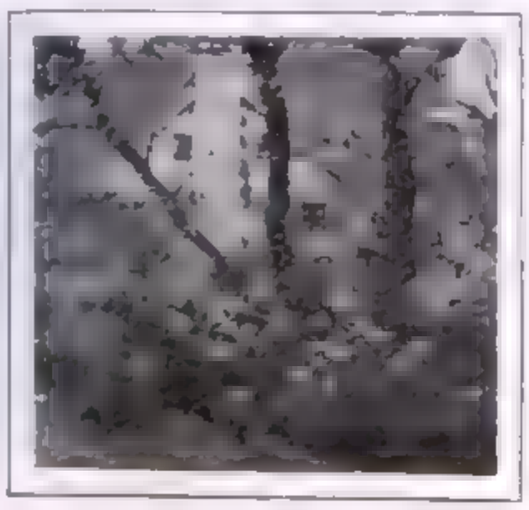
I do not think, for example, that a man ever lived who could have conceived the idea of peace. That is something handed down to us by inspiration and tradition from the great beginning. The Lord alone knows what peace is, and He declared it—"On earth peace, good will toward men." We have been repeating that Scripture for ages as children recite verses without the mind to comprehend the meaning. This is not hypocrisy on our part; it is our very nature to be incapable of peace.

After a while you get to the clear place in mind where you can see through so many theories and philosophies, even professions of faith, you know that they are no more than the defenses we throw up against our own weaknesses and fears. One of the touching revelations of this kind to me has been the shrewd way we shift for ourselves at the very last. We get a marvelous confidence in the goodness of God then. We come clean and do see Him, whether we were ever before pure in heart or not.

The last deathbed I attended was that of a notoriously wicked man. No saint could have been more serenely at peace so far as his immortal future was concerned. He had worked hard and sinned fiercely. No man, it seemed, was his brother; but he lay there upon his dingy pillows beneath his ragged quilt with the innocent eyes of a child. He had done with guilt. He was out of pain so far as the Lord was concerned. Lying so wanly weak, never again to move hand or foot, he assured me that he was ready to go. The idea that he would be off presently upon an immeasurable journey was fixed in his mind, accompanied by no fears.

They who stick to their creeds and the meaner mortal facts we all produce in living cannot comprehend the courage of a man like this. In considering his case they remember their favorite damnation doctrines, but never their own transgressions. Nothing will convince them that the Lord is not a theologian, but a Creator; and that a history of His will would be a history of the one fundamental law, not as we understand law, but what He has made it, followed whether you keep it or break it by inevitable consequences.

This man had broken it in his flesh, and was dying for that reason as surely as if he had cut himself down. But now he was forced at last to keep that last most



important part of it. With the vision of a child he had learned the meaning of God. He rested serenely upon what we preach and so rarely have the courage to achieve real faith in God, and it had turned out precisely as the Scriptures promise—eased him of every fear. His sins had been removed as far from his consciousness as presently his body would be. I felt very close and soothingly kin to him, and reverently amazed at this perfect miracle of faith; also glad that he would die and escape that pit of himself into which he surely would have fallen if he had survived.

As to facts, I have always been a faithful interpreter of the truth as my mind finds it; but I never have been able to stick to facts. In my opinion they are among the most misleading things we have to contend with in this present world. A fact is something somebody finds out about you that is not true, one of those capital-letter deeds you performed in a high mood or a low mood which is not characteristic of the man you really are. Personally, I had much rather be judged by the life I have lived than by the books I have written. In both places I have said things or done things that outrage the fact-tacking genius of critics. But on the whole I have come out very well.

My idea of heaven is a place where there are no hard and fast facts of mortality sticking to us, but we shall be what we really are, true hearts at last, easy to know and easier to believe, no reasons left to envy one another or to suspect one another. I have a faint impression that this may reduce mental activity among us beyond endurance, but I am willing to try it for a while.

I am not opposed to facts, you understand; but my point is that we attach too much importance to them as evidence. Facts make war; they are used by ambitious men and greedy men to sway the minds of people. Does anyone believe now that there would have been any Great War if the common people who furnished the cannon fodder for it had known the real truth underlying the conflict? I doubt it.

When the harvests are in and all the summertime guests are gone and a crisper, cooler silence begins to blow through this valley, I settle down to a nine months' stretch of living alone here in the best company to be had. What I mean is that you can lay the book you are reading on the shelf without being obliged to think about what you will serve to the hero and heroine for dinner that evening. But after dinner you can take it up again and resume your companionship with the author and these characters, which are frequently more interesting than real people, because they are derived from human nature at large and are the composites of many men and women. Also, there is the country in which they live, which may be on the other side of the world from where you live. So, sitting in your chair before your own fire, you enjoy all the benefits of travel without the inconvenience and confusion.

To read any one of Balzac's stories is like spending an evening in France, even if you have never been in France and cannot pronounce one single fluted word of that language. And to read Victor Hugo is like spending one half the evening among the sobbing stars and the other half of it amid scenes of the direst poverty made by the meanest minds.

Hugo was the dramatist of human emotions at their highest pitch and lowest ebb. He had the gift of being vicariously sublime in a character like that of the old communist or Jean Valjean, but I doubt if he himself possessed the attributes of any kind of permanent character. I have the feeling that he was an irresponsible person with a histrionic conscience and practically no modesty of morals. Otherwise it is not clear to me how we can account for the

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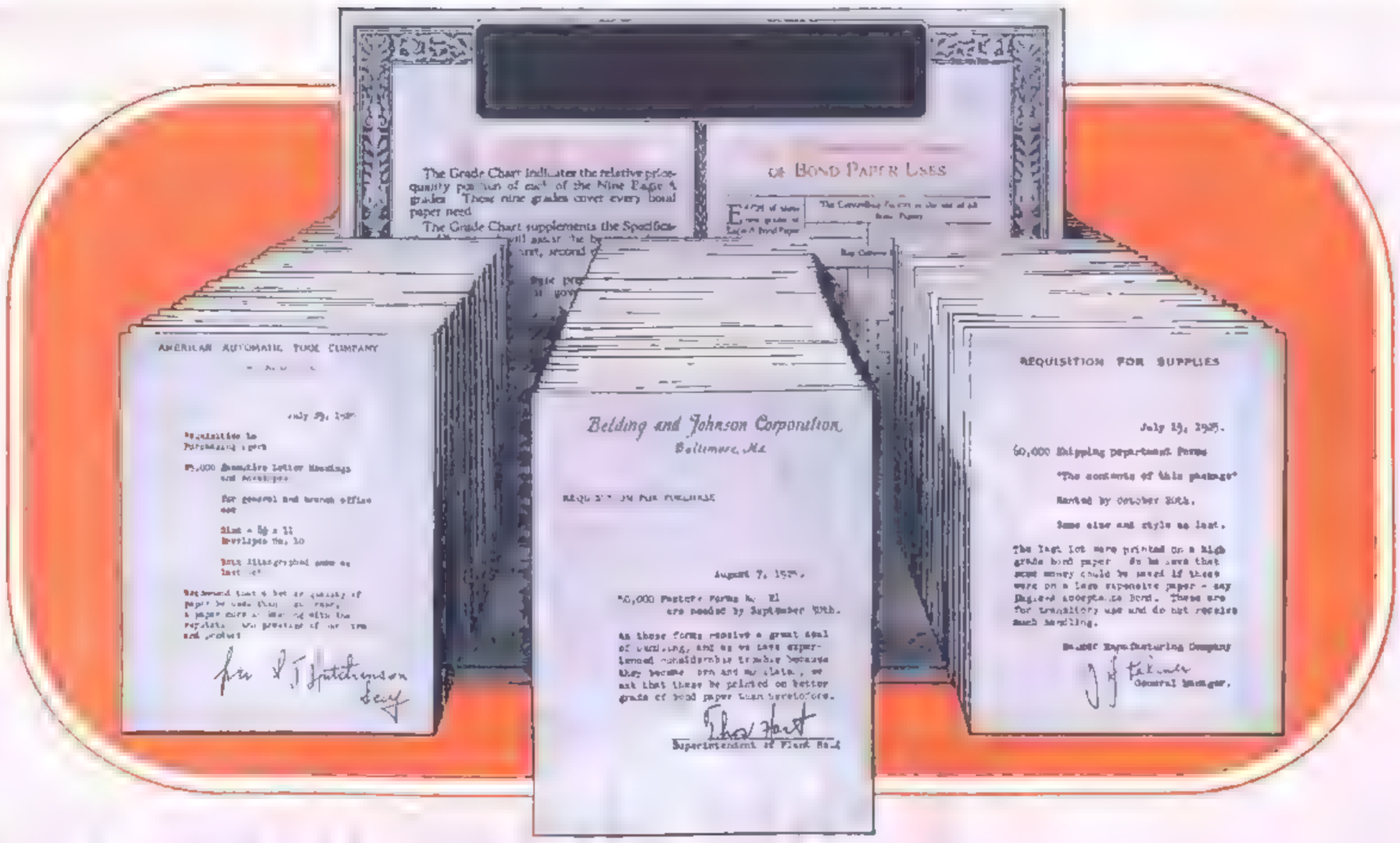
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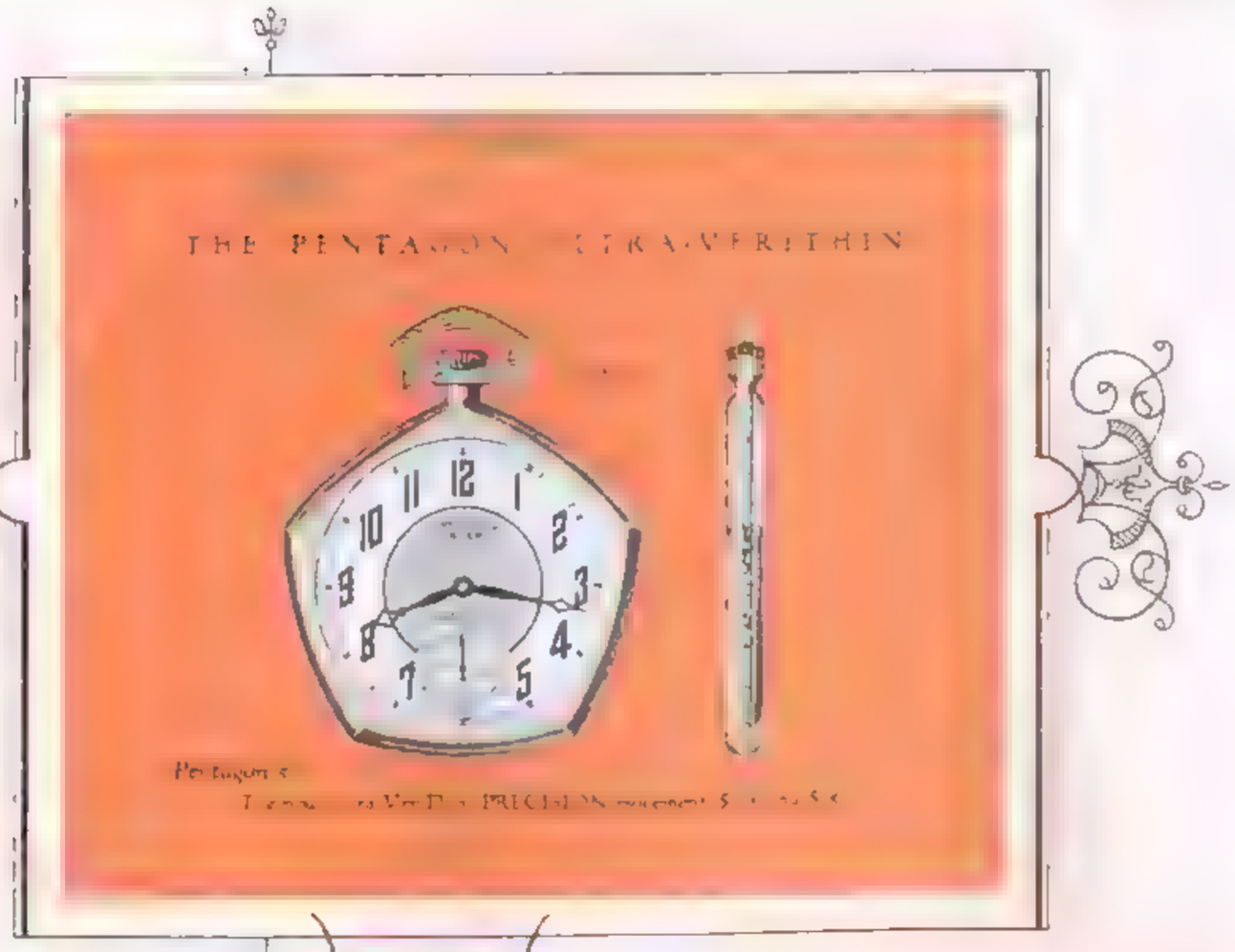

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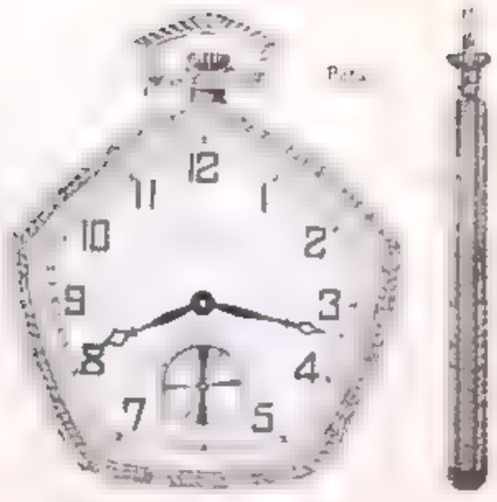

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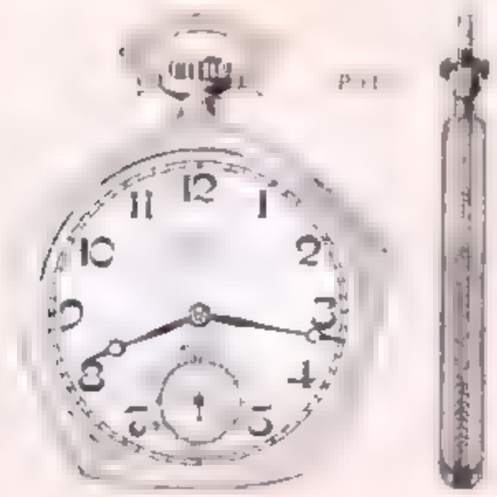

Pentagon 174
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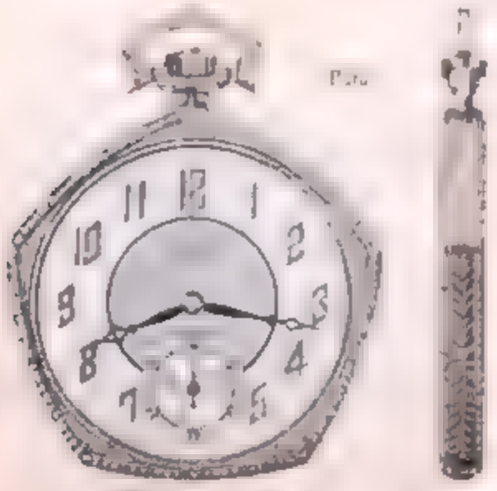

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This pledge mark of the GRUEN Guild is placed upon those watches of higher quality and finer finish
Pay a little more and get the best

(Continued from Page 216)

serial romances of his own life, or his description of the Battle of Waterloo, or the fact that he took his morning ablutions in a glass bathroom on top of his house. The sun was, indeed, above him, but the populace was also in attendance in the streets below.

As for Balzac, he was a literary comedian who handled the tragedies of the human heart with a wit kin to the irony of fate. He could never have interpreted any other people than the French. He is peculiar to them, a medium through which the France of his day still lives, loves, sins and suffers with a charm and a talent for indecency which it probably never had in reality. The art of a master is required to lift the squalor of the lowest lives and the grandeur of the noblest lives into imperishable scenes on paper, because in life they do change and fade into forgetfulness.

I recall one of his heroines, a stupid moron who could impart no animation to her immortality. He finds her reclining on a couch and spends ten thousand words describing her figure. I can spend a fascinating hour under that splendid spray of language, reading the mind and nature of the author.

Before he has done making images of this woman she has ceased to exist except as a feminine mollusk of beauty. Then I am invariably moved to mirth by his efforts to get her off the couch and induce her to say something or do something bad enough or sufficiently entrancing to justify his description. Only an author who has struggled with a stubborn or stupid character in a story can appreciate his dilemma, and the fiasco when she finally sits up and sobs, with no visible explanation of the sob. The reader is left in suspense until the next chapter reveals the cause of her grief, which is not grief at all, but the French hysteria of passion. It is clear to the envious like me that he cannot bear to sacrifice one sentence of the marvelous description he has written of her and that she can never measure up to it in actual performance.

I remember having a similar experience years ago with one of my own heroines who turned out to be another kind of fool. Nothing was farther from my expectations when I introduced her with a few complimentary sentences. I must have got the idea from an old valentine card. Anyway, she was standing beautifully gowned beside a tall fluted column on the veranda of a magnificent old Southern mansion. I managed to give the reader the impression that she was rich, handsome, thirty, not married and vaguely unhappy.

She stood regarding the gently rolling landscape with this expression, which was as far as my talents as a struggling literary genius could carry her. I knew what would happen to her next day, but by no flight of my imagination could I fathom the thoughts that should be passing through her sad spinster mind at that moment. Neither could I move her from her gracefully leaning pose against the column. She became cataleptic. I labored with her frantically through three blistering hot summer days without ever persuading her to so much as turn her head.

Finally, in desperation, I sent her an anonymous note by a messenger couched in the language of a bold lover, saying that he would see her presently and settle a few old scores. She had run through with many lovers in her earlier youth, and could only perceive that the chirography of this note was vaguely familiar. It was a disgraceful thing to do, but the effect was electrical. From that time to the end of the story I have never had a more elastic heroine. Every author must have similar experiences, but very few of us would dare Balzac's insolence to the reader's intelligence and get by with the performance.

Certain books are more interesting to read than others in a place like this. There is nothing in the sublime propriety of these trees, the wide skies above and this earth so innocently green below, to finance the erotic in fiction. It gives the impression of decadence artificially conceived in circumstances so old and decent.

Scott's novels go like a singing charm. So do Stevenson's stories. And it is the most pleasant place imaginable to read Addison's papers. But not Christopher North's Noctes Ambrosianæ; too much scholarly wit flashing between North and his brilliant companions in these ambrosial nights. My own experience is that, living alone with the stars by night and with the hills by day, the mind of the heavens and the earth overcome you and you cannot think of anything very smart or funny to say to yourself. I have never understood that great man who went off one summer, settled himself like a hermit in the midst of an immense landscape and wrote an essay on the Sense of Humor in Jesus. That which always impressed me more about Jesus was his sense of man, who is the tragic figure in all creation.

The one book stimulating beyond all others in a place like this is the Bible. No matter how great a theologian a man may be, I doubt if he could come anywhere near comprehending the wisdom and the majesty of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job unless he has spent years in the wind and weather of a quiet place:

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

"Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding."

Job makes no reply.

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof;

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Job remains silent.

"Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb?"

"When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,

"And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors,

"And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"

Job hangs his old gray head.

"Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place;

"That it might take hold of the ends of the earth ——"

When you consider that these are the unthinkable thoughts of the Almighty which must be delivered by the tongue of a mortal man and that the trace of his emotion and simplicity runs through them like a weakness, it is amazing how near he caught the majesty and meaning of what he had to tell. Nothing ever written compares with the last five chapters of the Book of Job and the first five chapters of Genesis, and the authors of these books were the popular writers of their day. Compare their works with the works of modern poets, novelists or historians. Let any modern scientist answer the questions the Lord put to Job, and observe how reduced in manner and substance his answers are. He gets the stuff out of his mind, but these Scriptures were blown across creation to the minds of the men who recorded them. They have a roll and a rumble mortal intelligence can never impart, and they contain more hints of scientific truth than the wisest among us have found out, though they labor in that direction.

We are still wrinkling our noses and squinting through a telescope at Mars, disputing about that one little bright speck in the heavens. If this planet had been mentioned by a single prophet in the Bible, we should know more about it than the astronomers will ever find out, just as there is more information about creation as applied to this earth in Genesis than has ever been translated into the terms of science.

I have long since accepted the heavens and the earth as a part of my future scriptures and let it all go at that.

But at this safe distance I have spent much time observing men and the world they are making through the field glasses of my mind. I still prefer it to any world women can make. This is not an indication of turpitude, but due, no doubt, to my gender and the association of ideas. We know that men are strong by the deeds they have performed, the cities they have built and the cities they have taken; by the courage they have shown in war and in the face of wildernesses to be conquered, and by every hardship which women endure but cannot overcome. So I instinctively look up to men.

I am not defending myself, although women have made great strides recently in discovering how weak and unworthy men have always been of the confidence we reposed in them. I am not reposing much confidence in them, but I am simply admitting that the tilt of my gaze toward them is instinctive and prayerful, not rational, any more than personal faith in God would be regarded as reasonable by a materialist. But observe the advantage I have of the rationalist, who is reduced to the dirt dauber's creed of worshiping his own intellect, while I enjoy the more becoming distinction of spreading wider wings upward.

My ideas about men spring from the same shrewd source of financing my future by faith—that evidence of things hoped for but not seen. I am determined to remain the weaker vessel and to hold them to the higher altitude of superior beings. It is more profitable and the surest way of forcing them to make good. They are only too willing to part with their responsibilities to these valiant modern women who are so anxious to prove their own ability to assume these burdens and bear them.

I have no doubt there is a smile up the sleeve of every man in this country as he watches the return of his women to servitude, not the old domestic bondage, but every other kind. Millions of them bread winners, filling positions at half the price these positions paid when men filled them. No wonder men can afford an eight-hour working day. Enough women are working longer hours to more than make up the difference in the common-to-all income. No wonder there are so many strikes. They can afford the luxury and disturbance on the sweat of the women.

In the same way they are serving men in politics, because they can reach a class of constituents the male candidate cannot reach, and because they can practice arts he never had to get him elected. I am wondering what will happen when these women discover that they cannot make this a good little world to live in by amendments, and that all their labor and devotions have been spent for the promotion and gratification of men, as usual. My prediction is that there will be such a shrieking strike as the whole National Guard cannot put down, because every striker will rush home and fling herself upon the bed to do her shrieking.

I hope I shall live to see that day. It will mark the defeat of men and their return to duty in a strangely diminished frame of mind. But I shall never see it. The thing will come to pass so gradually, one woman at a time coming to her senses, and then taking refuge in nervous prostration or some other condition obviously and naturally beyond the power of men to reach or control her.

But what I am trying to do now is to indicate the way I have passed the time for so many years in this quiet place. One cannot work all the time, and I was never one of those worms that inhabit books written by others. If it is a particularly entrancing tale, I close the book and envy the author. I pace the floor and wring the neck of my spirit in grief because I shall

(Continued on Page 221)

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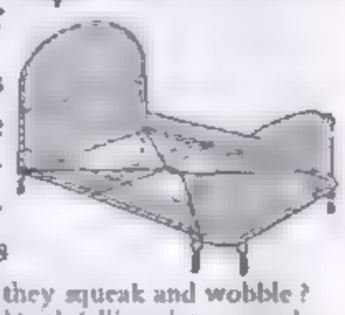

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(Continued from Page 219)

never write anything so good. There are stacks of little ragged notebooks scattered in the dusty corners of this study which carry the record of these idle hours. Rarely ever a diary note in them of my own performances, but they contain studies of men and women.

At that hour of the evening when mother used to pick up her knitting and pass into a peaceful trance of industry, I reach for one of these headless blank books and write characters from memory. Maybe of one dead long since, but I recall her with a comprehension I never had when she was in the flesh. The copy she has left behind her is cleared of the fog which living casts over us. Or it is of one whom I never knew, but I have heard or read a news item concerning him which omits every personal detail. I piece him together as you construct a mastodon from the bones he left behind him. I have some grand portraits of the prophets made this way, intimate and terrible like the Scriptures they left behind them. Sometimes I get the whiff of a man's reputation, compare it with his deeds and deduce a character which is finer or worse than either the one or the other. After this it is easy to draw the features of his face, the length of his legs, the cut or sag of his eyes.

Presently I have a hero or a knave put together, respiration as good as Adam's, who may come in handy for copy.

There is one whom I always wanted to put into a tale, but could never set up a situation sufficiently noble and stupid to contain him. He is old now and coming to his end; but in the days when I knew him he was a great man who had no manner or sensibility about achieving greatness—homely, with what you might call a country-town smile, which is an expression of facial simplicity. He had a splendid figure and wore his clothes as if he hated clothes. He walked as if he were stepping over dead bodies. I do not know why, because he was by nature singularly merciful. He worked indefatigably and rose to the top of his profession without distinction.

This vicious stride he had was an offense his fellow men would not forgive. His unpopularity was cumulative. He did not need to boast to get it; he had only to be seen striding along the street to his office, down the aisle of a church, or even as a pallbearer at a funeral, to add fury to these flames that never consumed him. He loved music and had no talent for it, but he always kept mute musical instruments in his house, as some people keep a Bible on the center table which they do not read. He loved learning and had no learning, but he had the finest private library in the city; not to show his friends, because he had no friends, but probably by way of brushing shoulders with poets, philosophers and historians.

The queer thing was that he read these books, as you perform a wearying task. Every evening for twenty years he would sit down in this library, cross his legs, lean back like a tired man and get through as many pages of a volume as he could endure before bedtime. He never referred to this prodigious labor, and no one ever heard him quote an opinion or passage from one of these books. He made his own opinions and maintained them without citing authorities to uphold them.

I seem to have filled a notebook with speculations half touching, half humorous, on the character of this man; but it appears from the record that I could not determine whether he formed this habit of reading as a lonely person sometimes plays solitaire to pass the time, or whether it was a terrific duty he performed toward himself. In any case, I record the sequel. He finally simmered down to silence and fishing. His conscience was clear. He had read every volume in that populous library and now reads no more.

Follows a very good paragraph on the quality of valor peculiar to noble stupidity. It shows up cleaner than the makeshift courage of smarter people. But I must have been by this man as Lundy used to be by the great textbook he would write for teaching Greek. He had the idea, as entrancing as any fiction could be, but he did not write the book. Such a romance of the rudiments of a language was really beyond any man to achieve.

Just so, you will not find a trace of this valorous dunce so carefully thought out in any story I have written. Evidently I could not find the deeds to dramatize him.

Many writers probably practice their art in this manner, as those of us who are not writers practice the oral art of gossiping. I have sometimes wondered if an author's sketchbook might not read better than an artist's sketchbook looks. But it is unusual to be reduced to talking to yourself with a pen about people whom you have actually known or suspected by way of entertainment.

I suppose the shortening of human life is really a blessing. This may be why so many men and women look forward to immortal life. That would involve an incredible change not only of scenes but of conditions. We should be relieved of both our virtues and vices, and that wearing monitor inside, conscience; of appetites, indigestion and every other vicissitude of the mortal mind and the mortal body. Certainly we do tire of any existence we work out for ourselves if we keep an active mind, because the mind no less than the spirit of man is migratory. So he migrates, or endures all the hardships of a sabbatical year, or he changes his business, or he retires from business.

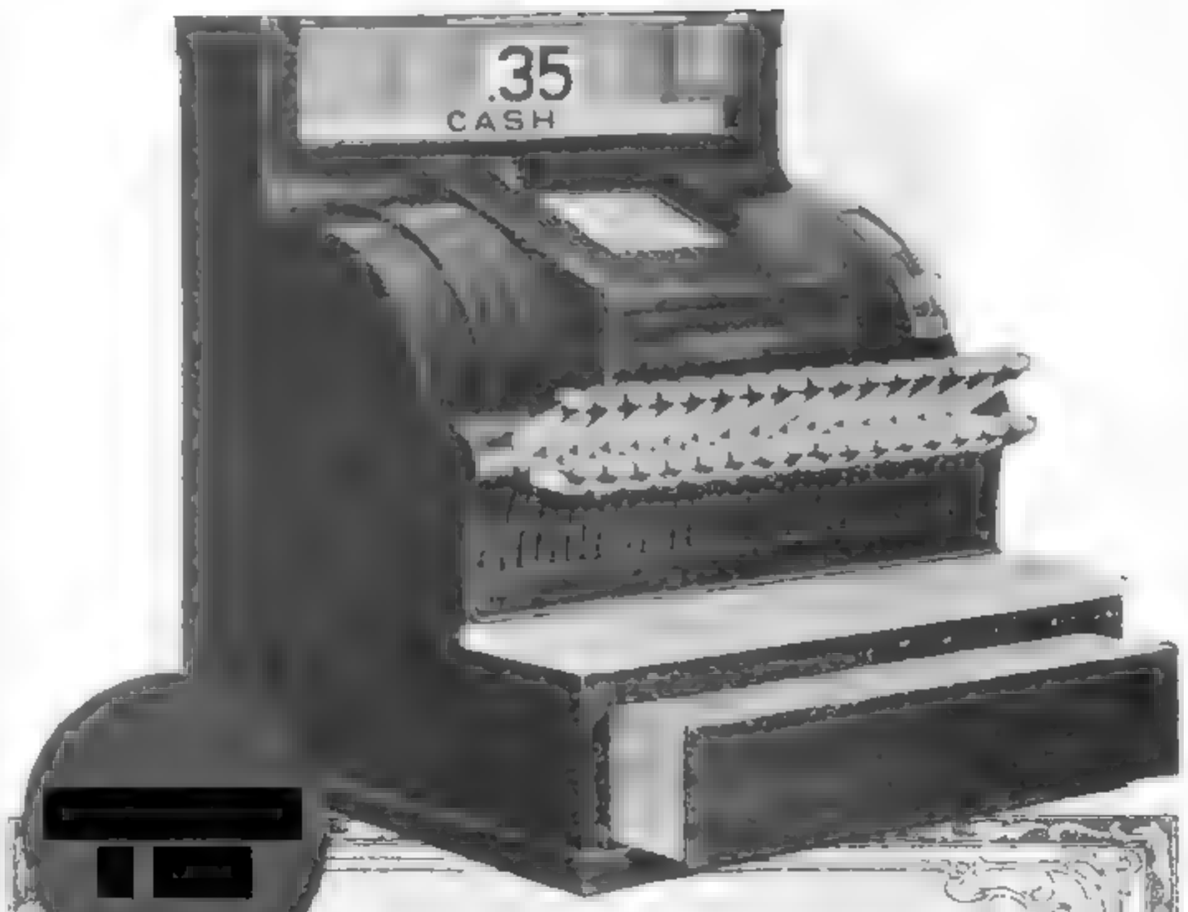
The point is that we are made so that we cannot stay put, as the saying goes, without disintegrating.

Lately I have contemplated the adventure of sailing forth into the world as one goes to meet a good old comrade. But the more I think about it, the more it seems to me that I might meet a stranger not suitable to my years or habits of thought. The mind and character of the world I knew have changed.

When I left it in 1912 to take up my residence in this valley, nearly as many people in Nashville attended prayer meeting on Wednesday night as went to the theater on other evenings. A popular preacher was a good pastor, but never the sensational feature of the Sunday morning paper. The Methodist Church had not lifted the ban on worldly amusements, and we had only a few earthly amusements, like playing flinch and croquet. As a church, it was lenient toward penitents on principle. Nobody would have dreamed of putting on a drive for seventy-five million dollars for Christian education. The price of salvation and education has advanced more than worldly luxuries since then.

Women were still in hot pursuit of culture if they were particularly worldly minded. Otherwise they were the handmaidens of the Lord as usual. Polite social gambling was limited to a very small set, and was not recognized as a respectable diversion. Now these same women are citizens, politicians and reformers. They have the same brains, the same natures, the same nervous systems they have always had, which are differently tempered from those of men; but they are running neck and neck now with men in civic virtue and public service. Even more of them are testing out these vices which formerly were supposed to be peculiar to men. They are much more easily deceived by their own emotions and by the flattery of politicians than the simplest maidens ever were by the eloquence of false lovers. I suppose when they realize that they have caught the bull by the horns they will retire from public life, go home and pay more attention to their yearling sons and daughters. Right now it seems to me that there are too many delinquent mothers broadcasting noble thoughts as mere citizens.

I shrink like a criminal from a nearer approach to these women. I have neither the rostrum mind nor the qualities of courage suitable for bearing banners in a parade. I must vote because it is my duty now to



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Rochester, N. Y.
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San Antonio, Tex.
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Seattle, Wash.
Sioux City, Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
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Toledo, Ohio
Toronto, Ont.
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Nature's perfect food~ Whole wheat!

Tempting golden Wheatena! Each delicious spoonful fairly laden with the sunny strength of the wheatfields!

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Plump, golden grains of choicest winter wheat—roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. *All* the flavor and nourishment are retained—the *real* golden heart of the wheat—the minerals—the carbohydrates—the proteins *and the bran*—nature's safe regulator. *All* the elements you need to build bone, muscle, tissue and to add golden years to your life. Treat your family to Wheatena today.

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Wheatena

do so, but this is taxing to my moral nature on account of the character of the candidates put up. When it comes to choosing a politician for office I am a conscientious objector. I am an impractical Democrat who would prefer to vote for a Republican if he proved more nearly competent. I have barely sense enough not to follow my conscience in this matter, and must always keep out of the way or stand among more valiant women a cubit short of the correct political stature. This keeps me silent when I should like to write a few pertinent political paragraphs for publication, especially before elections

Crime has become an intellectual pursuit and a profitable profession these latter years. Formerly only rascals and defectives became criminals; now learned men and youngsters choose criminal careers The youths are criminally insane because they have not received the training and discipline necessary to insure moral sanity. The passing of parents is a tragic circumstance. Formerly they exercised control and commanded obedience of their children. Now they do not. I know many families where the elder sons and daughters were brought up, you may say, under the old dispensation of parental authority, while the younger ones have grown up under the new order since the spirit of the times has changed. They matriculate into the streets, then into an adventurous school life, and finally into the universities, where they are provided with funds and speed facilities that would turn the head of a wise man, besides being made subjects for intellectual experiments by professors who have theories to prove.

The contrast between the characters of the older and younger sons and daughters in these families is frightfully significant. The first are morally sane, the others are not

Even if they commit no crimes, they practice a license in conduct and thinking which leads to the disruption of society.

This is the reason why the defense of these young criminals depends upon the testimony of alienists rather than upon the evidence of witnesses to their crime. They have managed in this sentimental age to struggle beyond the control of parents and beyond the reach of judges and juries. They are voluntary moral idiots with intellectual leanings toward every vice. My feeling is that we wait too long to send for the alienist. One should be employed to visit these boys and girls like any other health officer, so that we may be warned in time of sprouting criminals.

Somewhere in this confusion men and women are passing out into the light of great achievements. Maybe the time will come when the science of medicine will have advanced so far inoculation will take the place of morals in eradicating the physical effects of vice. But to what end? Nature is a better economist. She condemns the depraved to death. Disease is her quarantine method against every excess Maybe in time we shall have more and more machinery to do the work of the world. They will not strike or join a labor union, but neither will they work without a man's brain and aid to guide them. In any case, what is to become of the surplus man power?

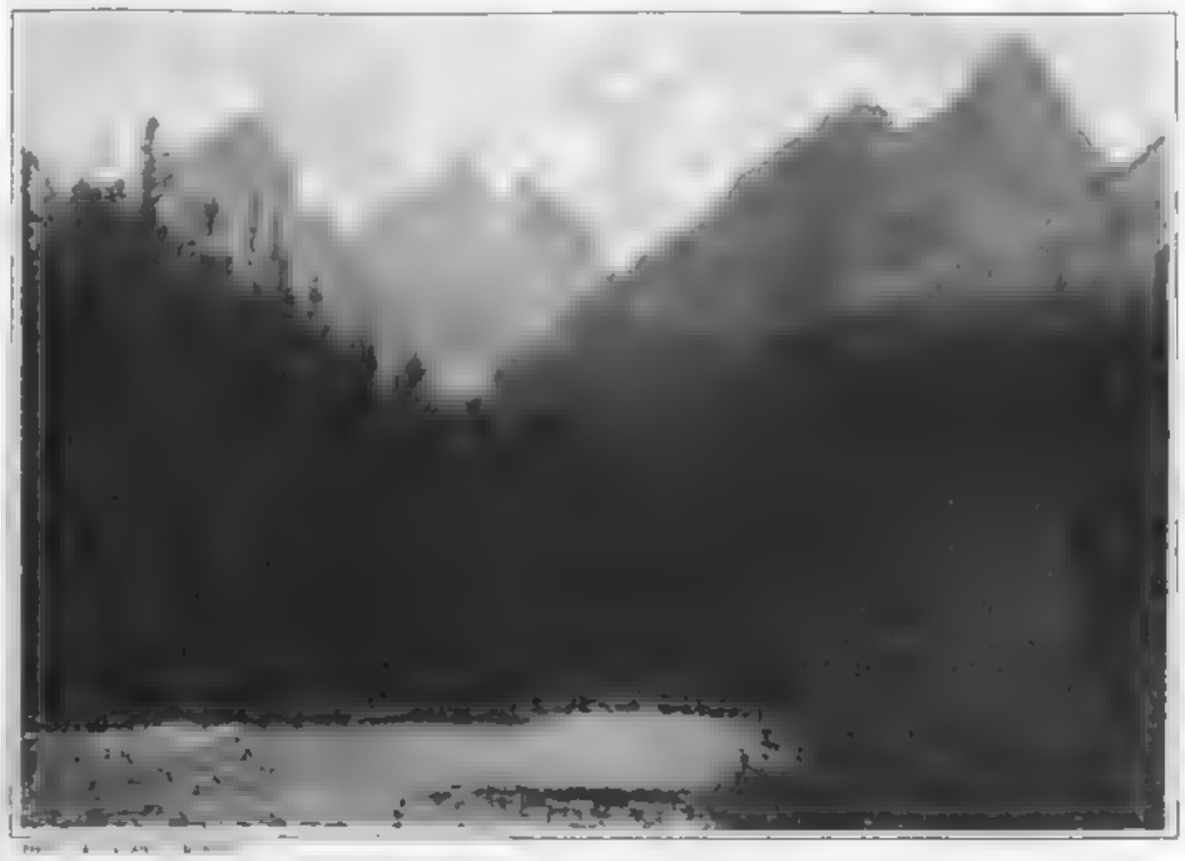
This is not a happy moment in the world's history. Never was there such a smoke screen between us and the future. I have a great wish to travel out there, at least to the edge of it, not as a tourist, but as a tired pilgrim who has come a long way in bad weather lifts his eyes and sees through the darkness a light shining, the open door of a house warm with peace and kindness. I want again at the very last the faith and hopes with which I started life. I remember that feeling, a sort of winged lightness of the heart. But I may never find the way. Something seems to be turning to ashes on my lips; not this valley or the scenes I have laid in it for happiness, but it is because I have no power of happiness now in me.

At the risk of offending many people, but with the hope of helping a few who are making the same mistake, I am venturing at the very end of the record to set down the only explanation that occurs to me: I believe I have totally misunderstood the Scriptures by which I was guided during the formative years of my life. I had in the beginning a natural gift for the simplest, most innocent happiness. I needed no more than a bright day and a long path winding across the hills and through the fields. I had a mind which retained the lacy shadows leaves made upon the ground. Now I seem to have lost the will to take these little idle paths to peace and happiness. I could weep sometimes when at this season of the year the wind blows a shower of yellow elm leaves twinkling like gold high in the sunlight because I can only see them. I do not feel the loveliness of the sight.

The reason is that I have spent my life and strength in service and sacrifice according to the way the Scriptures have been heaped upon me by preachers and my own dear saint who died a martyr's death to such teachings. If I had had the courage to interpret them according to my own good senses, provided especially by the Lord for that purpose, I should have known the doctrines precisely as He promises.

How many sermons I have heard from this text, "Bear ye one another's burdens," but not one preacher ever interpreted them to mean, "Do not bear the other fellow's burden unless he will bear one of yours." Therefore this bearing of other people's burdens has contributed more to damnable selfishness in this world than any other

(Continued on Page 225)



The Grand Tetons, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

Rollins Runstop

An embarrassing situation

• • • but not nearly so bad as in the old days when she might have had to display a garter run. She's one of the thousands of women wearing Rollins Runstop stockings.

Full-fashioned, the peak of the style, just the right shade and sheerness, the beauty and the pat fit of pure silk • • • That's the lure of Rollins Runstop.

Certainty of long wear with the patented Runstop stopping all garter runs • • • that's the value, the economy, of this fine silk stocking.

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Chicago Office: 904 Medinah Building, 30 South Wabash
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Always red—a dainty touch of color at the knee—Rollins Runstop is the mark of style and beauty and the means to greater economy in fine, full-fashioned silk stockings. It stops all garter runs. This Rollins Runstop girl is on the box top.

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Down the Hudson from Albany to New York, the speedboat Baby Gar IV, piloted by Gar Wood, raced the New York Central's crack flier—finishing, a winner, in 2 hours 58 minutes. In that same time, the world bought 4272 more Dunlops.

While Gar Wood was beating the 20th Century

the world bought 4272 more Dunlops

MIGHTY measuring sticks—the speed records of the world—are needed to measure Dunlop *supremacy*—Dunlop *preference*.

Today, Dunlops are giving motorists greater satisfaction than they have ever known. Today, a Dunlop Tire—for passenger car, truck, bus, or bicycle—is bought *every 2½ seconds*.

Because they are the most world-widely bought of all tires, your Dunlops come to you at no greater cost than ordinary tires.

It is extravagant to pay more; risky to pay less.

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EVERY 2½ SECONDS

somewhere in the world someone buys a

DUNLOP

Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Continued from Page 222

Christian virtue. Here is another one, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

I got the right cue on that one long ago. When Lundy was in mortal need of some earthly blessing, I used to go out and seek it with both hands and knock on every door until the right one opened to him. But I lacked the time and sense to practice the same wisdom for myself. I have earned more than I deserve, heaven knows, but I have not sought sensibly the little things I needed for happiness. I have wasted too much of my time for others, without having the spiritual gumption to ask them to pay it back. There is no telling how much moral damage I have done in this world practicing the religion I have been taught, which I now know was a puerile and spiritually illiterate interpretation of the Scriptures. I have had my share of blame in making whimpering parasites of honest people in the name of the Lord. It was blasphemous, and my hope for forgiveness is repentance and a determination to reform.

I shall never be able to face what remains of the future properly without weaning myself of this inglorious and sentimentally spiritual past. Therefore I must change my scenes, as a bad man sometimes goes off to escape the temptation of evil companions. At the present moment I am in bondage to all manner of charitable habits and false obligations which would read like the calendar of a saint's deeds if I should set them down here, but they are really the tax I pay upon a wrong interpretation of the Christian life.

This is what I have discovered—that there is no way to satisfy a sentimental conscience. It is the thief in your breast. The more you give, the more will it urge you to give; the more you sacrifice, the greater sacrifices will it demand of you. I am determined to stop gratifying my conscience. I am far more honorable and sensible than it is. I shall be guided by my sense. And that points directly to casting off every weight that besets me and looking about for the fair weather of happier days.

My idea is to prove the Scriptures by seeking and finding happiness. I am late starting off on this adventure, and I have no very definite idea about the direction in which happiness lies, but that very uncertainty has a sort of sparkle in it. My feeling now is that I shall need only to get away from my dreadful past to find it changing me to some easier goodness of mind, a place where I can sit down and not be responsible for anything or anybody, where I shall feel light on my feet and ready to travel a long way in bright silence to another country. Sometimes it seems to me that I may be thinking of the kingdom of heaven.

We do grow up at last somewhere, but not in this present world. We invariably pass out of it trying to add another cubit to our stature, topping it off with a poor little deed of no importance to anyone but ourselves. I doubt if any man or woman, however old, is really ready to give up his ghost. There is something he had not time to say or to finish before this chill came on and this shortening of the breath. Maybe it is a blessed illusion with which we instinctively finance our feeling of worth and importance when we are no longer of any worth or importance, but I do not think so. My idea is that it may be a sort of adult intimation of immortality, a feeling of incompleteness, as if there must be much more life in which to finish up things; not the things we started here, but other cubits to be added later. I have always thought of saints as being exceedingly tall spirits, probably a trifle top-heavy as to their countenances.

As I have grown older I am more and more convinced that I have not grown up, that my powers have not come to me, nor my real wisdom to do and achieve the right thoughts. I lack some dear grace. I cannot seem to steady down and get the single eye. There is a curriculum in living which I have not studied. This may be happiness. I want to know it; I should feel better prepared for immortality. I do not wish to arrive fagged at last and a bit slipshod in the spirit, as if I had a hard time all my mortal life. It is not complimentary to God. I wish to come up before His face in a high mood as if I had tasted all His benefits. I wish to be clothed in the bright garments of my human happiness, more colorful than the glistening white robes of the merely redeemed.

I have an intimate feeling of God that this is a bright idea, and that at least it is permitted one may seek happiness even if at last he must sink into the defeat of mere peace.

(THE END)

Comfortable Style

WHEN STYLE combines perfect comfort with conservative dignity, it is no wonder that the style becomes overwhelmingly popular.

And that is just the reason why Pioneer Wide Belts are the vogue with every age and type of men.

If you are young and slim, you'll like the smartness of the mannish tongue buckle, and the perfect hang for the trousers; if you're older and a bit inclined to stoutness, your waist line will smile at the easy support and comfort. And the tongue buckle can't slip!

The most popular width is 1½ inches. The colors are Black, Tan, Fair and Gray. They retail at $1.00 and $1.50. Buckle designs are exclusively Pioneer. Insist on Pioneer Wide Belts—you'll know you have the best.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters

PIONEER

WIDE BELTS

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1925.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company,
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa

Editor, George Horace Lorimer,
Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins,
Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

2. That the owners are: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
W. D. Fuller, Woodbury, New Jersey
John Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Narberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

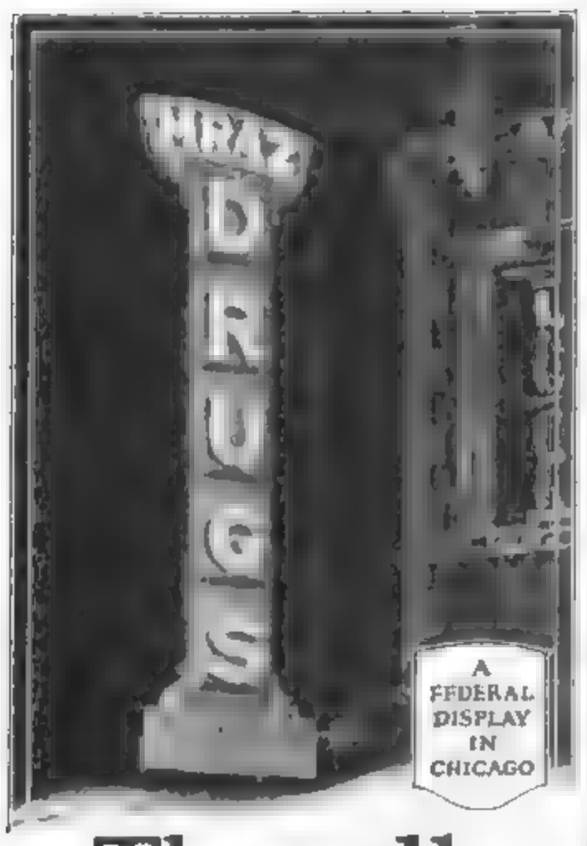
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1925.

[SEAL] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1927)



That all may know

PERSONAL popularity is a fine background for trade—but a weak support when it is depended upon alone to bring business.

Small stores, especially, need the stimulation of modern methods and accessories that give rank and importance to meet the competition of larger and older stores.

Electrical Display Advertising, effective 24 hours every day, has proved to be most resultful and economical for such purposes.

Federal Electrical Signs include all dependable types in all sizes from the modest small ones to the most elaborate special displays.

Service is available in any of the cities named below. This embraces designing, installation and continuous care at a monthly service charge, which includes electricity. You can buy Federal signs outright for use anywhere. In most cities, the electric lighting company will arrange for any service which is necessary or desired.

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Branch Offices:

Baltimore, Md.	Milwaukee, Wis.
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Kansas City, Mo.	Philadelphia, Pa.
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25 Years of Adherence
to the highest quality of standards

ADVERTISING FEDERAL ELECTRIC SERVICE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 42

up eighty-five thousand dollars on Floridy real estate last week an' he's never been south o' Greenwood, Indianny.

"I jest kissed a ten-dollar bill good-by last May an' let it use its own jedgment. I'm expectin' a telegram any minute about another deal an' that's why I hain't at Jim's funeral. I may take a run out t' th' cemetery after th' telegraph office closes."

I guess ther's never been anything like th' bustle an' excitement that's goin' on in Floridy this season. Tell Binkley writes that fine, well-t'-do women, real social leaders, are cappin' fer real-estate firms jest like women used t' cap fer beer halls. All o' th' big winter hotels are open an' operate on th' American plan, an' tourist guests'll stop right in th' middle of a big eighty-five thousand deal, or often drive one hundred and seventy-five miles, rather'n lose out on a meal o' boilin' meat, grapefruit salad an' sweet p'taters. An' most o' th' big hotels charge fifteen dollars a day single, not double, an' some tourists are gittin' divorces t' cut down expenses.

Floridy is certainly a Utopia fer barbers, manicurists, waiters, telegraph operators, plasterers, an' nice neat-appearin' plausible talkers with cars; but Tell says that if he wuz a harness maker or a coal miner, he don't believe he'd like t' live in Floridy th' year around. He says ever'thing runs jest as high in Floridy as th' excitement. A fairly good orange costs as much in Orlando as it does in Spitzbergen, while desk room runs from one hundred and seventy-five dollars t' eighty-five thousand dollars a front foot. Th' only thing you git fer nothin' in Floridy is band music. Ever' town an' city has a band park full o' oom-ta-ta musicians t' keep th' tourists' minds off th' folks back home. An' ther's prob'ly no other section throughout th' world where an alto player is picked up as readily as he is in Floridy, an' it's no uncommon thing fer an alto player t' earn enough durin' a Floridy tourist season t' stay a week longer in Floridy after th' season closes.

When a feller sells his home in Floridy fer eighty-five thousand dollars, he don't move out, fer nobuddy'll own th' home long enough after it starts t' sellin' t' have time t' move int' it. Floridy towns are growin' so fast a feller frequently carries a letter three days before he finds a letter box. They've widened th' streets in Miammy so often that th' sidewalks are so narrow you have t' walk on th' window sills, while water mains have jest given up tryin' t' keep pace with things an' have turned back discouraged. Great public characters, actors, scientists, statesmen, who dropped out o' th' public eye years ago, may be seen on all sides at Palm Beach ridin' bicycles.

Floridy bell boys alone'll clean up eighty-five thousand dollars this summer sprayin' red ants. Pullman trains on th' Flagler system are so long that when you git off at Miammy you're in Fort Lauderdale. Ther's enough lots staked off at Boynton, Floridy, t' accommodate Bombay, India, with a couple o' polo fields thrown in. When Squire Marsh Swallow wuz postmaster a patent-medicine concern offered him a ten-acre tract in Floridy fer th' names an' addresses o' ten persons affected with sciatic rheumatism an' he refused. Ther's a five million dollar hotel on that ground t'day

It must be grand t' git a telegraphic nibble on a piece o' Floridy swale an' know you kin git anything fer it you may decide on, one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, fer instance. Ther's three hundred and forty-nine thousand abandoned flivvers scattered o'er Floridy, cast aside by Northerners that grabbed th' first thing that came along t' git t' th' land o' promise.

Jacksonville is pretty fer north, but don't think fer a minute it hain't gittin' in on th' boom. It sells at least one hot dog t' ever' tourist that goes t' Floridy. St. Petersburg boasts of a stake driver that hain't had an hour off in two years. Painter Art Smiley has been in Floridy almost two years without an idle moment, an' makin' big money paintin' out high-water marks on real-estate signs. Ther's no sunstrokes, inheritance taxes, state income taxes or pneumony in Floridy. Th' statistics fer 1924 show that 95 per cent o' th' deaths wuz from th' infirmities o' ole age, an' 5 per cent from fallin' coconuts. Th' pop'lar sum t' clean up seems t' be one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, although some admit makin' more. Lon Moon, Indianny state organizer o' th' Middle South Floridy Homeseekers' Club, writes that they'll begin t' plat Lake Hatchincha not later'n next week, an' all members wishin' t' save out yacht basins should wire at once.

It must be fine t' have Floridy holdin's if you've got somebuddy right there on th' water that you kin trust t' tell you when t' let go. Elmer Peters an' family, who went from Jacksonville t' Fort Pierce in a house boat, writes that he's sold th' boat fer one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars t' a party that'll add another story an' build a causeway out t' it.

Christmus presents fer Floridy should not be mailed later than October first. Th' World War turned out some funny-lookin' millionaires, but jest wait till th' crowd gits back from Floridy next spring an' see th' strange mugs that'll be peepin' out o' limousines.

—*Abe Martin.*

Colors

I RECK not though they're buff or green,
Or dun as dust-dimmed desert rocks,
If glinting gold, a lustrous sheen
That blends with corn in yellow shocks;
They may be mauve or salmon-pink,
And sport the gaudiest of clocks:
I little care what folks may think;
I'll wear a tie to match my socks.

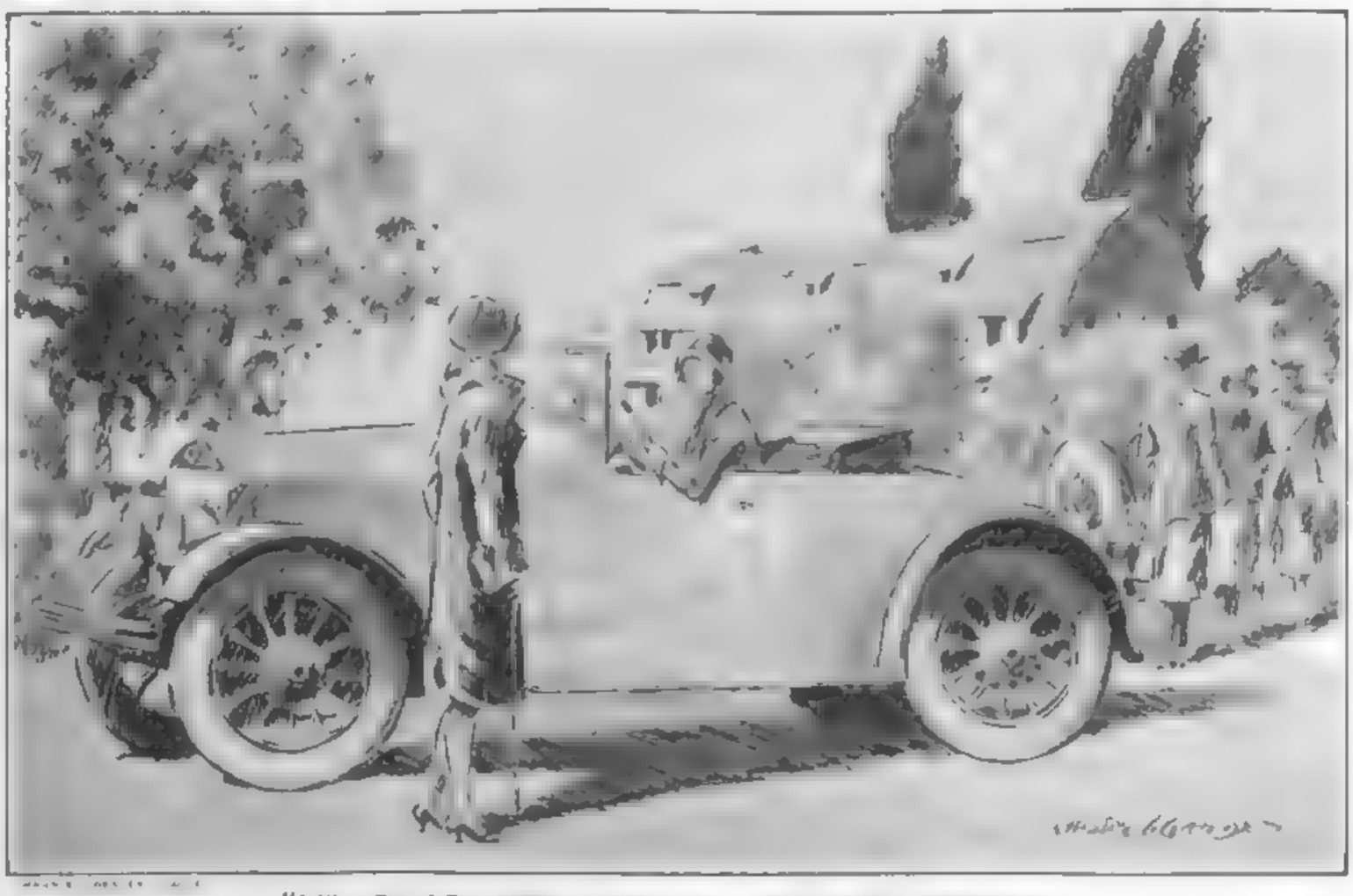
No shrieking hue can fill with fear
This heart; no scornful voice that mocks,
No pleading, wailing, moan or tear
Can change the purpose that it locks
In hallowed silence; bring on jade,
Vermilion, ocher, fawn in flocks!
Serene and placid, undismayed,
I'll wear a tie to match my socks.

Where'er I saunter, stroll or trek
With ankles far out-phloxing phlox,
A kindred shade about my neck
Will harmonize—despite the knocks,
The ridicule and caustic jeer
Of country lanes and city blocks:
And though I grace a martyr's bier
I'll wear a tie to match my socks.

L'Envoi

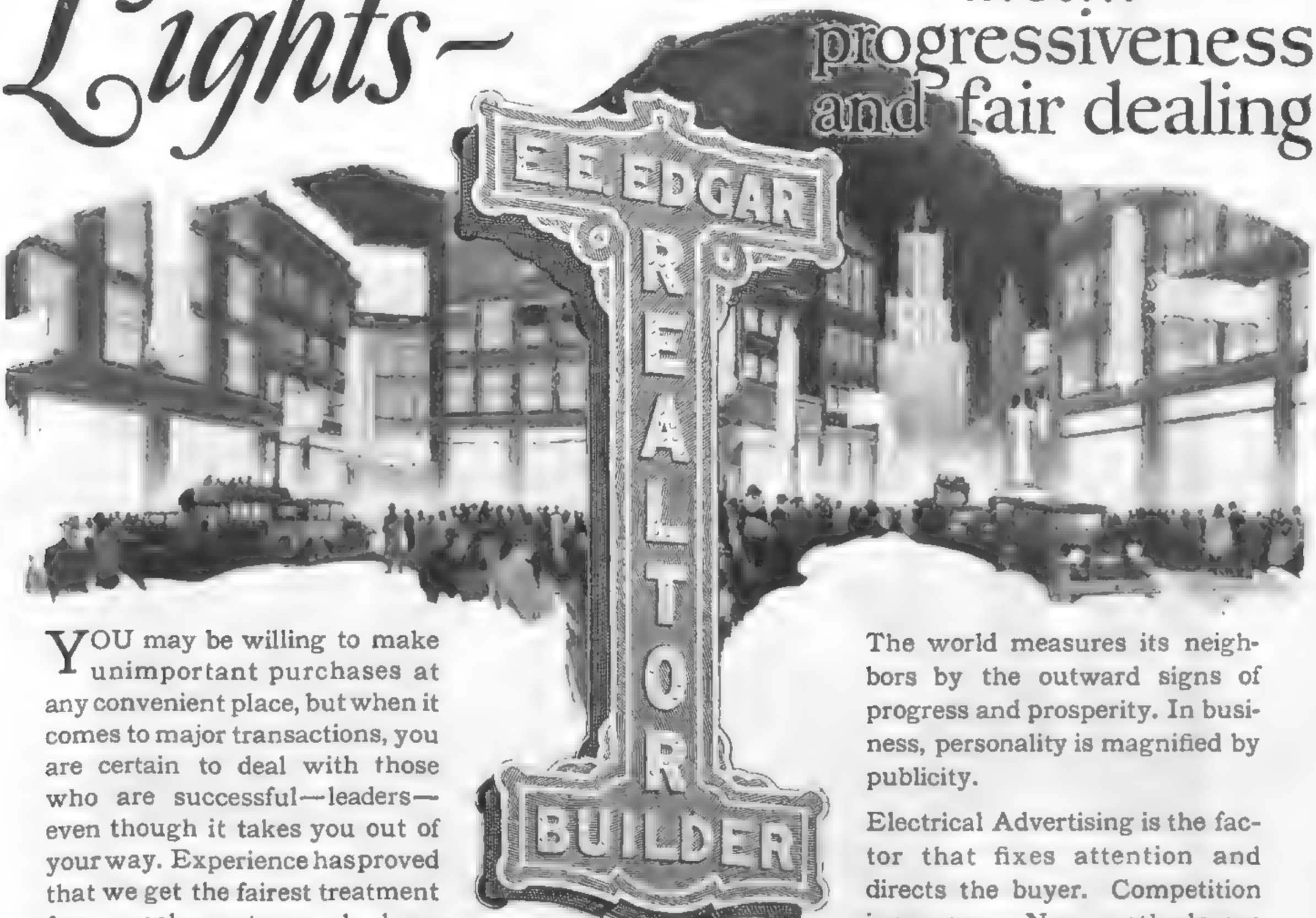
Burnt-orange, saffron, silver-fraught,
Though sister jeers and sweetheart knocks,
My color scheme shall suffer naught:
I'll wear a tie to match my socks.

—*Edwin Rutt.*



"I Was Fined Ten Dollars Yesterday for Exceeding the Speed Limit"
"I Started Like That in Quite a Small Way Too"

Lights— *mean-* progressiveness and fair dealing



YOU may be willing to make unimportant purchases at any convenient place, but when it comes to major transactions, you are certain to deal with those who are successful—leaders—even though it takes you out of your way. Experience has proved that we get the fairest treatment from people, or stores, who have reputations to *sustain.*

The world measures its neighbors by the outward signs of progress and prosperity. In business, personality is magnified by publicity.

Electrical Advertising is the factor that fixes attention and directs the buyer. Competition increases. New methods are necessary to make pace and place.

Owners of retail stores or manufacturing plants, who have not had called to their attention the advantages and economy of electrical advertising, may quickly obtain full information by calling up the nearest lighting company. This type of service has been remarkably developed to keep pace with the service furnished for other purposes. Many of the electric companies will not only arrange to provide a suitable individual display, but will also arrange to maintain the display with fresh lamps, keeping it bright and clean, to supply electricity at very low prices and to take care of the taxes and insurance. After your order is placed no further thought need be given. Your only cost for all this is an original partial investment and a nominal monthly charge.

Full information is supplied to interested people by any of the well known electric lighting companies

BALTIMORE, MD.
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CINCINNATI, OHIO
The Union Gas & Electric Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Kansas City Power & Light Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans Public Service, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
The New York Edison Co.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Brooklyn Edison Co.

The United Electric Light & Power Co.

New York & Queens Electric Light & Power Co.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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ST. PAUL, MINN.
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"AN ELECTRIC SIGN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SERVICE IT GETS"

America's Most Famous Candy!

Ruth Roland, famous film star, says, "I see where I get rid of that 4 o'clock hunger."
A delicious, highly appreciated candy to serve at home—sliced!
Oh Henry!
WILLIAMSON CANDY CO.
Delicious recipes can be made with Oh Henry! See below.

What a candy Oh Henry! is.

Think of it! First, it comes to be the fastest selling candy in America (more people have eaten Oh Henry! than any other fine candy ever made in America!) .... then, women discover that *sliced*, it's a wonderful candy to serve at home .... now women are beginning to use Oh Henry! in the kitchen .... in recipes .... to make *good* things *better!* A candy, mind you, in recipes!

There can never be a finer tribute to the purity of Oh Henry! than this new way of serving it. Or to the perfection of its *blend!* Think of a candy that mingles with other flavors, makes them more delicious and still keeps its own individuality! It takes *quality* to do that.

But try it yourself. Here are two recipes. There's a *new* taste in each . . . a *new* delight to serve, and they are not expensive, for Oh Henry!, fine as it is, costs only 45c a pound. 'Phone your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars . . . and try it.

Oh Henry! Ice Cream Sauce . . . Chop two bars of Oh Henry! extra fine, into a double boiler. When thoroughly melted, add three tablespoonfuls of milk, or cream if desired. Stir well into a thick paste, remove from fire, let stand for three minutes and then, immediately before serving, pour over portions of ice cream. A fine dessert! For 6 to 8 servings.

Oh Henry! Sandwiches . . . Slice one bar of Oh Henry! very thin. Place the slices between two thin, unsweetened crackers or cookies. Place in a hot oven until the Oh Henry! just begins to melt. Serve hot. Nutritious but light.

WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Oh Henry!
SLICED

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LEST IMMIGRATION RESTRICTION FAIL

(Continued from Page 41

which has resulted for immigrants now here without their families, yet it feared a loophole might result that would let in too many immigrants. Therefore much is to be said for the law as it is now written, and Congress will do well to consider carefully any amendments that would weaken the law. It might be possible to admit wives and minor children of those men who were here legally for a certain length of time prior to July 1, 1924. However, when that is attempted, a demand is made for the admission of brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts and cousins. Congressman Albert Johnson is authority for the statement that "whenever the question of admitting close relatives has been before the Immigration Committee, with a view to the admission of wives and children, the proposal has been wrecked by demands for the admission of all other relatives, including cousins. Cousins, of course, mean about all of Europe."

It is true that as soon as you start on a large scale reuniting families here, you also start breaking up families on the other side. It thus becomes an endless chain. Many immigrants now here without their families never seriously considered remaining here prior to the passage of the new legislation. It is also true that the United States did not separate the family. Furthermore, members of an alien's family are not absolutely barred, but are simply deterred by the quota legislation. Meanwhile the law puts no obstacle in the way of emigration; hence there is nothing to prevent such an alien from uniting with his family in the country from which he came.

If he gets a permit before leaving the United States, he may return here outside the quota within a certain time. Therefore he may visit his family annually if he desires—a common practice prior to the present law. Thus an immigrant can be with his family abroad, as he would otherwise be had the present restrictions not been established. Likewise the law, as now written, will encourage many aliens to become naturalized who ought to have done so long ago, for thereby they can bring their families in with less trouble. Under these conditions the law cannot be said to work a hardship. To amend it as suggested will weaken, if not destroy it.

Selective Immigration

Mr. Kenneth L. Roberts urges that "a certain number of laborers, skilled and unskilled, shall be permitted to emigrate to America from foreign countries during each year. This number shall be selected at the source by consular officers of the United States, and distributed in America by employes of the United States Bureau of Immigration." A plan closely akin to this is favored by the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis. In the annual report of the Labor Department, made public December 4, 1924, he stated:

"We should provide for the admission, regardless of quota limitations, of farmers and skilled and unskilled laborers needed in the United States when labor of like kind cannot be found unemployed in this country, and when no strike or lockout exists or impends in the industry which needs such labor. To balance this, the President should be given power to prohibit or further limit immigration whenever unemployment in this country makes such suspension desirable."

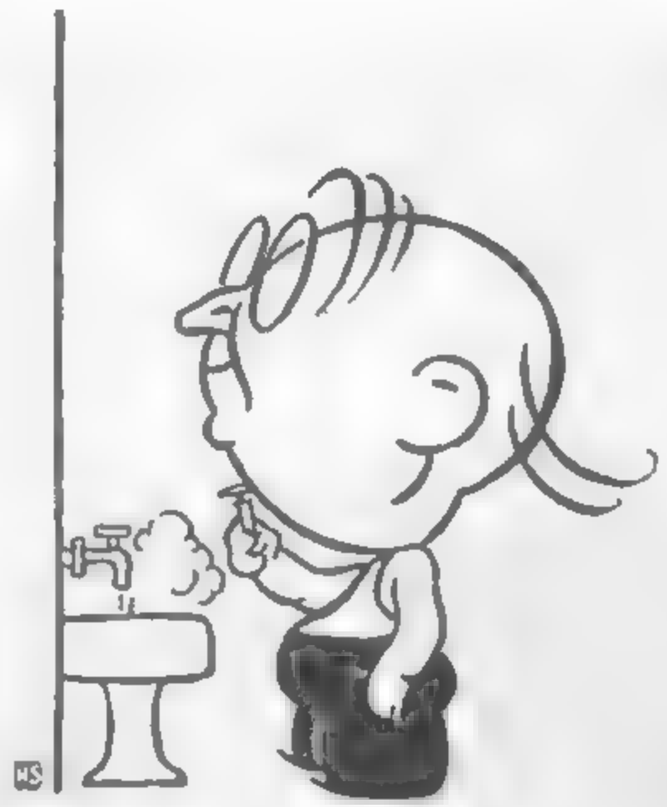
Many of the employers of cheap labor and many of the other opponents of immigration restriction see in this suggestion a ray of hope, a loophole, and a means by which the law can be weakened. They are emphasizing the fact that the number of laborers departing from the United States exceeded the number arriving during the past fiscal year. We hear from them already cries of a labor shortage.

In theory selective immigration is ideal. So also is it desirable to establish some relationship between immigration and the demand for labor. But neither Mr. Davis nor anyone else has yet suggested a practical way of applying this principle. Such a plan as that suggested would mean a return to the old system of determining the immigration policy by the needs of industry rather than of national unity. It implies that the Government would go into the wholesale employment-agency business, and that industries could apply to it for laborers when needed. This, in turn, raises the difficulty of priority of application, and would certainly lead to wholesale padding of demands, which would soon result in what amounts to unrestricted immigration on a large scale. Inasmuch as the whole purpose of immigration restriction is to give the nation time to assimilate the foreign elements now unabsorbed, any provision which would make possible large increases in the number of immigrants would defeat the true purpose of the present law. It is also difficult to see just how the industries which would receive such laborers could keep them if they desired to go or work elsewhere in the United States, for our Constitution prohibits any such restrictions as would be necessary to prevent such departures.

Labor-Shortage Propaganda

The criticism of the present legislation, that it will result in an acute labor shortage detrimental to this country, is without foundation in fact. The arguments are familiar propaganda, the purpose of which is to let down the immigration bars again. However, there are many employers who have learned that immigration labor is far from cheap, and they approve the new legislation as heartily as the native American laborer in competition with the immigrant; they have come to realize that it is a problem of management and the substitution of labor-saving machinery, both of which are necessary, economical and practical under present conditions of production. It is the shortsighted un-American employer who is the source of the criticism. He must be made to see things in their right proportion and to act accordingly, or else he must be driven out of business. We have no place in our industrial life for men willing to weaken and destroy the social and political institutions upon which they depend for their existence. A more equitable distribution of wealth, a higher standard of living and the substitution of labor-saving machinery for cheap foreign labor are inevitable results of the present immigration law. That these are beneficial and desirable results must be admitted by everyone who is a true American. No longer is labor to be treated as a mere commodity. America has declared in favor of a permanent policy of drastic restriction of cheap, unskilled immigrant labor, which after all isn't cheap. Time will prove this to be one of the most humane, progressive and far-reaching decisions we have ever made.

While it is true for the first time in many years that the number of laborers departing during the last fiscal year exceeded the number arriving within the same period, yet those desiring to return have the right to do so provided they secured travel permits before their departure. Many of them may never return because of the more stabilized conditions now generally prevailing everywhere, and because of the fact that the high wages in this country in recent years have enabled the average alien to accumulate a competence on which he can live with comparatively little future effort in his native country. Nevertheless,



Makes a man wish he had two chins

No "apple sauce," but the whole truth, men!

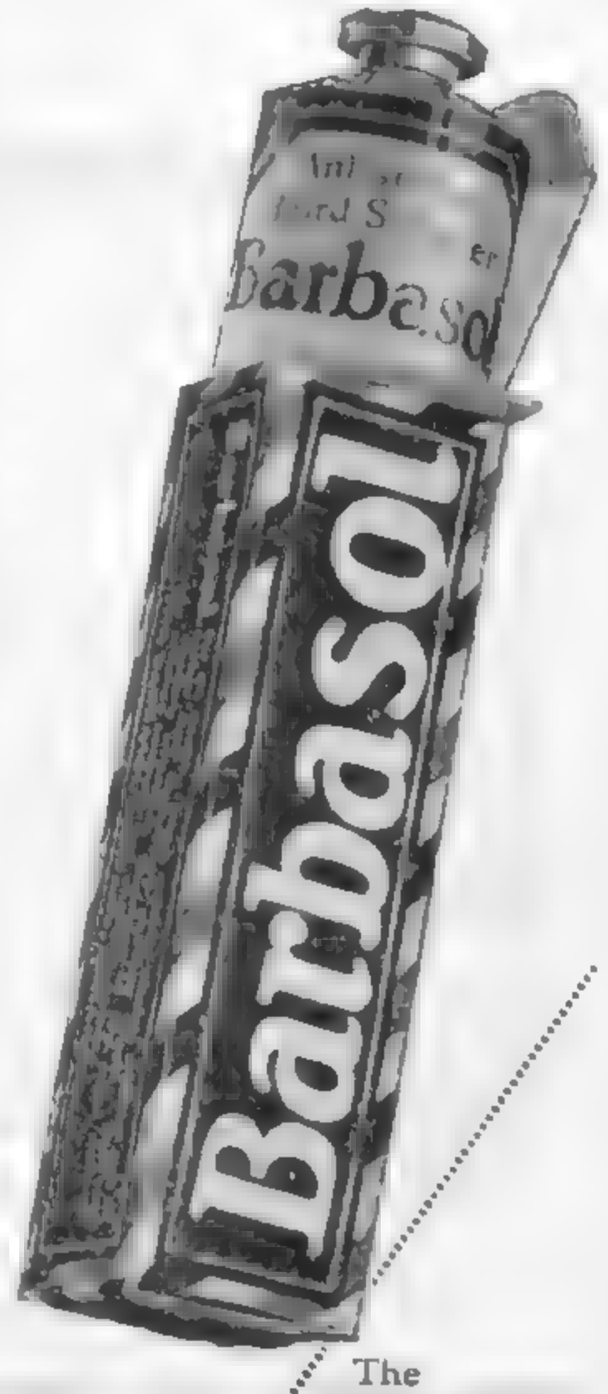
The reason is Barbasol—and 3,000,000 happier shavers know it. They don't scrape now. They *shave!*

Barbasol is the Modern Way of Shaving. It is the speediest, most enjoyable and most sanitary method that any chin ever met. It gets you out of the dark ages of brushing and rub-in.

You merely spread Barbasol on your wet face, and let the blade slide down the cheek and round the bend, leaving a wake of clean, cool comfort as it goes.

There's ten minutes extra for you in the morning. Time for another stretch or two, a good peek at the morning paper, or a bit of smiling banter with the Helpmate. There's shaving *pleasure* for you, too. No irritation, no dryness. Ingrowing hairs are almost unknown to faces that get their morning Barbasol.

But there's only one way for you to find out all this for yourself. Send the coupon for the free trial tube. Use Barbasol three times, according to directions, and you and Barbasol are friends for life. All druggists sell Barbasol in 35c and 65c tubes.



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For Modern Shaving

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I'll give it a fair trial; please send me your free sample tube.

Name

Address

This Blabon floor of Linoleum, a large black and cream tile pattern No. 1164, is particularly appropriate for the Jewelry Store of William Gartner, Warren, Ohio.

The Right Impression!

What sort of an impression does the customer get who enters your store? He may be favorably impressed with the general appearance of your shop, but one thing is certain—the appearance of the floor cannot escape him.

If the floor of your store is one of the modern types of Blabon's Linoleum, it is a real asset to any building, because if properly installed and cared for thereafter, its appearance says: "Clean! Sanitary! Quiet! Dignified!" These terms describe the smooth, easily-cleaned, lasting surface of a Blabon floor.

There are many attractive patterns among the Blabon Moulded Inlaids, Marble Tiles—beautiful imitations of pearl and black marble—Parquetry effects and Jaspé linoleums in two-tone ground colors that are particularly suitable for floors of stores and offices.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

In your home, you will be delighted with some of the new creations in Blabon's Inlaid Linoleums. You will also find other rooms where Blabon's Printed Linoleum, somewhat less expensive, may be used to advantage.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum will help to furnish well at low cost. They are sanitary, mothproof and lie flat without fastening. There are some wonderful designs for living and bedrooms, fancy borders with plain centers, and tile patterns for kitchens and bathrooms. Made in an assortment of sizes.

Any good home-furnishing or department store can show you Blabon's Linoleum. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

BLABON Inlaid ART Linoleums

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have our book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home." (3rd edition) by Hazel H. Adler, beautifully illustrated in color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

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Philadelphia
Established 74 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

many of them may be expected to return outside the quota. But whether they return or not, we must not permit the law to be weakened by those who desire cheap labor.

Another aspect of the immigration problem about which much is written and said, is the lack of quota restrictions upon the entrance of natives of the Western Hemisphere. Under the previous quota laws, our neighbor states became, in a sense, viaducts or side roads by which excluded aliens from the Old World could escape the hardships of the percentage barrier. This condition also encouraged a considerable immigration from contiguous territory. The result has been an outcry against an arrangement which, it is said, barred worthy aliens from Europe though admitting persons of doubtful character from this hemisphere.

The Immigration Act of 1924, which requires the observance of certain formalities not required by the former statute, has practically cured this situation. The alien applicant for an immigration visa, even though he comes in nonquota status, must file a written application at an American consulate and present considerable proof of his good character and worth. Furthermore, mere residence in contiguous territory or in a country of the Western Hemisphere does not now give a European nonquota status, as under the temporary quota law. Nationality is determined by country of birth. A European, though resident in Canada or Mexico, if not entitled to nonquota status or nonimmigrant status, falls into the quota class and is charged to the quota of the country in which he was born. Our neighbor states are thus no longer channels for the convenient evasion of numerical restriction.

The Canadian immigrant has never been a source of trouble. The Mexican or West Indian immigrant, if undesirable, can be kept out easily under the literacy test, for very few of them can read and write. Furthermore, the new border patrol, now consisting of 200 men on the Canadian border and about 250 men on the Mexican border, has the situation practically under control. The problem of immigration from contiguous territory has in reality been a demand for the enforcement of already existing law. Under present conditions there is little, if any, need to place these countries under quota restrictions.

Overseas Examination

Much of the credit for the successful operation of the present law must be attributed to the conscientious way in which United States consuls in foreign ports have exercised their power of selection among candidates for the quota allotted to the various countries. Under this régime the persons who are allowed to enter are virtually picked out. The result of the process is a class of immigrants much younger than formerly, and more suited to develop into useful citizens. Hardships are infrequent, as very few of the arrivals are ultimately refused entrance. However, the consul does not give the immigrant a medical examination prior to granting him the visa. Yet every immigrant should be examined abroad before he starts, by a doctor of the American Public Health Service, stationed at a convenient consulate and provided with adequate facilities. If an alien passes the doctor he will then be in a position to receive the necessary visa from our consul, provided he is, in the judgment of the consul, admissible here in every other way. In other respects the consul is already the judge. It is absolutely necessary to have a doctor there to do a doctor's job, alongside the consul doing a consul's job. The overseas examination will then be complete. However, it must be emphasized that this medical examination should under no conditions relieve the immigrant of the final medical examination which is made at the port of entry into the United States. Such a medical examination overseas will be merely another assurance to the immigrant that, barring some unforeseen disaster or epidemic, he will be admitted to this country. Such a practice would destroy the only existing source of potential hardship to persons desiring to come to the United States. The number turned back at our ports of entry would be few indeed.

Examination abroad is thus highly desirable. Under the old attitude toward emigration many of the European nations were, and still are, loath to permit American officials to examine prospective immigrants. However, Great Britain today seems not to be bothered by such technicalities. She accepts the fact that examination abroad is the most humane and sensible method of control, and she does not see in it any desire of the American Government to usurp power. The new system of examination of British emigrants to the United States at London, Southampton, Glasgow, Belfast and other British ports is proving so popular with those about to try their fortunes in America that it will undoubtedly serve as a precedent for those nations which have heretofore objected to such examinations.

Deportation Restrictions

The practice in Great Britain, until recently, was for the would-be immigrant to apply to the nearest American consulate, furnishing stipulated data about himself and family. He was then given a number on the quota. Upon purchasing his steamship tickets, he was subjected to a careful examination by the shipping authorities, as under existing laws they are obliged to pay for the return voyage of rejected immigrants. Under the new practice the immigrant applies by letter to the consulate, is given a number, and an appointment to call for examination. He is then turned over to the medical inspectors of the Public Health Service. If their report is unfavorable, he is rejected forthwith. If it is favorable, he completes the examination and obtains his immigrant certificate, which entitles him to travel within specified dates, depending on the monthly quotas

On August 10, 1925, an English schoolmaster was the first immigrant to enter this country under the new plan. He was permitted to enter without going through Ellis Island. This latter should not be permitted in the future, for all immigrants ought to be examined carefully at the ports of entry. The nation-wide criticism that resulted from the admission of this English immigrant, without a medical examination at Ellis Island, is ample proof of the wishes of the American people, who are determined that such examinations, so vital to our safety, shall be made. However, it is evident that everything possible is being done to eliminate all unnecessary obstacles and hardships. An amendment to the present law, providing for the further development of such oversea medical examinations when the various nations agree to permit them, is not only practical and necessary but also in the interest of the immigrants who come to the United States. It is difficult to see how the nations concerned can object to any practice so much in their interest.

Another phase of the alien problem yet to be considered by Congress is the deportation of certain aliens who are a menace or a burden to our citizenry. Under existing statutes an alien, after being in this country five years, cannot be deported for the commission of a single crime, or for unlawful entry, or for becoming a public charge. A bill pending in Congress would remove this five-year limitation and would also eliminate the vague and uncertain test of moral turpitude in criminal cases and substitute therefor the test of conviction and sentence for a definite term. It would make provision also for jail sentence for aliens who enter the country unlawfully, and would provide deportation for aliens who connive with others to break the immigration laws. This is a much needed measure and should be enacted into law.

(Continued on Page 233)

[Two thin layers—air space between—Warmth with *light weight!*]

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Duofold differs from all other underwear, not in minor details, but in basic *principle*. It makes use of the fact that two *thin* walls, with air space between, keep heat *in* and cold *out* more effectively than a single wall thicker than the two combined. Like the storm window, hollow tile, double walls of a house, etc.

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(1) Both layers made of cotton.

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For those who prefer the *extra* protection of wool, the latter fabric is doubly advantageous since the wool *cannot* touch the skin—*cannot* itch or irritate.

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Children's and Boys' Union Suits	1.75 to 4.50
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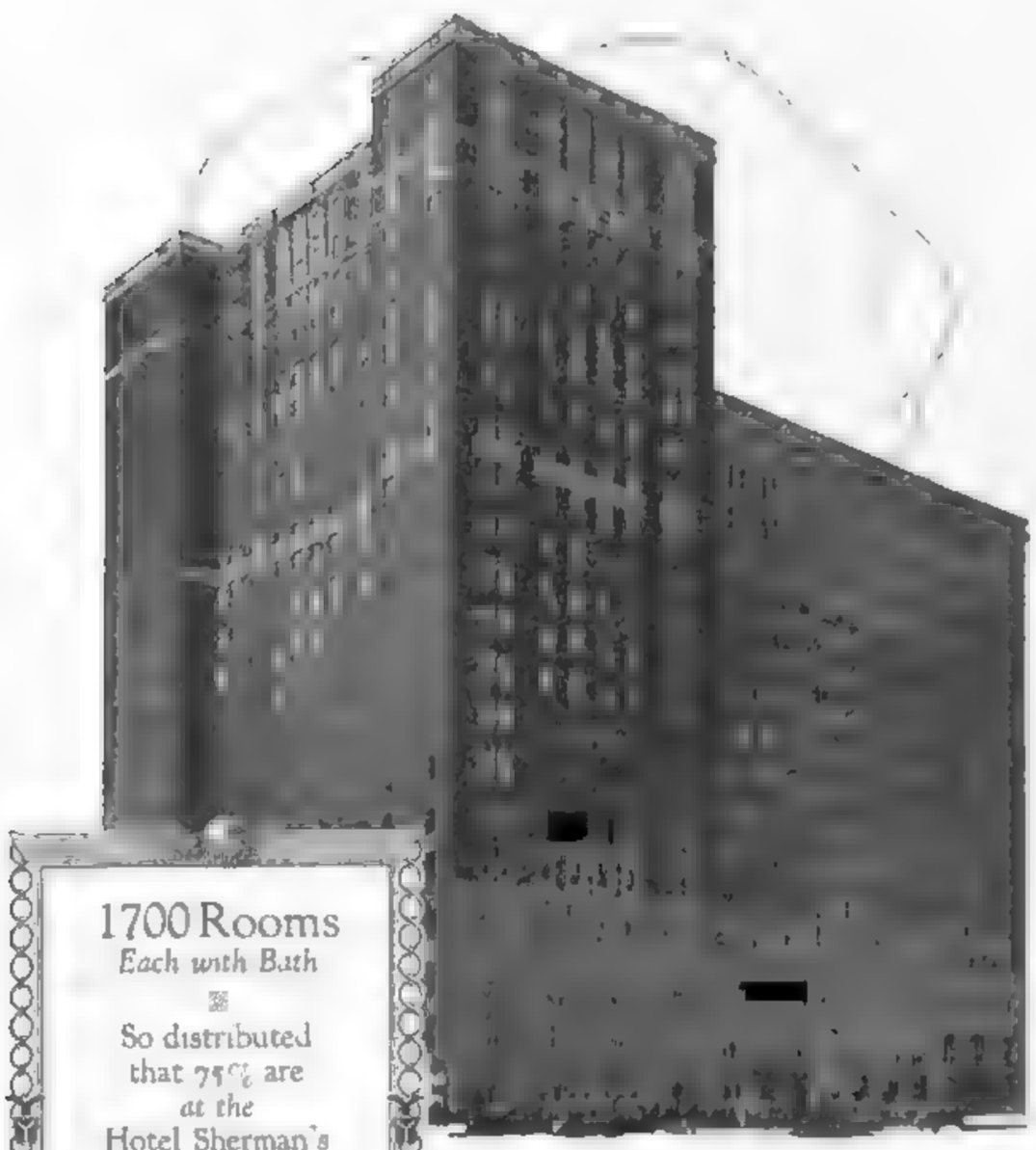

The Sherman Goes Marching On

By George Ade

"*THE Old Sherman House*—the one I came to know when I moved up to Chicago in 1890—was regarded as a dignified and imposing asset to the City of Chicago. It was high and wide as compared with the prehistoric Sherman House—the one that was part of the huge bonfire of 1871. It had a cavernous lobby and a spacious bar and a pleasant manner of extreme prosperity. Food was served on the American plan at prices which now sound like damnable falsehoods. Any patron who slipped the waiter two bits in advance was served an eight-course banquet for four people

"The Sherman was the home of the stock-raiser with money and the solid merchant and the self-made celebrity. J. Irving Pearce, with patriarchal whiskers, often moved about, shaking hands with the rugged specimens of middle-west achievement.

"When the Sherman of the '90s was kicked into a cloud of dust and the gigantic structure, which started at the College Inn and proceeded by way of mezzanine floors and Bal Tabarins to dizzy heights above, when that eighth wonder of the world appeared, we thought the Sherman House was thru showing off.

"Now there is a new one. It scares me to look at it. I don't believe it any more than J. Irving Pearce would believe it had he attended the grand opening as a guest of Ernie and Gene Byfield and Frank Bering. He certainly missed something."

George Ade

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Changes Guests will find at New Hotel Sherman

Seven hundred new moderate-priced guest rooms—an unequalled elevator service of seventeen high speed lifts, serving all floors—a spacious lobby of more than double its former size—a magnificent new banquet hall seating more than 2,000—a great exposition hall capable of handling any type of exhibit—a vastly enlarged mezzanine floor which, with the ball room and the exhibition palace, gives more than an acre and a half of show space, only twelve feet above street level—a new Main Restaurant of easy chairs, chummy alcoves and grill room appointments that men like—the Old Town Coffee Room, a unique restaurant serving College Inn food at popular prices—the Amy Leslie dining room with its famous collection of theatrical portraits and programs—a new and gorgeously decorated home for the Bal Tabarin, America's most exclusive supper club—a floor exclusively for women—a floor for tall guests—an unusual valet-club service—a street entrance leading directly to desks and elevators—cosy lounges with furniture grouped after the European fashion—Tony Sarg murals—a special convention bureau and service—and scores of other new and distinctive features.

The efficient staff, augmented to the needs of the larger institution, and the high order of Hotel Sherman service which has made this hotel famous around the globe, remain the same. In spite of its size, it is still the same "home-like" Sherman of other days. It does more than broadcast its hospitality—it makes you feel your welcome in a hundred unobtrusive little attentions. You will be comfortable and feel at home here.

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(Continued from Page 230)

Owing to the increasing restrictions which have been put upon immigration, the smuggling and surreptitious entry of aliens across our land borders and by sea have enormously increased. Secretary of Labor Davis believes that "the most effective means of checking the wholesale railroading of aliens into the United States, and subsequently their admission to citizenship, irrespective of illegal entry into the United States, is the enactment of a provision requiring annual registration and enrollment of all aliens, so that the whereabouts of unlawfully arriving aliens may be disclosed forthwith." President Coolidge recommended such registration in his first annual message to Congress.

The National-Origin Plan

We hear a great deal of nonsense about the humiliation to the proud European or Asiatic if he is required to register. Who has ever heard any remonstrance from the plain American when he is required to do this abroad, as happens to thousands of our people every year, or when he is required to register every year or two to vote in this country? France requires foreigners to register who remain in the country more than fifteen days. Europeans are quite used to registering at home whenever they shift their dwellings. In fact, the easy-going United States is the only civilized country that has hitherto given an idea to the stranger that he owns the place. It would also simplify the process of Americanization and naturalization without any hardship or indignity to any alien who is rightly here. If we mean business, if our laws against undesirable immigration are to be effective, then alien registration is a necessity.

For the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1927, the maximum number of quota immigrants admissible in each fiscal year will be limited to 150,000, the quota for each nationality bearing the same ratio to this maximum number as the number of the inhabitants of the United States having that national origin bears to the total number of our population. It is to be noted that it is a national and not a racial origin scheme. Under a racial-origin plan there would have to be a separate Jewish quota. The immigration from the British Isles would have to be divided into quotas for the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh, as well as the English. What would happen in Europe under a racial-origin plan would be worse than a Chinese puzzle. Furthermore, under such a plan, the immigrants of a particular racial quota in many cases would not come from any one country, but from many countries, which would result in complicated problems. For these reasons the law provides for national and not racial origin as the quota basis.

But does this give us as practical and scientific a basis for numerical limitation as the census of 1890, which is the present basis? The purpose of this national-origin plan is to divide our immigrants exactly in accordance with the national origins of our whole population so as to eliminate all charges of discrimination. It is a fact of the utmost significance that the present quotas, based on the census of 1890, eliminate all discriminations in favor of either the new or the old immigration so far as each type has contributed to our racial make-up. Under the present plan the old immigration is entitled to 85.2 per cent, and gets 84.11 per cent of the total quotas, while the new immigration is entitled to 14.62 per cent and gets 14.88 per cent of the total. Under the national-origin plan it is estimated that the former is entitled to 83.7 per cent, and the latter, 16.3 per cent of the total. From this it is obvious that there is little difference between the results obtained with either plan as the basis so far as the two types are concerned. However, this is not true for many of the separate countries of the two divisions.

To illustrate: Preliminary estimates show that persons of British origin number about 52,000,000. The Germans come next with 12,000,000. There are about 3,500,000, of Italian origin. Obviously this shows a great preponderance of Britishers. In as much as the new quotas are to be based on estimates of this nature, it follows that more Britishers than any other nationality will be admitted as immigrants, and that, ergo and ipso facto, the Anglicization of these United States will proceed at a feverish pace.

As one critic has put it, "Against this iniquitous conspiracy of statistics it behooves all good Americans to rise in righteous wrath." Naturally this is going to lead to serious charges of discrimination.

Grouping of immigrants by countries of origin does not give—or rather it conceals—information as to the racial elements making up our immigration tide. For this reason, care must be exercised, by bearing in mind exactly what this arbitrary grouping really means. National origin is not always the same as identity of race. Politics often cut through and separate a race. The same race is not infrequently found organized in more than one nationality. Thus, country of origin or nationality as determined by political boundaries or governmental jurisdiction bears no constant or necessary relation whatever to race, but is usually an artificial result of historical causes. Political boundaries, moreover, may not often be national.

Troubles to Come

The national-origin plan means, therefore, that we must abandon a practical method and adopt something which we do not know anything, or at best very little, about.

As Congressman Albert Johnson said in the House: "It appears to be a stalling plan. It is a postponement. It means three or more years of struggle. . . . Under the 1890 plan, you know what you are doing, while under the national-origin plan you go after interesting but uncertain dreams." Congressman Box characterized the plan as "indefinite, uncertain and illy digested."

It is impossible under the national-origin plan to be definite and accurate in figures.

The law reads "as nearly as may be." The Director of the Census, Mr. Stewart, and others, upon whom will devolve the duty of estimating the quota for each country under the national-origin plan, have declared that they will be obliged to adopt arbitrary methods to arrive at the proper basis upon which allocation will be based. On June 24, 1925, Mr. Stewart stated that there are no figures in existence which show completely the national origin of the population of the United States. Those responsible for this legislation were well aware that the determination would have to be, to a considerable extent, a matter of estimation, as no exact figures are available or any actual enumeration possible. Since the law has, therefore, no foundation in fact, it will naturally lead to charges of discrimination and general dissatisfaction.

Furthermore, it is not going to be an easy matter to come to some sort of artificial conclusion as to a basis, and it is going to take years to do so. Three years are allowed to solve the problem, but only a few persons expect even a solution based on estimates.

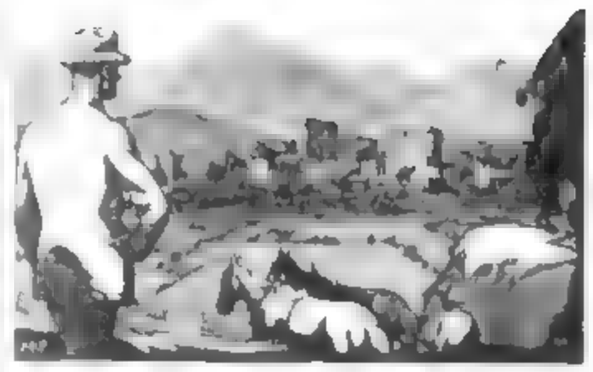
The 1890 Census Basis

How difficult the solution of the problem will be is evident from the following letter from a man in Chicago to Congressman Johnson which he inserted in the Record:

"I have a partner, American born, of Swedish parentage. He married a girl of Scotch ancestry. His sister married a man, American born, of English ancestry. My banker is of Norwegian parentage. He married a girl of German parentage. His brother married a girl of English ancestry. His sister married a man of Danish ancestry. I, myself, am American born, of German ancestry. I married a girl of Irish parentage. My brother is married to a girl of Norwegian-English ancestry."

So it goes! What does it amount to? National origin? No, for it is impossible to determine the national origin. Since this will surely lead to charges of unfairness and discrimination when the final results are known, it means that we are going to have the fight all over again and hear the same old charges and be forced to defend ourselves again, this time without sure weapons of defense. However good the national-origin plan may sound in theory, this is not a time for experimenting. The census of 1890 gives us a practical, definite basis and one founded on scientific and historical facts. The national-origin basis is indefinite, uncertain and theoretical. It was put into the law in order to get the legislation through in time, for something had to be done quickly, though three years would exist in which to repeal it. Already there is developing throughout the nation a strong public opinion opposed to the latter plan, and as the American people understand more fully the differences between the two plans, and that under the national-origin plan we may lose much that we have gained under the present census of 1890 basis, then the advocates of the national-origin scheme will be forced to yield until such time as they can prove their plan to be practical. In the meantime Congress should repeal those sections in the Act of 1924 which provide for the national-origin basis, and continue indefinitely the census of 1890 as the basis for the quotas of each of the nations.

What this country wants is the best possible type of aliens in such numbers that rapid and satisfactory assimilation is possible. Apparently it is nearer to getting its wish under the Immigration Act of 1924—our Second Declaration of Independence—than has ever been the case before. Lest we fail in our policy of restriction, we must resist all efforts to weaken the law and we must strengthen it in the ways indicated. Then indeed we shall have an immigration policy that will save America for Americans, for the law was conceived for the protection of our institutions and the development of American solidarity.



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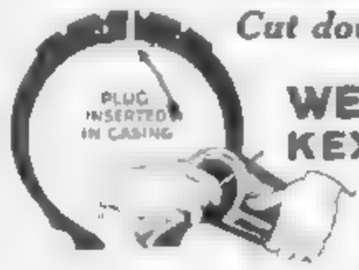

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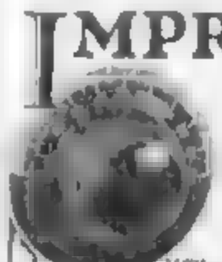

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An Open Letter

We applied to our business the Henry Ford principle of large production and low prices

—after four years we know that it is a sound and correct principle in business

A little more than 48 months ago we decided that our prices, like most food prices today, were too high.

We prepared for large production. Then reduced prices.

Without, however, any assurance that we would get volume by doing so.

Without any promises from the trade that they would support us.

Without knowing how the public would judge our motives.

The response was instantaneous, friendly and beyond our most fanciful expectations.

The business has doubled and redoubled.

But most gratifying of all has been the reaction of the public to this revolutionary move in the food business.

People believed in our sincerity of purpose to give them the same high standard of quality they had always received, together with the benefits of large production.

It is now conclusively proved to us, and we believe it will eventually be proved to an increasingly large number of manufacturers, both in the food industry and in other fields, that the maker who sincerely tries to deliver to the public quality and value at the lowest possible price, will be rewarded by the people's continuous patronage.

TWO NOTABLE EXHIBITS OF INCREASED VALUE IN THE FACE OF RISING COSTS

The Record of Henry Ford		*The Van Camp Record*	
Cars Manufactured		*Sales Volume*	
1913	181,951	1913	$ 8,000,000
1924	1,571,323	1924	30,000,000
Prices		*Prices*	
1913 Model "T" Touring	$550.00	1913 Average Retail Price per can,	15c-18c
1924 Model "T" Touring	295.00	1924 Average Retail Price per can,	8c-12c

to Mr. Herbert Hoover

Van Camp's
SINCE 1861
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U.S.A.

October Ten 1925

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary,
Department of Commerce,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

You have won the admiration of the public and arrested the attention of business men throughout the country by your efforts to eliminate waste and excess cost in manufacture and distribution. We feel that you will therefore be interested in an actual demonstration of the soundness of your ideas.

You have pointed out that the dollar of 1913 is worth only 60 cents in buying power today. Our products actually cost the consumer but little more today than they did in 1913. The dollar invested in Van Camp products today is worth 92 cents, as compared with the actual commodity value of 60 cents.

We find that we are selling 23 varieties of the highest quality canned foods at prices practically the same as those of 1913, and 35% below the average commodity prices of today. This achievement we feel is remarkable in view of the enormously increased costs of raw materials, freight charges and labor, since 1913.

The price of all raw materials has advanced steadily and is still advancing. Tomatoes that cost $8.50 a ton in 1913, cost $15.00 in 1925; raw milk cost $1.42 a hundred pounds in 1913, and $1.88 in 1925; cans advanced from $19.50 per thousand in 1913 to $31.00 a thousand in 1925. Choice hand picked Michigan beans were $4.34 a hundred pounds in 1913 and $6.23 a hundred pounds in 1925. Labor has advanced almost 87½% and freight rates have practically doubled.

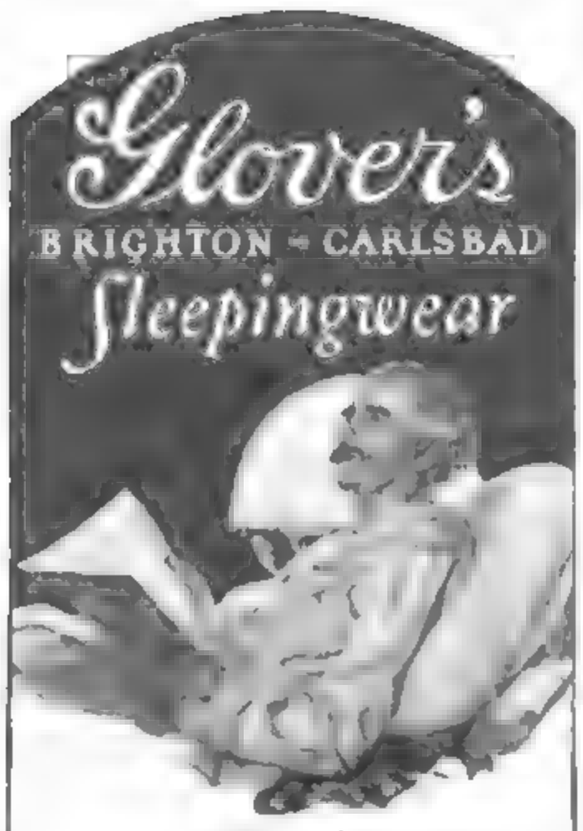
Our record is due not only to the elimination of waste but to the economies which we have effected. Moreover, we introduced these economies without sacrificing in any particular the high quality standard of our products.

Our principal gratification, however, has been the generous response of the public, with whom we have shared the profits of improved efficiency and greater production.

To manufacture efficiently and economically; to get the cost down and keep it down so that the sale price to the consumer will be unusually low; to maintain a high standard of quality - is the permanent Van Camp policy by which we are now returning and will continue to return in the form of low prices, millions of dollars each year to the purses of American housewives.

Yours very truly,

Van Camp



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BIG LITTLE MEN

Continued from Page 33

for a rapid-fire decision. The jockey is the absolute skipper from the moment the field starts to the post. Too late then for the trainer to weld any more links.

To express in terms of dollars and cents the volume of business recorded on the ledger of one jockey in a single year, I am compelled to take a leaf from my own files, since I am unfamiliar with what others have done. Up to the start of the present season, I had ridden 718 winners out of a total of 2680 mounts on the big tracks. My most successful year was 1923, when my mounts won $564,000, most of it for the Rancocas Stable. I have never figured the total amount earned by all the horses I have ridden first, second or third, but it is safe to approximate it at far above the million mark. The winner's end of one race alone was $80,000, the sum earned by Zev when he defeated Papyrus in the International, and there have been others running high into the thousands. In my list of winning mounts I find the following record of some of the more notable turf fixtures:

Kentucky Derby: Zev and Flying Ebony.

Belmont Stakes: Grey Lag, Zev and Mad Play.

Suburban Handicap: Grey Lag and Mad Hatter.

Brooklyn Handicap: Little Chief.

Metropolitan Handicap: Mad Hatter twice, and Grey Lag. And in the Futurity, second three times, with Star Voter, Sir Barton and Zev.

Does it not all sound alluring to the youth who stands at the portal of his life and wonders whither he shall go, with a sigh in his heart for the glamour of battle and the acclaim of the throng? I am sure it must. Boyish imagination has ever been of the kind that craves the rôle of hero and the adulation which goes with it. An Indian fighter who single-handed scattered the preying band; a detective who arrived in the nick of time to foil the bad man; a star of the diamond who cleared the bases with a home run in the ninth inning and won the game. I'll confess that such thoughts were running in my mind when I set out to be a jockey. And I doubt whether there is a single youngster of the turf who has not in the days of preliminary drudgery drawn mental pictures of the mad dash to the wire with himself as the hero, the man of the hour, whose skill and daring are the forces of victory.

Jockey-Room Stories

It is all quite beautiful, I'll admit, if those things are to be; and perhaps they are to be with everything equal, which it is not. The tales you hear in the jockey room are of a different kind. I've never heard one yet which described the lives of these little men as a path of roses. You gain success on the turf only by the same hard application as you gain it elsewhere, even though you possess a natural ability to ride. The pedestal of fame does not stand empty waiting for some aspiring juvenile to ascend it in a single bound; the rostrum of success does not go out in search of youths to occupy it; the spotlight does not direct its rays here and there hungrily seeking a new object for popular worship. Race riders are not made overnight; they scale the summit by the sweat of their brow.

Around the jockey room I have heard enough of the life stories of the riders who have won their spurs to realize that the climb upward is a hard and tedious journey in every case. The fight of the three Fator boys—La Verne, Elmer and Lester Mark—for their place in the sun is an illustration of it. You may recall that the name of Fator made its first appearance at a big track six years ago, when La Verne began riding in Havana. He had journeyed to the Cuban capital from the same state where I learned to ride, Idaho, and had encountered all the customary heart-breaking experiences of trying to get a firm foothold. But he persevered and rode many winners and the demand for his services grew.

One day he said to himself, "Why shouldn't I try for the bigger game? They can't hang a fellow for trying." So toward the end of the season he sought the man for whom he was doing most of his riding and informed him of his intentions.

"I'm going to make a stab at the New York tracks," said La Verne. "The only thing I hope is that when they kick me out I don't land so hard it will hurt."

A Winner by Habit

You may also recall that in his first year on the big Eastern tracks La Verne Fator became a vogue and that racegoers began to sit up and take notice of the specialty put on by this hustling, persistent newcomer. He was riding winners. And if you know much about racing, you will appreciate that there is nothing which attracts quite so much attention to a horse, a jockey, a trainer or an owner as this very same specialty of winning. La Verne had found that the bigger game was not unconquerable. That season at Empire City he developed a habit of riding at least one winner a day. The crowd began to notice it, the newspapers took it up and from that day La Verne Fator was made. Since then he has been one of the premier horsemen of the American turf.

To the public it seemed that fortune had smiled upon this youngster almost before he had made his formal debut in the exacting trade of his adoption. It took weeks for racegoers to realize that this exhibition of riding skill was not a sudden development or an inspired happening, but rather the crystallization of a long campaign of training on an Idaho ranch and later about the racing stables of the West. The Fator boys were brought up in the saddle, as are most of the boys in the country from which they came.

A jockey as clever as any I've ever seen around the tracks was Johnny Loftus, whose bag of tricks contained just about everything a rider needs in his repertoire. Loftus was the king-pin of his day a few years back—a cool, steady hand at our game, who never admitted defeat until the finish line had been crossed. Aside from his natural skill as a horseman, it was for that never-say-die spirit that Loftus was beloved by the racing host. He never quit while there was a ghost of a chance.

I recall the story of a wet, soggy day at Belmont Park some years ago when he had the leg up on the favorite in a six-furlong race—a horse from the Macomber stable, I believe. The races were run the reverse way then, and as the field turned into the stretch it was seen that the public choice was far out of it, apparently hopelessly beaten. But it was also observed that Loftus was hard at work with every muscle of his body, and to those who knew this boy, that was a sign that his mount could not be counted out until the last step. Through the field Loftus threaded his way with dash and courage, picking up and passing the leaders one after another and finally lifting the favorite home a nose in front of the second horse.

In all sports this spirit of hanging on in the face of every obstacle is vital. In horse racing such jockeys as Johnny Loftus have demonstrated that it is only at the finish line that they must acknowledge defeat. The old battle cry, "A man may be down, but he's never out," is a thought that should never slip from the mind of a race rider. It never impressed itself more forcibly upon me than it did a few seasons back at Saratoga, when I was riding Salacious, a three-year-old filly, in a six-furlong sprint. Salacious was sore in body and refused to break when the barrier was sprung, being left flat-footed at the post. As the rest of the field scurried away in front of us, leaving a cloud of dust in their wake, I was momentarily undecided whether to go after them at the risk of overtaxing my mount or to jog along in the rear, beaten.

Salacious solved the riddle for me in a twinkling. The spirit of combat was in her blood, passed down to her from a long line of ancestors. With the rear guard of the field leading us by more than ten lengths, Salacious set sail for them. At three-eighths of a mile she had collared the trailers, at the half she was up with the second division, in the stretch she was in the thick of the fray and at the finish she was two lengths in front.

The crowd gave me credit for that unusual victory. I can still see a darky youth who stood at the rail waving his arms excitedly and crying aloud to the world, "Oh, that long-legged jock! Every time he humped his back that filly went a mile." And though the cheers of the crowd were good to hear, as they ever are, I must disclaim credit for winning with Salacious that day. It was the filly herself that turned defeat into victory. Would it not be unfair for me to avail myself of the power of speech, which she has not, and place any interpretation on this incident except the right one—that it was a rare exhibition of the wisdom and courage of the Thoroughbred? Especially is this true, since Salacious that day strengthened my own convictions on the subject of not surrendering until every channel of victory is closed.

"Defeat" is the word a jockey learns early in his career to abhor. And yet there are times when we must accept it even before the race has been run. I would not break the heart of a good game horse which had been left at the post merely for the sake of personal glory. There are occasions when it would be brutal for a rider to drive his mount after the field when hope was lost at the barrier beyond recall. The case of Salacious was exceptional. It is only when the jockey's feel of the horse under him lets him know that the burden of pursuit will not impair and perhaps destroy the fine spirit and delicately tuned body of his mount, that he is warranted in taking up the one-sided chase. The acclaim of the crowd is not worth the destruction of the horse—never.

Fooling Mad Hatter

I am going to tell of the two races which stand out above all others in my experience on the turf. Mad Hatter, one of the best in the powerful Rancocas string, was my mount in one of these. Never have I ridden a more temperamental horse than this brown son of Fair Play, and never a more difficult one to handle. I rode him as a four-year-old, five and six, a big strong fellow with a will of his own which he liked to assert every step of the way. He was hard to rate, preferred the middle of the track to the rail and had a habit of bearing out at the finish, not through lack of courage, but just a habit. For a jockey to get the most out of Mad Hatter—and he had plenty to give—it was necessary to have a clear understanding of his peculiar traits of character. I learned after several trips around the oval astride his back that it would have to be a question of whether he or his rider was to be the master. He was a bully without the bully's customary fear of an actual encounter. He thrived on the battle between the jockey and himself, and he never flew the white flag.

To defy his wishes gained nothing more than a defiant challenge from him, in which he seemed to be trying to say to his rider, "You think you're smart, but I'll show you I'm smarter." And I made a mental note of the fact that though he might think he

(Continued on Page 238)

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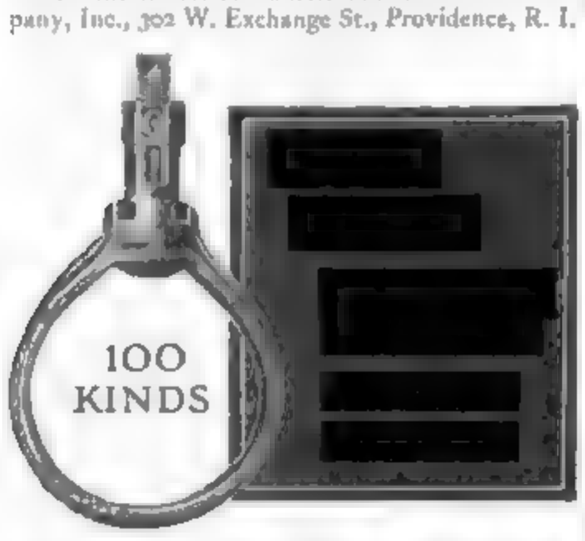

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(Continued from Page 236)

was smarter, we would try a game that was probably beyond the ken of a horse. Not being able to pit my strength against this willful embodiment of power, I would pit my wits; we would find out whether Mad Hatter had a sense of humor, and if he lacked it the day would be won for man over beast. I had discovered that whenever I used the usual tactics to make this strong-minded horse run he would stop, and when I tried to hold him under restraint he would run. The only thing to do was to reverse the order—to kid him into believing I was trying to rate him when I was actually trying to force him to his top speed and to drive him hard when I wanted him to ease off the pace.

Since Mad Hatter had no highly developed sense of humor, the scheme worked splendidly. All through the race I would keep changing my hold on the reins, loosening them when I wanted him to slow down and tightening them when I wanted him to go. The big moment always came when Mad Hatter would fancy he had broken my hold on the reins. I always saw to it that he got this notion when I wished to make my move. A sharp tug on the bit, then a lunge forward on his withers as if he had pulled me there in his defiance of my wishes, and away he would scamper at the top of his speed. I never failed to get a thrill out of the trick, and a feeling of amusement, for it not only meant that I had mastered the obstinacy of this fellow but that he would hum over the ground with the rare burst of speed he possessed.

It is not always the jockey's hardest race and the horse's best effort that are the most spectacular. I dare say those who saw the winning performance of Salacious after she had been left at the post were far more thrilled by it than was the crowd that watched Mad Hatter win the Toboggan Handicap two years ago in what I regard as one of the two most interesting races I have ever been through. The distance of the Toboggan is six furlongs, and the stake is one of the oldest sprint fixtures of the turf for three-year-olds and upward, the honor of winning it being much desired by owner, trainer and rider. It usually goes to the horses trained primarily for speed and seldom to stayers. Mad Hatter was one of the great horses of the turf which combined speed and endurance, though it was at distances of a mile and more that he won his chief fame.

Winning by a Nose

We were away with the field, but the early speed of his opponents was too much for Mad Hatter. In the run down the back stretch we were outdistanced and trailing in last position. I brought into play all the tricks I had prepared especially for this headstrong racer, and when I found he was responding to them in his best fashion I set my heart on overcoming the early disadvantage we had suffered. A steady, strong pull on the reins, and he was fighting for his head, displaying a fleetness of foot that was slowly devouring the space separating us from the flying pacemakers. A quarter of a mile from the barrier and we were at their heels; another eighth and we were up with them, working our way through the field with caution to avoid crowding and pockets. Going around the turn for home, there was a small opening next to the rail and I drove Mad Hatter over toward it, though I knew he preferred the middle of the track. It was our only chance. If in the stress of this exciting struggle he would forget his tendency to bear out toward the center, he would make the fleetest of these sprinters step their fastest to beat him to the wire.

Now we were in the stretch, and Mad Hatter was still on the rail. The battle was too hot for him to think of anything but racing; he had forgotten his bullying habits and he remembered only that he was a race horse and that other race horses were trying to beat him. The race was over except for the four horses tearing along in front. We lay in second place, two other horses pounding along at our saddle skirts, and Runantel, the leader, directly in front. A sea of faces loomed up before us and we could hear the frantic cries of the throng urging us home.

Two hundred yards more and the race would be over; and there was Runantel darting along at a terrific clip, so close to the rail it seemed impossible to get Mad Hatter's massive frame through the crevice; and too late to go to the outside; no horse could make up that distance in the short run to the wire.

I was looking only at Runantel, and it seemed to me at this moment that he moved ever so slightly away from the rail. To get through that small opening was our only hope. I exerted every ounce of power in me and used every resource of riding within my grasp to make Mad Hatter go faster. The old tactics of deceiving him were abandoned, for I saw he wanted none of them in this race. And through that narrow strip of daylight he dashed as straight as an arrow, overhauling the horse which had blocked his way when the fury of the struggle had first cast its spell full upon him. As we flashed under the wire it was his brown head which caught the judges' eyes and it was his name which was run up in the place of honor. A well-deserved triumph, too, for it was Mad Hatter's greatest race.

Zev's Kentucky Derby Victory

Zev, the biggest money winner of all time, was the horse which figured in the race I rate as the second most interesting I have had. Like Mad Hatter, this famous son of The Finn had his eccentricities. The most conspicuous of these manifested itself early in his three-year-old career, when he developed a habit of refusing to work unless accompanied by another horse. In his running moods he craved the companionship of his own kind, there was no doubt of that; and unless it was granted to him he couldn't be budged. When we tried to work him by himself he would run a short distance, then tear to the outside and stand stock-still.

The day preceding the race I am speaking of, the Kentucky Derby of 1923, an exercise boy had him out for a breezer to keep him fit for the important task ahead and had galloped him only a short distance when he started shooting toward the outer rail. As he did so another horse breezed past him. Zev pricked his ears, glanced at the other horse, changed his mind about stopping and let out for three-eighths of a mile at high speed. It was exactly what Dave Leary, who had him in charge on the trip to Kentucky, wished. The work-out gave Zev the finishing touch for the Derby.

The Rancocas champion was not well thought of for this classic event. He had run unplaced in the Preakness the week before, and the public discounted his chances. But we of the stable knew of a mishap he had suffered in that race, and our confidence in this fast game horse was not impaired. And I was especially eager to see him come down in front, not only because of the huge purse and the honor victory would bring to the stable but because I wanted to ride a Kentucky Derby winner. It is one of the big marks we jockeys have to shoot at in the relatively short time allotted us for accomplishing things. In the lives of most of us there is some goal we aspire to, some tangible thing the world deliberately makes inaccessible and hard to reach that we may gird ourselves for the task and joy of reaching it. In the lives of racing folk it is the hallowed stakes of tradition; and to us there is the same deep pleasure in scaling these pinnacles of victory as other men sense in the honors befalling them in their spheres of endeavor.

Always a good horse at the barrier, Zev broke fourth or fifth in the big field that started in the Kentucky Derby. With his high early speed, he stepped to the front in a few strides. It was there I wanted him to be, that I might rate him along in the lead well within himself and clear of all the interference which was bound to bother the horses lacking early foot. Zev was essentially a front runner at that time and had given no inkling of the peculiarity he afterward developed of refusing to set the pace. It was only in his work-outs he was showing temperament; in actual racing he was the same well-mannered Thoroughbred he had been as a two-year-old. If he demanded the companionship of other horses, there was plenty of it just a few feet in our rear, and the hum of hoofs in the loam was plainly audible.

As we straightened into the stretch Zev was about a half length in front of his nearest competitor. We had reached the critical stage of the journey. Some of the other jockeys had begun to make their moves and were ganging us on either side. That was a real danger signal. I clucked to my mount, shook him up and started hand riding. He responded gamely and drew over slightly toward the inner rail as he increased his speed. And here a new danger suddenly loomed up before us. The Kentucky Derby attracts an immense throng. The spectators fill the clubhouse, grand stand, lawns and the infield, lining themselves along the inner rail from the head of the stretch to a point well past the finish. Many of these onlookers, with the fever of battle stirring them to a frenzy, were leaning far out over the railing as they waved their hats in hands outstretched. I was fearful of two things either that we should crash into them or that their movements would cause Zev to veer off to the right in fright. As quickly as I could without interfering with his stride, I eased Zev away from the danger point.

On my right Martingale was thundering along with powerful strides, and on my left Mack Garner was making his run with Nassau, the favorite, both about a half length behind; and try as we could, Zev and I were unable to shake them off. It was time for me to play my last trump—the whip. I am not what the turf knows as a whip rider; I pin my faith to hand riding. But I knew Zev as a tough, rugged horse, that he needed the sting of the lash to bring out the best in him and that if he ever needed it in his life, he needed it now. So I let him have it with all the power of my right arm, and a feeling of elation spread over me as I felt him spring away as the whip swished against his flanks. No more loafing for him that afternoon; he was now awake to the serious business in hand. In less than a sixteenth of a mile he had again drawn clear of his field, to cross the finish line a length and a half in front of the second horse.

The Choicest Morsel of Turfdom

This victory of Zev in the quaint bluegrass region, with an army of real horse lovers hemming us in on all sides, with the soft drawl of the Kentucky people giving a colorful touch to the scene and their astuteness of judgment with respect to horses and horsemanship a feeling that you were performing in the presence of master critics this was the greatest thrill I have felt in my years of riding on the big tracks.

Perhaps it is because the glory of Kentucky racing has been sung so often in story and poem, or perhaps because you sense in the born Kentuckian a genuine knowledge of horseflesh, that you find so much sentiment and tradition in the choicest morsel they have to offer the turf world, the Kentucky Derby. Go to Louisville and see the holiday spirit that grips the entire city at Derby time, and then you will understand what I mean. To me it is no surprise that this historic offering, now past the half century mark in age, has come to be just about the foremost event of the American turf.

You will see from these stories of Mad Hatter and Zev that it was a pair of ultra-temperamental horses which furnished me with my two most absorbing races, though whether the excitement and fun I derived from these unforgettable battles were due to

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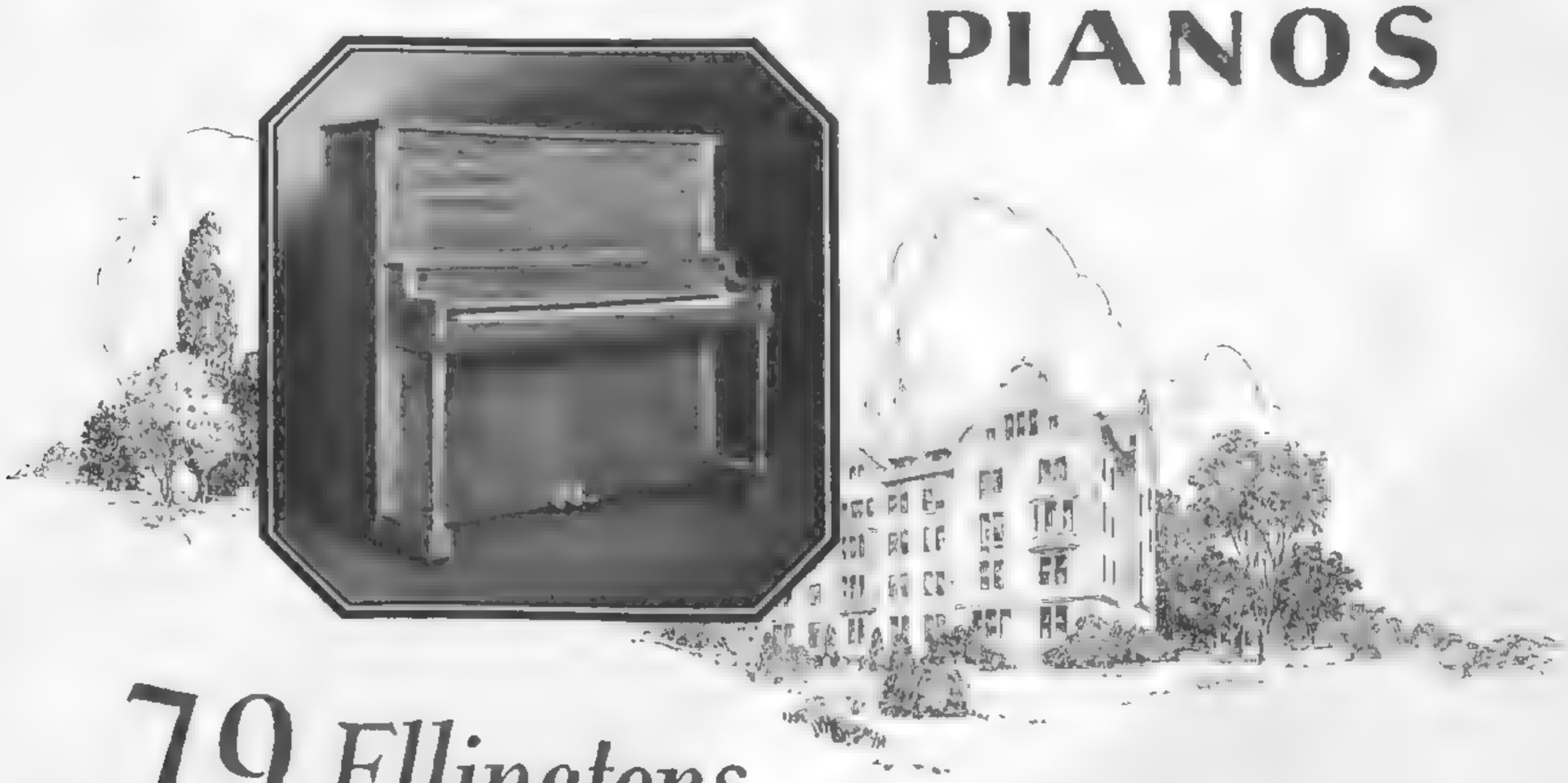

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COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

(Continued from Page 238)

their characteristics I cannot say. But I doubt that temperament had anything to do with it; more probable does it seem to have been the outgrowth of a coincidence. For I have sat astride horses just as game and fast as these two that were free of all eccentricities, and their kindly, gentlemanly manners have been just as pleasing to study as were the peculiar kinks of nature which showed themselves in Zev and Mad Hatter.

I am thinking now of Billy Kelly, the wise, who made a practice of setting his own pace and running his own race; of Grey Lag, the sturdy, who preferred to work with his jockey than against him, and of Sarazen, the docile, who has all the courtly airs of a cavalier of the old school. These three I shall always remember as the easiest I have ever had to handle; great and intelligent Thoroughbreds, all of them, who seemed to understand the problems confronting their riders; possessed of no bad habits, easy to ride, easy to rate and easy to break from the barrier.

As the horses of temperament hold your interest, so do these of the opposite mold hold your love. The joy I felt in the intelligence of Billy Kelly and the thrill I felt in the stout heart of Grey Lag and the admiration I feel today as I watch Sarazen glide over the ground, with ears pricked as if to show his wholesome good nature—these are thoughts which will linger with me long after I have laid aside my riding togs and quit this game, which I must do sooner or later.

Natural horsemanship and experience are the two main divisions of a successful jockey's equipment. To reduce their respective values to figures, I rate horsemanship at about 80 per cent and experience at 20. "Horsemanship" is an all-inclusive word in the vocabulary of the jockey room and consists of many subdivisions. Of these I am taking the more important and fixing their values in the following manner:

	PER CENT
Alertness at the barrier	20
Judgment of pace	20
Lightness of hands	20
Lightness of seat	20
Courage	10
Cool head	10

The last two groupings speak for themselves and need little explanation. Courage can almost be taken for granted in the life of a jockey, for the element of danger is always present. But there are times when it has special chances to manifest itself. These come usually when the field is running closely bunched and it is necessary to go through the openings as they are offered. There must be a perfect synchronization of courage and cool-headedness in these tight places. It is perhaps an evidence of a lack of fear for a rider to take desperate chances and smash his way to the front, but it can scarcely be termed the proper brand of courage, and certainly it does not show a calmness of decision. A cool head and courageous spirit manifest themselves not in imperiling horses and their riders, but in gliding through cramped openings with one's mental faculties hitting on all cylinders. There is a sharp distinction between the two things. Every natural horseman knows it.

Getting Out of a Pocket

The cool-headed jockey who arrives at prompt decisions is the one who can foresee trouble brewing and employs his wits to avoid it. When through no fault of his own he encounters it, nevertheless it is his intuitive knowledge of what should be done and how to do it that gets him out of his difficulties. The thing which terrifies many new riders is getting into a pocket. In front of him on the rail is one horse and to the right another, hemming him in so snugly that certain defeat stares him in the face unless he can extricate himself. His solution of the problem lies in the distance still to be traversed. If the pocketing occurs in the early part of a long race, the safest course is to ease his mount back gradually on the back stretch and find a clear path before the turn has been reached. This in most instances can be made the equivalent of laying off the early pace and conserving the speed of his mount, which is usually desirable in long races.

A piece of bad luck may thus be converted into an advantage, provided there is time to do it.

The real emergency presents itself when he finds himself pocketed with the finish line in sight. There are only two courses left open then. Either he must lie in behind the front runner in the hope of finding an eleventh-hour opening, or pull to the outside as quickly as he can without throwing the horse off his stride. The feel of his mount then becomes the determining factor. All through the race the action of the horse is telegraphing to the jockey what remains in the way of speed and stamina. If he senses that his mount has a great burst of speed which is being held in check by this pocket, a quick pull to the outside may possibly save the day, though the chance is ordinarily remote. The best policy is to employ every faculty to avoid pockets in the dash through the stretch.

The Knack of Timing

Judgment of pace is the highest expression of natural horsemanship. No jockey can hope to travel far in his calling if he does not have a considerable knowledge of this feature of race riding. Of some jockeys you have heard it said that they seemed to carry speedometers in their heads, so accurately could they time the speed with which a horse reeled off the eighths and quarters. In the early morning work-outs the trainer will instruct riders to take horses along at this or that speed for a given distance. Time and again it will happen that the capable jockey will bring his mount over the line in almost the identical time requested, even to a fraction of a second.

It is in these work-outs that they acquire the knack of timing, and after a bit the knowledge grows to be intuitive.

Have you not noticed when driving an automobile that without looking at the speedometer you can always tell approximately how fast you are going? The same rule applies to all forms of locomotion. The man who goes on long walking trips grows so accustomed to pace that he can tell exactly whether he is covering a mile in twelve or fourteen minutes, the runner knows how fast he is traveling, and even the aviator can sense the speed of the machine he is flying, though he is without visible objects to guide him.

The greatest distance any race horse can travel at top speed is three-eighths of a mile, a fact which has been proved in many tests. Beyond that point he must either slacken his gait or drop dead in his tracks. As stout as the heart of a race horse is, it will not stand the strain of sustaining his utmost speed for more than a distance which is comparatively short, as distances go in the routine of his workaday life. Nature rebels at the given point, and it is part of the jockey's schooling to learn when the limit has been reached.

I say that a jockey's intuition tells him how fast he is traveling, but I should add that the feel of the horse tends as much to impart this knowledge to him as does constant practice or the subconscious observation his eye makes of the streaking terrain under his horse's hoofs. The line of demarcation between the stake horse and selling plater is not great with respect to the time it takes to traverse a certain distance. No matter which class of Thoroughbred he is riding, the speed for the mile varies not more than a second or two, and three or four seconds at the outside. The selling plater gives the same symptoms of being driven too fast as does his more illustrious brother, and of having the same reserve power which may be counted upon for the stretch duel. It is only in exceptional instances that the jockey's feel of his mount is

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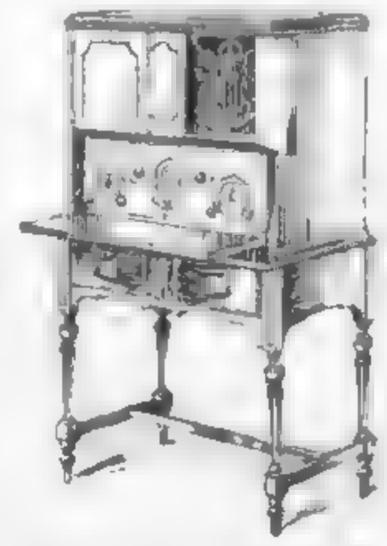
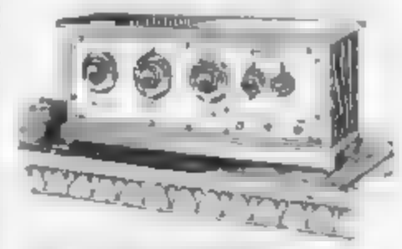
No. 601 Table Model, 6-tube, totally shielded; dual control, equipped with volt meter; takes new tube bases; operates horn or cone type Loud Speaker. Solid mahogany. $210.



No. 602 Drawing Room Model. Finished in American Walnut; built-in Loud Speaker; space for batteries and battery charger; 6-tube; totally shielded; takes new tube bases. $340



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Install it anywhere
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Complete with eight feet of flexible metal tubing $8.50

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Here is the Kingston Manifold Type Heater for Fords. The handsomest and most efficient heater of which we have knowledge. Quickly installed and heats instantly. Fits both old and new models. Ask your dealer.

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Chevrolet - Dodge - Overland $5.00

KINGSTON CAR HEATERS keep you warm and comfortable at zero. Quality buyers everywhere are demanding them The Kingston UNIVERSAL Heater *fits* and *heats* EVERY car. The heat starts the moment the motor starts, warms the feet and body, and rolls out and up from under the dash, warming the driver's hands and completely heats all of the car. May be installed in the rear compartment also.

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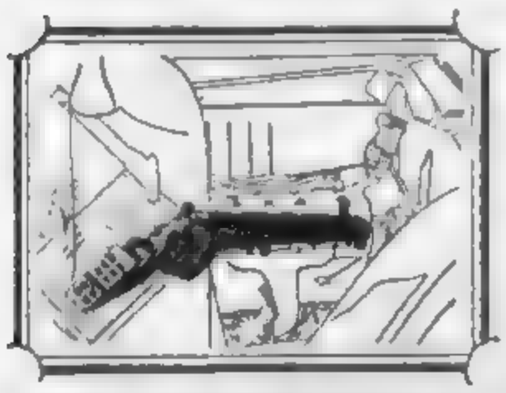
Install the Kingston UNIVERSAL or MANIFOLD Heater NOW and drive in comfort in the cold months to come



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KINGSTON
CAR HEATERS

an unreliable gauge of the speed and stamina that remain

If in a figurative sense the race horse is sending a steady flow of telegraphic messages to his rider throughout the race, then the metaphor can be carried further by saying that the bits are his transmitter and the reins the wires over which the word is flashed. Discounting the exceptions to the rule, the average Thoroughbred is pulling hard against the bit when his speed and endurance remain unimpaired and loosening it when he begins to weaken. "Turning loose the bit" is the way we of the jockey room term it when a slackening of the reins informs us that our mounts have had enough of that particular race and are ready to fly the white flag. Nearly always it can be relied upon as the distress signal. And yet there are enough horses which defy convention to make it necessary for the jockey to be on the alert always. A few will perform in exactly the reverse manner—pull against the bit and have nothing left when let down, and turn loose the bit when they are well within themselves.

The Best Horse in the Country

All these things are elements related to judgment of pace, one of the most important factors connected with horse racing, but one which must receive only its proper place in the scale of winning factors. As vital as it is, I regard it as no more important than a light pair of hands and a light seat in the saddle. To me it has always seemed that these qualities are just as important as knowledge of pace, though I appreciate that most followers of racing pin greater faith to the latter element. A jockey must sit lightly in the saddle and he must have hands that will work in perfect unison with the rest of his body and with his mind. It has been my experience that hand rides will do more than anything else to bring out the best a race horse has to give. I advocate it far more than using a whip. For two years I never carried a whip, and now I employ the lash only when every other resort has failed. Zev was a whip horse. So are many two-year-olds. They have not learned to resent the whip and will not give of their best unless it is used.

I swing with the multitude in my selection of the best horse this country has ever seen. It is Man o' War, the mighty son of Fair Play-Mahubah, the winner of every race he ran except the one he lost on a fluke. I rode this wonder horse just once, in the Miller Stakes at Saratoga, and as his pilot I found he lived up to all the thoughts I had formed of him as an observer. A horse of such high-strung disposition that it was necessary to lead him to the barrier for fear he would run away, Man o' War embodied every running characteristic a champion must have—a tremendous burst of speed, quickness at the barrier, courage, stamina, a smooth, frictionless action and a driving power that carried him over the ground in bounds of amazing width. He was incomparable as a sprinter, a marvel as a stayer, a phantom on a fast track and a wizard in the mud. There was nothing Man o' War could not do, as he proved in his brilliant career, every inch a champion, from his noble head to his hoofs; a horse which has been awarded the highest honors we have to give and is thoroughly deserving of them all.

I could not attempt to rate the other great horses I have ridden according to their relative merits. I can merely say that Man o' War is first in my estimation and that the others are grouped in my mind as belonging to a class that comes after his name has been enrolled at the top of the list, a powerful collection of champions which compare favorably with the best the turf has ever known. They are:

Grey Lag	Mad Hatter	Dunboyne
Zev	Inchcape	Little Chief
Sir Barton	Billy Kelly	Mad Play
Sarazen	Outline	Lucullite
Purchase	Milkmaid	My Own
Kai Sang	Untidy	Cirrus
Cudgel	Boniface	Thunderclap
		Flying Ebony

Of Salvator, Hanover, Sysonby, Colin, Artful, Fitz Herbert, Old Rosebud and the other great horses which ran before my time I know nothing except what I have read and heard. Comparison of these turf heroes with those of my time is out of the question for me. Nor do I believe any man can make an appraisement which will stand up under scrutiny. Nearly every condition of the turf has passed through a revolutionary change since the earlier days of racing and there remains no basis of comparison. I have heard some veterans of our business say the horses of today are inferior. I have heard others say they are superior. And I have heard still other veterans say that any parallel is merely guesswork. Our Uncle Sam Hildreth is one who supports that belief, and he has seen nearly all the good ones. It is with this opinion I take my stand.

It is the same with the jockeys of this time and those who preceded us in this business I have attempted to describe. Who is there to say that Tod Sloan was a better rider than John Loftus, or that Eugene Hildebrand could outride La Verne Fator, or that Garrison was superior to Clarence Kummer, or Willie Shaw the master of Pony McAtee? Who knows whether Skeets Martin knew more of horsemanship than does Albert Johnson, or that Fuller in his day could outride Johnny Maiben in this, or that Redfern possessed more skill than does Clarence Turner? Again the basis of comparison is gone; there is no gauge to determine these things, nothing but individual opinions.

The changes which have come over racing in a quarter of a century have reached to every corner and penetrated the heart of the jockey room. There is not much that remains as it was in the old days when race riding was far less the systematized calling it has come to be. My hat is off to the boys who did the pioneer work for my buddies and me, for the foundation they laid, even in a happy-go-lucky setting, has brought its benefits to those who have fallen heir to their jobs. When we fancy our lives today are hard and exacting we should think of the problems they had to face, all of them except the few upon whom fortune smiled with special radiance. I have heard many an old-timer of the saddle say that the apprentice jockey of this time is more affluent than the experienced rider of the past.

Robinson's Kindliness

When the time comes for me to pass out of this calling which has been so good to me, and so fascinating always, there are some recollections which will still be fresh and green in my memory and which will linger with me to the end. In the front rank of these thoughts will be my remembrance of poor Frankie Robinson, who was killed in a race at Bowie and who was one of the ablest jockeys of my day. Robinson was at the Fair Grounds track in New Orleans at the time I was struggling for recognition, a youngster and a stranger, with all the weight of the world on his shoulders. The day I rode my second winner he sought me out in the jockey room and gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder, the star of my world addressing the veriest beginner in chummy fashion.

"Long-Back," he said—he always called me that because I am taller than most jockeys—"Long-Back, nobody at this track could have ridden that horse better than you did. Take my word for it, Long-Back, you're headed for a big racing stable."

Would you not call Frankie Robinson a big little man?

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Sande and Mr. Crowell

DAYS FOR REMEMBRANCE

Hallowe'en	October 31
Thanksgiving	Nov. 26
Christmas	December 25
New Year's	January 1
St. Valentine's	Feb. 14
Easter	April 4
Mother's	May 9
Father's	June 20
Friendship	August 1

"Good work, Mary! This is the way to get Christmas Cards"

MR. AND MRS. BUELL had just settled down to the breakfast table when Mrs. Buell noticed the date on the morning paper—"My goodness," cried she, "here it is October already and we've done nothing about our personal Christmas cards!" Mr. Buell knew better than to say there was plenty of time. Last Christmas his sister had caustically remarked that their card (which had come three days late) was no Christmas card at all—and he knew that there must have been others.

That afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Buell were in a nice uncrowded shop where there was a beautiful assortment of fresh, new Christmas cards They had gone there calmly and quietly; and calmly and quietly they decided on the style of their personal cards. They arranged the details leisurely and gave more than sufficient time to have exquisite work done.

They found the whole experience of choosing their personal Christmas cards a pleasant one. Why don't you order your cards in that way too?

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LUMBER *producing* today has been put on the solid basis of a *science*. But lumber *using* has not yet quite caught up. There is still a good deal of unnecessary waste and cost.

This is nobody's fault—particularly. Simply lack of information. Persistence of old rule-of-thumb methods. Confusion as to kinds of lumber—and the grades and properties of the various kinds.

A costly thing! But it is being corrected—even though slowly through such agencies as the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service.

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And out of this service to American industry have grown hundreds of *permanent, regular customers* for Weyerhaeuser Lumber. Men who order their full requirements on the scientific specifications agreed upon between themselves and the producers.

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You *may* have some uses for which they cannot recommend Weyerhaeuser Lumbers. If so, *they'll tell you*—there is nothing for either you or Weyerhaeuser in putting the wrong lumber to use.

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An order placed today is shipped tomorrow and delivered to almost any industrial center in a few days.

WITH such facilities, and with the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service, here is a lumber program beyond anything ever before conceived and carried through.

It is at your service—on request.

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Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore, and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

PLUMES AND SABLE

(Continued from Page 31)

himself in the private office of a portly and pompous gentleman who sported many diamonds and much fine raiment.

Terry Shannon knew his visitor and greeted him cordially. He gave attentive ear to the tidings which the young gangster imparted.

"Russian sable, eh? You sure?"

"Absolutely, chief. Got it checked up from the ship. Five-six cases."

"H'm!" The beady little eyes of Terry Shannon glistened covetously. "That stuff prob'ly runs as high as fifty thousand dollars a case."

"Easy."

"What's the layout down there?"

"Cinch. They got two watchmen who've worked with us before. And there's a dozen Gophers already workin' there. We can get a few more through tomorrow."

"Good! When'll they take that stuff off?"

"I dunno. But they tell me not till tomorrow or maybe next day. It'll be cribbed right away."

"Right-o! We gotta keep it from bein'."

Shannon rose and paced the room, a modest and rather odoriferous place which had once served as family room to a saloon.

The ward heeler's piglike face was set in deep thought; here was opportunity for a killing.

"I've got things workin' a bit already, kid. Got this tip in advance. You g'wan back down there an' tell 'em you feel better. I'll give you boys the dope tonight when you meet me here at eight o'clock."

They were present at eight. Doors were locked and sentries posted. There was an almost impenetrable haze of cigar and cigarette smoke, and the tense, eager faces of the young men in the room betokened that all were impressed with this golden opportunity.

There were two men a trifle different from the rest. They were hulking individuals with aggressively large feet. They interjected occasional questions having to do with their share of the spoils, and even Terry Shannon treated them with overt respect.

"Y'see, it's thisaway," explained one of these watchmen: "No matter what happens, one of us gits it in the neck; maybe both. It means we gotta beat it an' stay put. We're takin' a helluva chance, lettin' you birds get away with stuff as crude as this. So we gotta have a nice split."

Shannon eyed them appraisingly.

"Five thousand if it goes through."

"Apiece?"

"Don't make me laugh. Five thousand split any way you like."

"But s'pose you get three or four cases of that stuff."

"That's my lookout. This is dangerous and I can't afford to divvy too many ways. Five thou is the price. Whatcha say?"

The big watchman sighed—and accepted.

"An' if we get sloughed ——"

"Don't you worry about the cops, big boy. I take care of my gang, I do."

There was more murmuring, additional dickering, a detailed planning of the sinister campaign. Then the boys filed out slowly and dispersed to various pool rooms in Hell's Kitchen. Only Shannon was left—Shannon and two swarthy gentlemen who, up to now, had said nothing whatever. The pudgy man gave them terse orders.

"And be heeled," he wound up after they had nodded affirmation to his directions. "There ain't never any tellin' whether you'll have to blast your way out."

They looked at each other and nodded silently. Then, as though actuated by machinery, they rose and moved out into the night. Terry Shannon watched them go; he had used these men before; they were reliable and fearless and highly efficient. Mr. Shannon considered that he had done a very satisfactory night's work, with every likelihood that by the setting of another sun he would be richer by a great many thousands of dollars in raw but rare material.

The two men who last departed were not addicted to loquacity. They walked northward to a little delicatessen, where a very ample lunch of sandwiches was ordered and packed. They stopped for a few moments at a gaunt red brick house and visited the room which they shared. There they proceeded to don extra underwear and to incase their powerful bodies in sweaters beneath their overcoats. After which one of them unlocked a dresser drawer and extracted two highly businesslike automatics.

Pistols in pocket, lunch under their arms, they walked up Ninth Avenue, boarded the Elevated and alighted at a point far uptown. It was a matter of less than half an hour to reach the river, where, in the pale winking light of a single electric bulb which glowed frostily in the biting wind, they made their way to a snub-nosed craft which was moored there. They gazed upon this ugly thing with eyes in which there was a hint of genuine affection.

The boat itself was nothing to arouse keen emotion in the heart of an artist. It was perhaps twenty-five feet in length, with a nine-foot beam. It was a sturdy clinker-built craft such as one sees engaged in oyster operations along Staten Island Sound. It boasted no recent garment of paint, although faintly discernible on the stern—provided one glimpsed it at the noon hour—was the word "Whitecap."

But if the Whitecap was a somewhat disreputable looking craft, the motor which propelled her was not. The two men gently removed the waterproof covering and inspected the engine with expert eyes. It was a powerful, reliable thing and the boat's owners kept it in superb condition. Together they tinkered with it a while; testing it here, oiling it there, touching it with lovers' fingers. But they did not speak; there was something impressively sinister in their continued silence. Eventually, having satisfied themselves that everything was shipshape, one of them cast off the bowline while the other spun the motor. There was a brief coughing followed by a steady staccato hum.

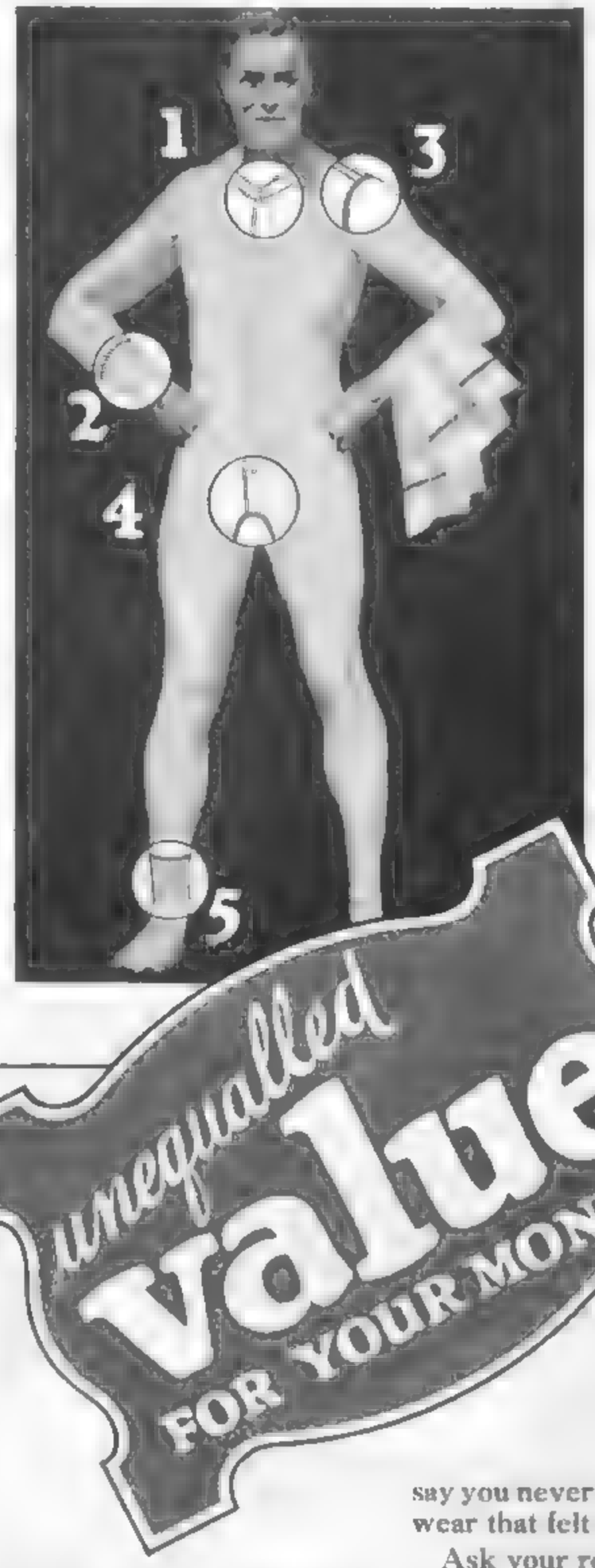
The boat edged out into the river and turned south; the two men sat rigidly, apparently impervious to the arctic blasts which swept up from the bay. There was little traffic at this hour of the morning; a few ferries, one or two tugs which steamed silently along, one big barge tow and an occasional lighter making its way to some pier to take on or discharge cargo.

The Whitecap moved swiftly downstream. It hugged the left bank of the river and came eventually to the first of the big piers, where a giant ship reared its graceful form in solitary grandeur against the dimly lighted sky. It bulked vague and magnificent and formless in the night, lights gleaming here and there. The two men in the Whitecap vouchsafed it scarcely a glance as they circled to avoid the dangerously protruding stern.

About three hundred yards above the X Y Z Navigation Company pier, the motor of the launch was shut off abruptly. As at a signal, each man took an oar and rose to standing position, one in the bow and the other in the stern. And finally, as the little craft lost headway, they paddled efficiently and silently, keeping the craft close under the shadows of the piers.

They reached the X Y Z pier, progress having been noiseless for the last three hundred yards. The man for'ard caught the edge of the pier with his hands to prevent scraping. Then, with slow and painstaking care, the little boat was propelled around the pier to the side opposite that on which the big ship was docked. They moved into the slip, and within fifteen yards of the shore swung the head of the Whitecap under the pier. The shadows swallowed them.

In the Stygian blackness under the pier, progress was even more deliberate. Pushing the boat by hand, they felt their way



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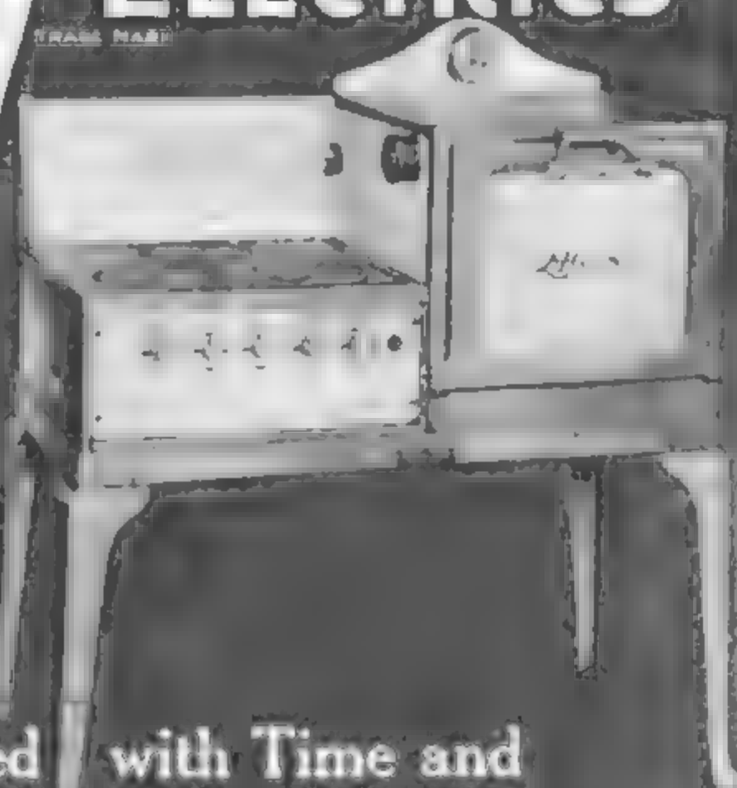

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around. Occasionally the man in the stern picked up a long boat hook which had been capped with cotton wadding, and with this he tested the flooring of the pier overhead. No word was spoken; a prodding, a series of grunts, and the boat would move on again. But finally there came a time when the grunts changed their timbre. The man for'ard understood and immediately made the boat fast to the nearest pile. Then he joined his companion and satisfied himself that they had located the precise spot on the pier where the floor boards had been loosened, preparatory to lowering stolen cargo from above.

Now the two men curled up on the seats of their craft, wrapped themselves in blankets and prepared to spend the balance of the night. There was no hint of perturbation in their manner; they were as calm and uncommunicative as two fishermen awaiting the signal to drop their lines. On one side was the huge liner which contained the coveted furs. On the other, crowding the slip through which they had so carefully edged, were a dozen lighters. Beyond these lighters, a big ship was moored at the adjoining pier; in any event, progress through that slip was a tortuous proceeding. The men held no conversation, but both understood that in case sudden flight became necessary their single mode of quick escape must be around the bow of the ship they had come to rob and thence out through the slip which she occupied.

The night wore on. With the advent of morning, the pier overhead came to life. Footsteps could be heard; and then, when day had broken, the rumble of trucks, and later the screaming of winches and the impatient snorting of donkey engines. The two men below remained impassive. They munched their breakfast of sandwiches, sampled the contents of a brown flask and waited. Occasionally their eyes focused above where the loose flooring had been located. But if they experienced any emotion, they gave no sign. It was a case of wait and wait.

Meanwhile others were swinging into action above. Half a dozen longshoremen found time for an occasional reassuring word with two nervous watchmen. These snatches of conversation were caught surreptitiously; but as the morning wore on, their plans for the fur robbery were taking shape.

It was really a very simple thing, provided that due care was taken. The cases of Russian sable might be unloaded at any moment from the ship. They would be swung from the hold to the pier, unloaded from their slings and trundled by longshoremen, case by case, to the crib—the crib being a compartment near the pier entrance where unusually valuable cargo is kept until called for.

Of course, the furs would be under the eye of a special watchman from the time they were swung out of the hold until they were safely delivered to the crib. It was the job of that watchman to accompany the longshoreman's truck every inch of the long way down the pier. But it so happened that the two watchmen who were detailed for this very task were the men who had visited with Terry Shannon the night before.

As the moments passed it became apparent that the task would be rather simple. All down the pier were piles of cargo, awaiting their trucks. And it was on the sheltered side of one of these pyramids that the floor boarding was loose. What could be simpler then than that a case of Russian sable should be duly loaded on a longshoreman's truck and then be escorted by a watchman—not to the crib, but to the blind side of the cargo pile, and then lowered through the floor opening to the snub-nosed craft waiting below? There would be no danger of discovery until the truck driver should arrive and claim his furs from the delivery clerk. And even so, the clerk would report merely that they had not yet been unloaded.

The plan was simple and plausible. It had been done before and was about to be done again. There was small chance of anything going wrong. But unfortunately for the success of the scheme, none of the conspirators had ever had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Slinky Morgan socially.

Slinky was very much on the job. For an hour and a half he had remained with his brawny truck-driver friend. And when that gentleman received the signal to drive onto the pier and take his cargo, Slinky accompanied him in the formal guise of a shenango, or loader.

At the gate, a checker was assigned to the truck—a necessary formality to make certain that the truck driver received his proper load and no more. Slinky worked industriously, doing his puny best.

And then when the checker turned away, Mr. Morgan gave his friend a twisted wink of thanks and oozed off behind a pile of freight.

The first essential step had been successfully negotiated. Slinky was on the pier, and usually there are no questions asked of men once they are safely past the gateman. It remained only for him to locate his trophy, steal it and get safely away for the romantic presentation to the lady who was, at that moment, mopping the floors of her West Street flop house.

And now a third element entered into the affair; an element of which neither Slinky Morgan nor the Shannon henchmen were aware.

This element was a single man, tall and broad and very level of cold gray eye. He wore the badge of a cargo guard.

This particular watchman had witnessed Slinky's arrival on the pier, and he knew instinctively that all was not as it should be; there was something about the unlovely little man which betokened the wharf rat, and this watchman hated men of the kind. Therefore he moved unobtrusively after the truck and was almost reassured when he saw Mr. Morgan actually assist the driver in loading cargo. If only Slinky had deferred his sudden dive behind a pile of freight ——

The watchman noticed that the truck was leaving and that Slinky was not on it. He hailed the driver.

"Hey, where's that loader that was workin' with you?"

"Him?" The big man delighted to taunt the watchman. "I guess he's gone."

"Left the pier?"

"I dunno. He finished his job an' beat it."

The cold gray eyes focused upon the truckman's face.

"That feller wasn't no shenango."

"No?"

"No; and you know it. He was a rat."

"Really?" The driver was laughing. "Now ain't that somethin' to tell a guy?"

The big man drove on to the exit gate, where he surrendered his pass and delayed while his truck load was rechecked, and then departed whistling.

"I wonder," he murmured, "what'll happen if that watchman ever finds the little feller."

But the task of locating an individual on a busy pier is not easy, particularly when that person is adorned with the habiliments of all the other workers and is anxious to keep out of sight.

Slinky moved cautiously about the pier, searching for damaged cases. He followed the loud call of "Cooper!" as avidly as that harassed individual himself, for the cooper call marked the spots where cases had been broken open by unduly rough handling.

As usual, he came upon more than a single broken case, but thus far his search had proved rather fruitless. He did see a case of silk which had been smashed, and for a wild instant he conceived the magnificent idea of stealing a bolt of brilliant yellow stuff. But that plan was discarded as impractical and unduly hazardous. A bolt of silk would be difficult to steal and even more difficult to remove from the pier. And so, regretfully, Mr. Morgan moved on—always a step ahead of the watchman.

Continued on Page 249

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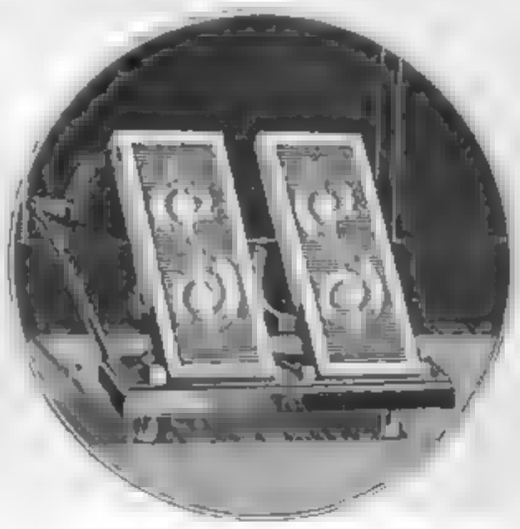

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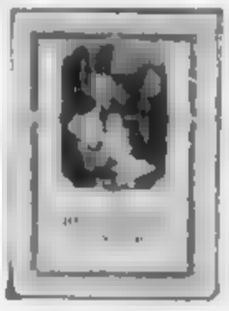

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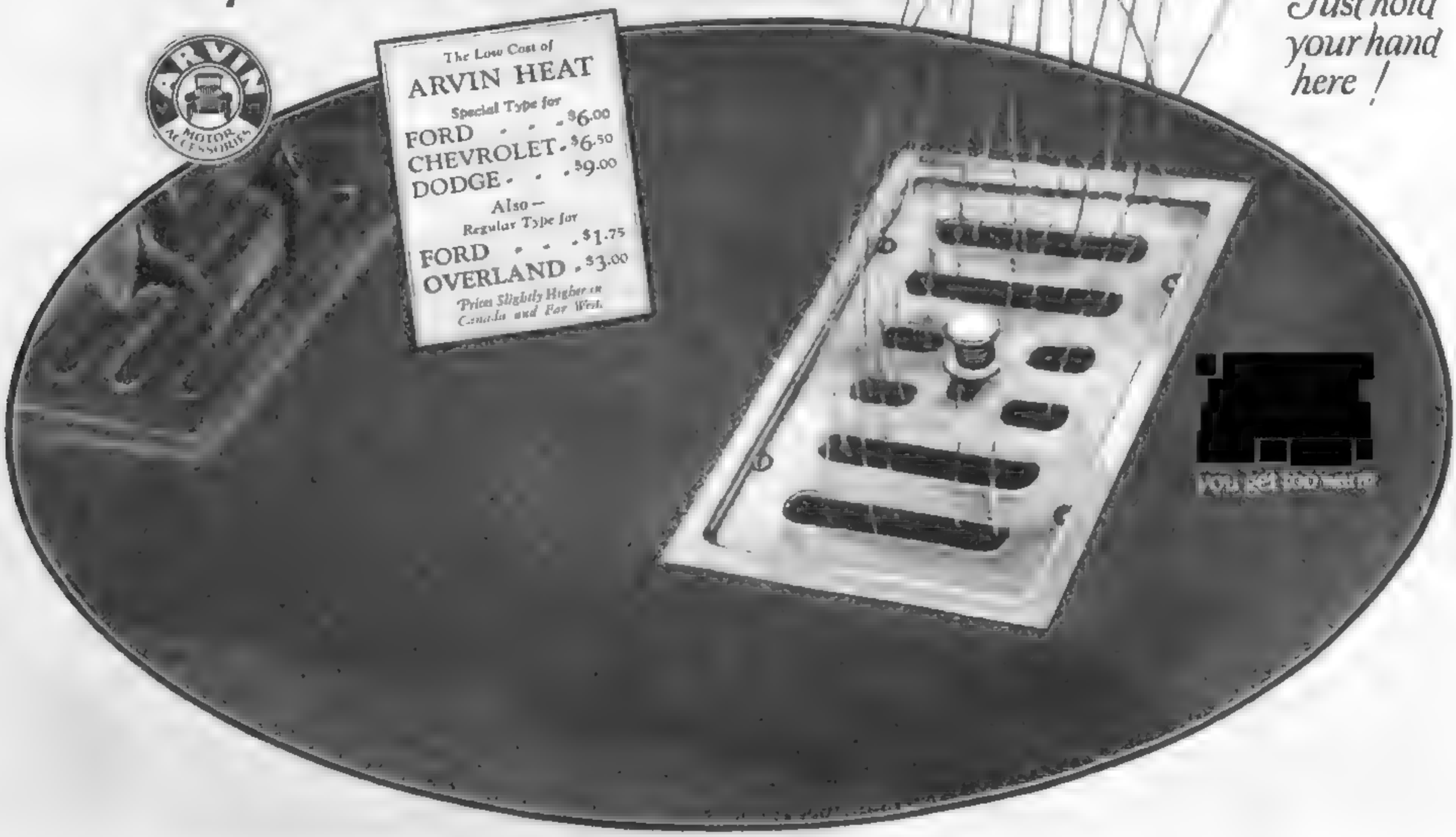

(Continued from Page 246)

As for the watchman, that person had no individual grudge against Slinky. But being a watchman and having genuine police instinct, he was against the species of wharf rat. He hated petty thievery and those who lived by it, and he was determined to collar Slinky and pitch him forthwith out of the sacred precincts.

His search was longer than he anticipated, and he saw Slinky at the same moment that Mr. Morgan glimpsed the trophy which he was determined to have. For an instant the tableau held—Slinky, partly concealed behind a pile of freight, gazing fascinatedly into a broken case which was filled with uncurled ostrich plumes. Slinky's meager face was radiant; he envisioned Nan bedecked with this regal finery; he fancied her gratitude when he should present her with one—or even two—of the treasures. And the greatest appeal lay in the fact that they were easily stolen. A mere matter of marking time and eventually slipping one or two of the plumes under his coat, then of leaving the pier when the noon hour should come and the longshoremen trooped out into the street to partake of their midday meal.

The watchman remained motionless for a sufficient length of time to assure himself that this was, indeed, a wharf rat bent upon pilferage. He pretended to be engrossed in something else as Slinky lounged with ostentatious innocence in the vicinity of the broken case of plumes.

The great moment arrived. Slinky, with elaborate care, stooped to tie his shoe lace. He rested his foot on the broken case—and when he straightened again there were two handsome plumes hidden under his coat.

Slinky's heart was pounding as he cast a quick glance about. His eyes briefly met a pair of chill gray ones which were focused hostilely upon him. His glance shifted ever so briefly to a shiny badge on the coat which was worn by the man who owned those eyes. Then Mr. Morgan uttered a frightened "Oh, gosh!" and ducked to cover.

The watchman did not hurry. It pleased him to play with Slinky as a cat toys with a mouse. There was the man ready to hand; it amused the watchman to let him suffer a while, to think that perhaps escape was possible. The watchman started a slow, deliberate circling movement; and Slinky, from his place of temporary concealment, saw him coming.

Mr. Morgan was quite positive that he was a marked man. There was small doubt that this particular watchman had witnessed his theft. For an instant Slinky considered ridding himself of the plumes, but memory of the dish-faced Nan imbued him with magnificent courage. Slinky realized that unless he departed suddenly and completely he was in for some pretty harsh usage.

The watchman continued his impassive advance. He saw which way Slinky had gone and continued his own flanking tactics. And then, as he peered over a pile of freight, the watchman saw something else which instantly and effectively drove from his mind all thoughts of Slinky and that gentleman's modest thievery.

The cargo guard caught only a glimpse, but that glimpse was more than sufficient. What he saw was a gaping hole in the flooring of the pier. It was an isolated spot completely surrounded by little hills of cargo. By that spot stood four longshoremen and a watchman. With exquisite care they were lowering something of considerable weight through the hole into a boat. The guard could not see the boat, but he knew it was there; and the fact that another watchman was in on the theft told him plainly that it was of considerable moment.

Beside the hole was a sizable case, steel-banded. It obviously contained furs, and the guard recalled some talk of Russian sable. He breathed audibly; a wholesale theft of Russian sable—that meant a group of desperate men.

He made his way hurriedly to the pier entrance, where for two or three minutes he held earnest converse with a police sergeant. That person, a thoroughly honest and competent man, did several things.

He summoned one or two assistants and issued certain terse orders. Then he went to the telephone and called the Forty-seventh Street Police Station.

"Trouble?"

"Not yet," answered the sergeant laconically; "but there's soon gonna be."

What occurred immediately thereafter was done quietly and without ostentation. Slinky, watching wide-eyed and frightened, saw his Nemesis returning, and with him two other watchmen.

A vague tremor of pride came to Slinky that he should be considered worthy of this great trouble. He moved away, toward the head of the pier. It did not occur to him that these men were not interested in his two poor plumes.

Directed by the sergeant, the other watchmen were being efficiently deployed. Two of them moved to the head of the pier and dropped onto lighters which were moored there. There were brief conferences and these lighters were swung broadside across the slip entrances on either side of the pier, cutting off any possible avenue of escape for the snub-nosed Whitecap. That detail attended to, someone signaled the sergeant, who had now taken active charge of the forces on the pier.

From three directions they closed in upon the longshore gang which was busily engaged in lowering the third fifty-thousand-dollar case of Russian sable through the hole in the flooring.

The guard with the cold gray eyes circled toward the major objective—and stumbled upon the frightened Slinky, who had been cowering abjectly in this last haven of possible refuge.

Slinky ducked. The watchman growled as Mr. Morgan scampered away. He was vaguely sorry that he was too busy to attend to Slinky right then; but affairs were shaping rapidly and he knew his services were needed in an affair of considerably greater importance.

Slinky did not look back until he had reached a safety point far away from his contact with the frosty-eyed watchman. He was surprised that pursuit had not been more immediate and thorough.

Slinky Morgan could not see what was happening in the vicinity of the spot through which the stolen furs had been lowered. He did not see the sudden appearance there of the sergeant and five cargo guards, nor hear the crescendo of accusation and profane defense which split the atmosphere. Nor did he glimpse the first move of the epic battle as Slinky's own particular watchman collared one of the lithest and most desperate of the gangsters and that gentleman immediately countered with a swishing blow of his bale hook.

And then the fight was on. The gangsters realized that this was no petty affair where the political influence of Terry Shannon could get them out of jail almost before their cell doors were locked. Because of that, and also to create sufficient diversion to allow for the escape of the little boat below, they fought desperately.

It was a pretty fight and a sanguinary one. The longshoremen each carried a vicious little bale hook. These hooks were employed with all the skill and deadly cunning of stilettos.

There were cursings and grunts and the thudding of heavy, sweaty bodies. Other longshoremen rallied to the call. It was the old class battle of worker versus guard; a clan affair where men of a kind stood shoulder to shoulder and fought without idea of what they were fighting for.

Slinky Morgan, forty feet away, watched pop-eyed. He didn't know what had happened, but he did know that he had no intention whatsoever of mixing up in any encounter of such disturbing proportions. He scurried toward the pier entrance, dodging from one pile of cargo to another. No one paid him any heed. Longshoremen were mixing in the fight or standing by as keenly interested spectators. Every guard on the

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pier was rushing forward to help his cohorts. The gateman remained at the entrance, straining his eyes for sight of the police assistance which had been summoned.

And under the pier something was happening. The two iron-visaged men in the snub-nosed motorboat heard the outbreak of hostilities above. They glanced at each other wordlessly, and one of them cast loose the bowline while the other spun the flywheel of the motor. There was an instant rhythmic response and the craft moved slowly under the pier toward the slip, bent upon escape with its hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of fur cargo.

The Whitecap nosed out into the slip and swung toward the open river. It was not until it had progressed perhaps fifty feet that the man at the helm noticed the lighter which was blocking his escape, and even then it did not occur to him that this was a matter of design.

His companion needed no command. He whipped out a keen-bladed clasp knife and calmly prepared to cut the hawser of the lighter. He even succeeded in doing so as two cargo guards and a customs inspector leaped from behind the deck house and onto the smaller craft.

The man at the bow was overpowered instantly. The helmsman calmly produced a blue-steel automatic over which he looked with level, appraising eyes. One of the watchmen snapped a command.

"Put it down! You'll only get in Dutch!"

The calm gentleman regarded him intently for a few moments while he reflected upon the worth-whileness of immediate murder. Then, without another word, he tossed the gun to the bottom of the boat and gave vent to a lengthy speech.

"Humph!" he said.

On the pier, the action was becoming more intense. Slinky Morgan watched in horror the terrific battle as he edged closer and closer to the pier entrance. And just as he reached that goal a patrol wagon clanged to a halt and spilled its load of bluecoats. Slinky darted back to safety as the policemen swirled by him and into the mêlée, swinging highly persuasive clubs.

It was then that Slinky ducked. He was off the pier like a little gray streak, worming his way through the maze of West Street traffic. And now his heart was singing exultantly and he hugged close against his bosom the two ostrich plumes which were intended for his scrub-lady friend.

He attained the opposite side of the broad thoroughfare and vanished up a narrow street which was lined with red brick buildings of ancient vintage and congested with big trucks.

Then, and not until then, did he slacken speed. It wouldn't do now to appear to be escaping from something. Nor would it be wise to proceed direct to the modest hostelry where Nan eked out a decidedly precarious existence.

The great presentation could well be deferred until that evening, when he knew Nan was off duty.

All afternoon Slinky was in a ferment of excitement. That particular section of the water front hummed with rumor and conjecture concerning the big fight on the pier of the X Y Z Navigation Company. Mr Morgan kept tight lips, and only gave vent to his emotions that night when he and Nan were safely alone under the glow of a sputtering corner arc.

"Listen, Nan, I gotcha somethin'."

"No!"

"Yeh: somethin' swell."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh. Stoled it offen the X Y Z pier." Slinky extracted from his bosom the two languid plumes. "Look, Nan."

The eyes of the scullery lady opened wide with amazement. From somewhere deep within her there rose a trace of long dormant vanity and she uttered a single word: "Plumes!"

"Uh-huh." Slinky understood her emotion and he added his own explanation. "Awstrich!"

"Fer me, Slinky?"

"Yeh. Both."

Nan was not loquacious, but her eyes took on a luster which they had never before known as she thanked her knight-errant.

"Gee, yer wonderful, Slinky!"

Mr. Morgan was near to bursting with pardonable pride.

"I guess I'm pretty good, Nan. Honest, y'don't know half how good. Listen! Didja hear about the big fight down on the pier this mornin'?"

"Yeh, I heard."

"Well, I started it!"

"You?"

"Uh-huh." Mr. Morgan told the strict and unadorned truth as he knew it. "A watchman seen me slip onto the pier, see? An' he laid fer me. Well, just as I get them plumes he comes after me, an' a longshoreman must of sloughed him, because the awfulest fight started."

Nan was hugging the precious plumes against her breast as she gazed at Slinky through eyes which were misted with hero worship.

"Yeh, Slinky? An' then what?"

The face of Mr. Slinky Morgan twisted into a crooked little grin which grew slowly into a laugh.

"I beat it!" he confessed frankly. "But what tickles me is this: Them fellers never are gonna know what become of the awstrich plumes they was fightin' about."

If the Wife Handled the Baby Carriage as She Does the Car

From Switzerland comes the secret of

Sound, restful sleep –that brings you all-day energy

A 3-day test will prove it— 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way

WHEN you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

"Picks you up" while you sleep

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

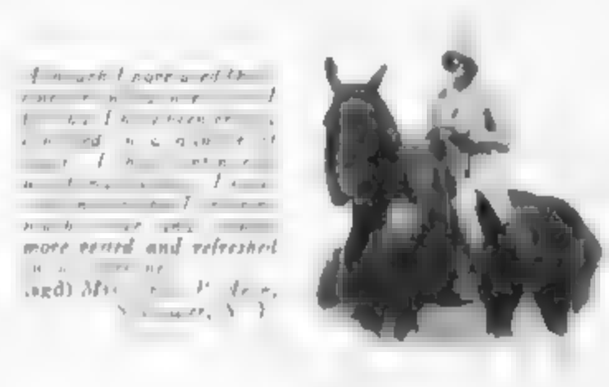
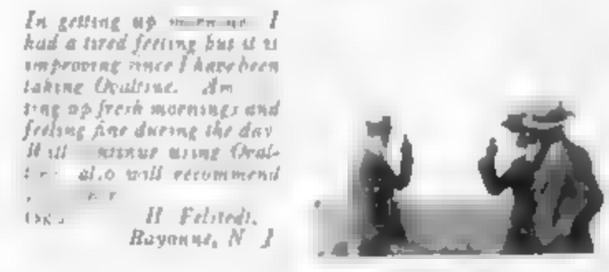
Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body



COUPON

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37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

One package to a person

They loved their northern gardens, so they came to live in Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE—where gardens bloom the year round

WITH all their succeeding, they were people who loved the beautiful in life. During the short summer in their northern home they gave endless care to their gardens—which, just at the time when they should have reached the fullest growth, were stripped of leaves and flowers by the approach of winter and reduced to drab masses of brown. Quite by accident, they made a visit to Jacksonville, and here they were astonished by the luxuriance and lavish color of shrubs, trees and flowers. Why not live, they asked themselves rightly, where life is beautiful as well as full of opportunity? So they built a home for themselves here and surrounded it with native palms, fragrant jessamine, ever-blooming lantana, many hued oleander—in fact, with all the profusion of Florida's trees and flowers.

Many of the leading residents of Jacksonville came here first on a visit and determined to stay where life is full of the things most worth while. For this growing Florida city also offers opportunities for building a business that will grow as its vast new territory develops. More than seven hundred thousand acres of timber are being cut and brought north through Jacksonville. The citrus and vegetable crops of Florida are cleared over the railroads which converge here. This is the ocean port for a fast opening new domain. It is the logical place for branch houses and branch factories. It offers natural opportunities to furniture and all kinds of wood-working factories, glass, soap and canning plants, shirt and overall manufacturers, textile mills, makers of structural steel and building materials. Jacksonville's opportunities are as many as the needs of its new empire.

If you and your family enjoy the beautiful things life has to give, you should find a way to make your home here where the climate is friendly to all growing things. Jacksonville, by its location, is mild in winter and it is delightful also in summer.

If you would like to build your ideal home in the land of the heart's desire, come to Jacksonville and study its opportunities first hand. Come here for your vacation this year.

Write at once for the free booklet describing Jacksonville and its country. But come now and study its opportunities for yourself. It may well be the most important move you ever made.

Believers in Jacksonville

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

HOLE IN ONE

(Continued from Page 29)

give any man in this room ten strokes and fetch him in three down."

"Maybe," said Weevil, "he can hit 'em better'n Vardon; but that's no reason why a member should play a twosome with him every day."

"I bet there is a reason," said Wills.

Old Man Arkwright bristled.

"What reason?" he demanded belligerently.

Wills grinned.

"You get a daily lesson thrown in for the price of a caddie fee."

"Yes," said the old man, "and they're the fust lessons I ever got that amounted to anythin'."

"When you shoot another hole in one," McWhinney said provocatively, "I'll take some stock in that."

"Mebby," said Old Man Arkwright, squinting his sharp old blue eyes—"mebby I'll do jest that identical thing." And with that he stamped out of the place wrathfully.

"Know what the old codger does?" asked Wills.

"No. What?"

"Takes a dozen balls to the seventh tee and shoots at the hole by the hour. Watched him. Boys, he's tryin' to repeat."

"If ever he does," said Weevil, "the Lord have mercy on us by sendin' an epidemic of deafness."

"Guess we'll have to crowd him a mite," said McWhinney. "The summer's passin'."

III

THEY crowded him. No occasion was let to pass on which it was possible to pick on Spotty, to sneer at his friendship with Old Man Arkwright or to cast doubts upon the soundness of the boy's game as described by the old man. They goaded him, they pestered him. Which, naturally, had the effect of setting the old fellow like adamant. It arrived at a point where he declined invitations to play in foursomes so that he might spend the afternoon on the links with Spotty—himself playing always with mashie and putter, but scoring meticulously every stroke of the boy's. Indeed, he kept a record, filing the cards in his desk, and it became an obsession with him that he was somehow helping to develop a future Open Champion. This ambition he added to the other. Somehow life grew brighter for him; it seemed to hold something now except a succession of days of lonely golf. His wagon was hitched to a couple of stars and he was driving wildly.

He found, too, that the evenings, which he had always passed at home with a book, were not so easy to get through as they had been.

The huge old house was full of silence, and he didn't like it. For two hours every afternoon he listened to a voice, just breaking over into bass; he encouraged Spotty to talk and found the boy could interest him—and his empty evenings were the emptier by comparison.

"Dog-gone," he said to himself, "I'll have to git me a parrot or suthin."

And he took to describing his caddie when he was from the Appletree Club; he even sought occasions to bring the matter up and to dilate upon the boy phenomenon. As a matter of fact, he fancied he was talking about the boy's golf; but he was mistaken. He was talking about the boy, and his golf was only the peg to hang it on. He even spent time on Spotty's freckles, and told business associates that the kid must have had good bringing up, for he was a polite little cuss.

"Smarter'n a steel trap," he boasted. "Yes, sir, grasps things like that! I druther have his advice than most men I know. And what a sweet drive he's got! Snap and timin' and all! And his iron play! Say, I bet Bobby Jones at his age didn't have a thing on him." He paused. "Kind of good-lookin', too, come to think of it. Yes, sir, smart look to him—snappy. Jest you wait till you see him Open Champion or suthin like that!"

"What's his name?" asked the acquaintance.

"Spotty."

"Spotty what?"

"How ah'ud I know? Spotty's his name, and that's enough for me. What'd I do with more name? You don't call a caddie Mr. Marmaduke Vere de Vere, not to his face." He was working himself into a state of irritation over it, a thing not difficult to accomplish. "What do I care what his name is? Don't need a name to play golf, does he? Wouldn't add a yard to his drive."

"If you think he's so good," said the acquaintance, "why don't you enter him in the District Caddies' Tournament? Maybe if he got some competition he wouldn't turn out so good as you think. That's what tells—competition. Tournament experience is darn near as important as a sound game. Yes, sir, if he's any good, you better see he gets tournament experience."

"Never heard of any caddie tournament."

"District tournament every year—for caddies and caddie masters. At Black Brook this year."

"How do you git to enter?"

"If he's a bona-fide caddie, he's entitled to play."

"Huh!"

That was a thought, and Old Man Arkwright mulled over it that night in the loneliness of his library. A caddie tournament! Couldn't be much, but it would be a start toward that distant Open Championship. Tomorrow he would talk it over with the boy. Of course, there would be nothing to it; Spotty would walk away with the thing.

He lighted one of the dreadful rolls of tobacco which he called a cigar, but somehow there was no enjoyment in it. He tried reading a detective story, for that was his one brand of literature; but he couldn't get excited even in the most acute crises. Finally he got up and tramped around the house, muttering under his breath. For a moment he feared for his health; something was wrong with him at any rate, though he suffered no pain or physical discomfort. It seemed to be that he was only uneasy, restless. The inside of the house didn't suit him as it always had done, and he only growled at the outside. It was a state of mind he had experienced frequently of late, and he didn't like it.

"If I knew," he said to himself presently, "where that darn kid was I'd put this tournament thing up to him."

But he did not know where Spotty was, nor how to locate him. He did not know even that he desired acutely to see Spotty and to talk to him. Such an idea would have appeared preposterous. He did not know he was a lonely old man, suffering from loneliness which never had manifested itself until, for the first time in many, many years, he stood upon terms of intimacy with a child.

Indeed, he never had been intimate with a child—even with that daughter whom he had ejected from his life. She had been a girl, and he never understood what she was all about—especially after she had advanced in girlhood to the point where she achieved individuality and character and waywardness and ideas. He had felt himself unable to cope with her; had lived in a state of constant irritation with what seemed to him her stubbornness and silly whims.

A breach between them had been inevitable, and the wrench of it, when it came, had not been so painful as he imagined. True, he had not liked it. But his regrets were rather more because of what might have been, if she had been his ideal daughter, than over the actual severance with her. It may truly be said he never missed her, though there were times when

On Any Playground - Invincible-Accident Proof

No fall can break it

Miles from home—hunting, fishing, motoring or boating, or on some other pleasure-bent—and thirsty. How aggravating to find that some jolt or jar has broken your vacuum bottle and ruined or lost its liquid contents. There is no need of risking such disappointment now.

The NEW STANLEY SUPER VAC is guaranteed to carry safely your favorite beverage—hot or cold.

Within the last few months a recently developed process has made possible an improved, efficient, all steel bottle which permits an absolute triple guarantee—that it will retain temperature—that it will not break or leak. The first cost is the last cost.

"Out-of-Door-Cookery", containing valuable recipes for camp cooking and picnic luncheons, sent Free upon request.

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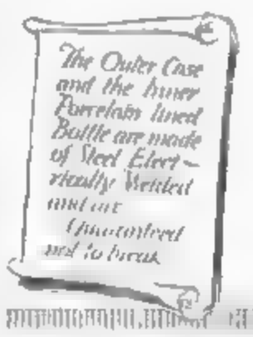
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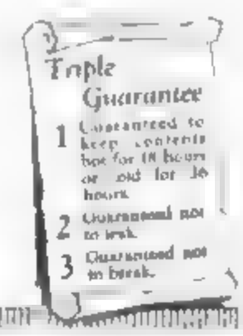
The New non-breakable Vacuum Bottle with the Triple Guarantee


Triple Guarantee
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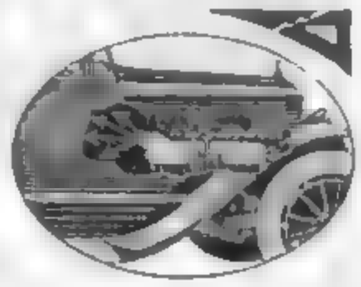

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Amity pocketbooks are skilfully wrought from the finest leathers. Their beauty, which is the distinguishing mark of real leather, mellows with age. Their sturdy construction guards your income and valuable papers for years.

The store you patronize will show you Amity pocketbooks that will do full justice to your appearance . . . that will satisfy you both as to style and price. . . . Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

Beautiful laced edge three-fold wallet, made of mission-finished goatskin. Attractively embossed. Price $4.50

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Mr. Sealy has been bringing supreme comfort to discriminating home owners for over 40 years. It contains, as now, two unblended long fibered cotton, woven under a patented Sealy weave process that makes lumping, matting and shifting impossible. Each Sealy is smooth and even with a new surface row. The Sealy always retains its delightful buoyancy and will never lose its shape or comfort giving qualities.
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he remembered far back to her arrival, to her babyhood, to the days when she was a tiny elf who entertained him as some sort of extraordinarily clever mechanical toy might have done.

For years now he had scarcely thought of her When Old Man Arkwright erased anything, he was the sort of man to do it thoroughly. Since the day of her departure to marry that objectionable suitor, he had never seen her nor heard of her directly; indirectly he had heard little, for there were few acquaintances bold enough to broach the subject in his presence.

In his own world, he was an autocrat and a personage. It was only on the golf course that he was Old Man Arkwright. But golf is a great leveler. It is true democracy. On the links, a man is the sum of his game and his conversation. So none ventured to approach him in his surly isolation to describe his daughter's circumstances or to present her needs. He knew nothing about her—if she was alive or dead—and believed sincerely he didn't care.

His was a peculiar life. On the one side, that of a great figure in his industry, unapproachable, tyrannical, dispensing the high justice, the middle and the low; on the other side, a duffer at the game of golf, assayed as such, tolerated. He was an old pest who once had made a hole in one. As lowly in his club as he was lofty in his world of finance! Though he did not realize it objectively, he would have given all he possessed on the side the world deems of importance to be a ninety golfer and to be admitted cordially to the companionship of men who, by no amount of wriggling or adroitness, could have penetrated to his private office for an interview during business hours.

It is a dreadful thing to suffer from isolation and not to know what ails you!

Next day he made inquiry of Alex Gay about the caddie tournament; and armed with the information he received, he started for the first tee. By now it was an understood thing that Spotty would caddie for him; it had become a club regulation.

"Alex," announced Old Man Arkwright, "says he'll tend to enterin' you in the caddie tournament."

It will be noticed he did not ask the boy if he cared to enter; no, the boy had become a sort of piece of movable property, to be entered or withdrawn at his will.

"Yes, Mr. Arkwright," said Spotty; and then, "No, not your driver yet. You aren't, now, ready yet to use any club but the mashie, like I told you."

Mr. Arkwright obeyed without question.

"I want you should win that thing," he said presently.

"There's a lot of good players in it," said Spotty.

"As good as you?"

"Caddie masters and everythin'. Older fellers."

"Then you got the idee you can't win it?"

"I dunno. I haven't tried," said Spotty "I got a chance, I guess. Anybody's got a chance."

"You got to," said Old Man Arkwright. "I want you should."

Spotty said nothing, but played a beautiful iron to the green and presently criticized Arkwright's wrist action as the old man pulled a mashie shot. Off the seventh tee, Old Man Arkwright shot a dozen balls, and every one of them fell on the green. He was improving. Actually it seemed as if he would have one shot in his bag, and he should have been amazed to note how he thrilled to a word of praise from this freckled kid with critical eyes.

"You're improvin'," said Spotty.

"Huh! When you win that tournament," said Old Man Arkwright, "we'll put the cup on a shelf in the locker room, with your name on it and all. And"—suddenly he had an amazing inspiration, an inspiration of a sort he never had known before—"and, b'jing, we'll have a kind of a caddie banquet to celebrate it, b'heck! I bet you git your picture in the paper."

"Last year there was a big piece about the winner," said Spotty, "and he got a good job bein' assistant pro too. I'd kind of, now, like that."

"If you git a job, it'll be right here," said Old Man Arkwright severely; "right here in this club and no'eres else."

In the lounge later in the afternoon he made his announcement.

"Spotty and me's entered in the caddie tournament."

McWhinney sniffed, "Are, hey? Well, which of you's goin' to do the playin'?"

"Good idea," said Wills, "take some of the conceit out of that kid."

"He hain't conceited, and nobody ever sa'd he was," snarled Old Man Arkwright, "and if he was, who's goin' to take it out of him, and how?"

"What chance you think a new kid's got in that gang? They'll trim the pants offn him," said Weevil.

"For how much?" asked Old Man Arkwright.

"For any part of however much you got," said Weevil, forgetting utterly that the man he challenged owned more hundreds of thousands than he did dollars.

"What odds you want?" asked McWhinney.

"Don't want any odds." The old man's pride was up. It had become a matter of honor with him, and something more—a matter of backing up his caddie, of standing by him, of going the whole route for the boy. "I don't want any odds, b'jing, and you windbags kin go as fur's you want to."

The trio laughed.

"We got a decent name around this club," said Weevil. "We're no first-tee shoppers, and what we win we win on fair handicaps. So we just can't take your money. Wouldn't look right and give us the name of bein' sure-thing betters."

The old man snorted.

"Why," said Weevil, "if your kid finishes better'n twentieth, I'll buy him a gilt-edged fryin' pan and a dozen purple eggs to cook in it."

"Thirty-six holes, medal play, ain't it?" asked McWhinney.

"Yes."

"Tell you what I'll do, just to make it interestin'. I'll bet you five he don't finish under a hundred and sixty."

"Two eighties!" Old Man Arkwright showed his teeth. "Huh! I can't git me the reppitation of bein' a sure-thing better." With which excellent return of fire, he marched out of the lounge to drive to his home and dinner in splendid solitude.

IV

OLD Man Arkwright in person accompanied Spotty to Black Brook, where the tournament was to be played; he conveyed the boy thither in his limousine, with liveried chauffeur, and conveyed also the caddie he personally and after much discussion had selected to caddie for his caddie. It must be admitted that the idea of caddying himself had crossed his mind, and it was no reflection upon the lack of dignity of such an operation which deterred him, but skepticism as to the efficiency of his eyesight. Wills and McWhinney and Weevil also attended, but not in the royal party

The old man was actually damp with nervous perspiration before they arrived; he was solicitous; he was arrogant; he was gruff; he was pleading.

"Feel all right?" he demanded a dozen times. "Nervous, eh? No headache nor nothin'? How'd your swing feel this mornin'? Um—take it easy now and keep your mind offn it." Just how Spotty could keep his mind off it when Old Man Arkwright did nothing but talk about it was a mystery not to be solved. "Jest make b'lieve you're playin' with me for fun. A tournament hain't any different from any other playin'. Jest thirty-six holes of golf. . . . By golly, you got to win! Yes, sir, you got to show that bunch of windbags I know what I'm talkin' about!"

"Listen, Mr. Arkwright," protested Spotty's caddie, "you better cut out talkin' so much. Want to bust him wide open? What d'ye think, now, a feller can go out

(Continued on Page 257)

Turning the White Light of Truth on Lumber Quality!

PAYING out your money for goods gives you the right to ask the seller:

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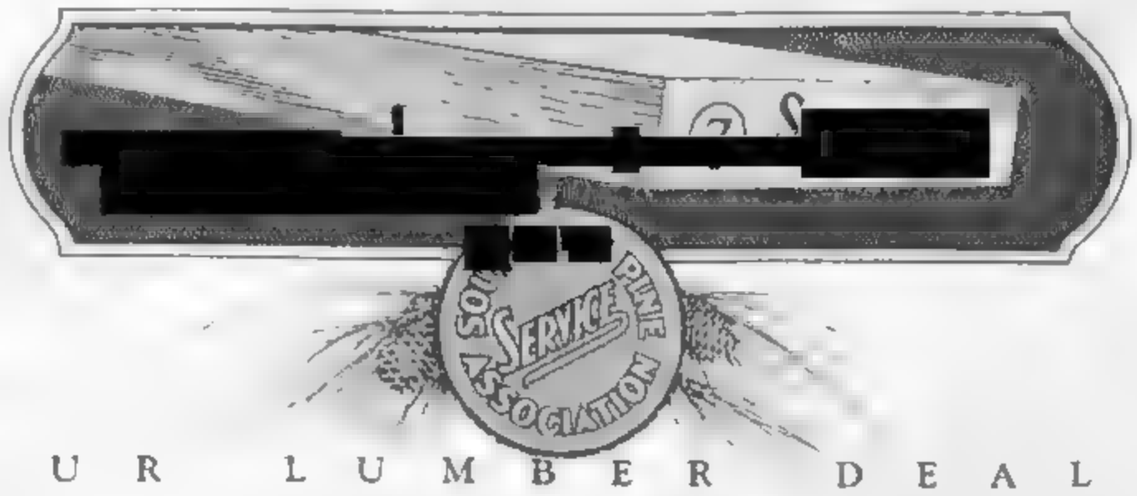

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On the new principle that makes these four improvements possible, a new-type radio has been built. Instead of asking you to buy it we want you to test its superior performance under the actual working conditions surrounding your home. ***This is the only safe way to select any radio.***

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12,587 radio fans gave specifications for this set

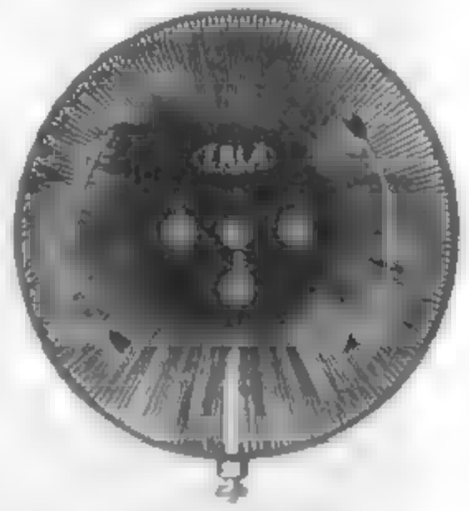
For years we have designed and manufactured parts for every circuit invented. Many of the notable improvements and refinements now common to all receivers were pioneered by ourselves. Twelve months ago we set out to build the masterpiece in radio receiver, whose performance would set the industry's standard.

Every set on the market was tested and opportunity for improvement recorded. 12,587 radio fans already had given us their ideas of the perfect receiver. Seventy-three laboratory sets were built and torn down before the final achievement.

Finally we had it. A vitally improved radio that delighted scientists with its superlative performance

4 astounding improvements

The heart of this new-type receiver is a new and revolutionary coil—the Erla "Balloon "Circloid. It is found alone in Erla Circloid Five receivers. None other, no matter how costly, can give it to you.



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The price of Erla receivers is as surprising as their performance. Read the descriptions under those shown here. You can see why we say, "Add $50 or $100 to the price of any Erla receiver, *then* compare it with others."

As radio pioneers we have maintained supreme mechanical excellence.

Merged with the world's largest chest and cabinet manufacturer we save the cabinet maker's profit.

By making 95% of the parts that go into Erla our price includes only one profit instead of three or four.

Now a tremendous demand proves the soundness of low price policy where beauty of fine furniture and scientific excellence is paramount.

Here is the only SAFE way to select a radio

So that there will be no inconvenience with your evening's entertainment, an Erla Circloid Five is installed for you. An expert briefly explains its unique advantages and shows you how to secure the best results. Then you and your friends are left alone to listen without annoyance.

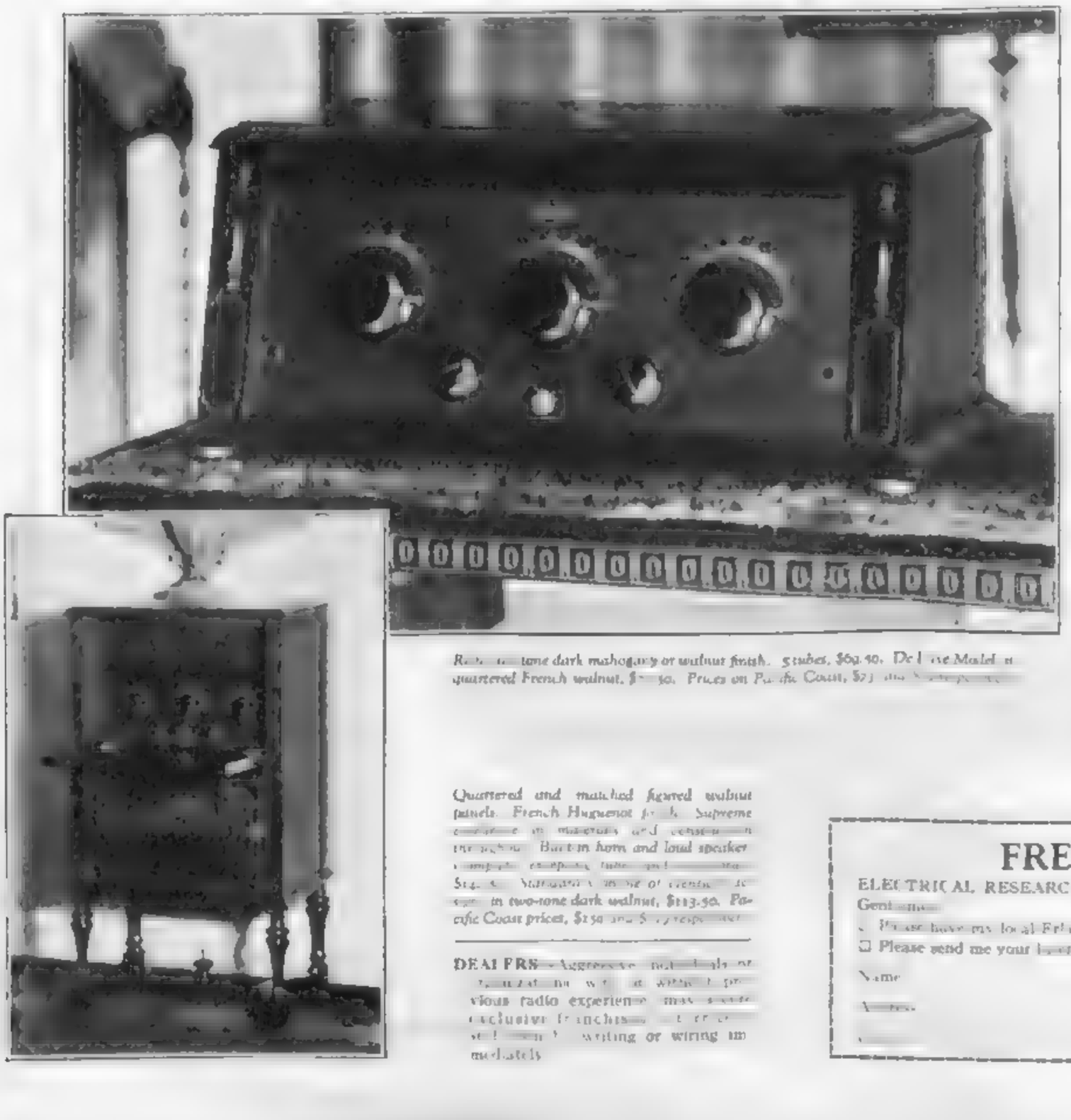
This is a daring way for any manufacturer to display a radio—by letting it demonstrate itself. Few receivers today could stand the test.

But it is the only safe way to select your radio. Test it in the spot where you are going to enjoy it. Then you know beforehand how it is going to perform.

Let us show you today this radio which we believe is by far the best made.

Take the coupon to your nearest dealer or send to us direct. This offer will be withdrawn without notice. So enjoy your evening's entertainment soon.

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Rich two-tone dark mahogany or walnut finish. 5 tubes, $69.40. De Luxe Model in quartered French walnut, $[illegible]. Prices on Pacific Coast, $[illegible].

Quartered and matched figured walnut panels. French Huguenot feet. Supreme [illegible] in materials and construction throughout. Built-in horn and loud speaker [illegible]. Standard size of cabinet [illegible] in two-tone dark walnut, $113.50. Pacific Coast prices, $150 and $[illegible].

DEALERS—Aggressive individuals or [illegible] with previous radio experience may secure exclusive franchises [illegible]. Write or wire immediately.

ERLA

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Gentlemen:

☐ Please have my local Erla dealer send me a set for evening.

☐ Please send me your booklet describing Erla Circloid Five.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 254)

and play golf, what I mean, if somebody's talked his ear off about stummicks and all that, and you better not talk any more or you'll put us on the bum right."

Old Man Arkwright tried conscientiously, but the grade was too stiff; he just naturally had to put conversational sand on the rails. And when they arrived and were informed of their pairing and starting time, the old fellow conducted himself like a Mexican jumping bean. When he wasn't being that, he was an old hen ruffling and clucking over her chick. McWhinney took careful and calculating note.

"Cherries are ripe," he said to his companions. "Now if the kid only can cop it!"

The kid did well. He finished the first eighteen before luncheon with a satisfactory seventy-seven; but was led by two older boys, one with a seventy-five and one with a nice seventy-three. This was fast going in the caddie company.

"Now don't you go eatin' too much and upset your stummick," clucked Old Man Arkwright. "No pie nor anythin' like that. Jest good plain food and not much of it. Folks plays better when they're hungry."

Spotty was not indifferent to the event; no boy could escape the excitement and tenseness of it; but there was a determined set to his jaw and a compression of his lips which promised a performance of all he had to give. And he had considerable. He started 4-4-4-3, which was swift going for anybody; four holes in par figures. Then he took a five, three fours and another five for a thirty-seven. At the end of the nine he was just one stroke back of the caddie master of the White Meadow Club—a young man of nineteen who had qualified in the Open. On the twelfth, word was brought to Old Man Arkwright that Spotty had to finish the remaining six holes in 1-4-5-4-5-3 to tie, a bit of information he could not prevent himself from passing on to Spotty.

"And you kin do it. You kin do it," he said anxiously. "Don't you think you kin do it?"

"Try," said Spotty shortly, for his mind was on the game; and try he did.

He arrived at the eighteenth facing the necessity of making a par three to tie or a birdie two to win. It was a mashie pitch—a full mashie, with a cross wind. Deep sand traps guarded a green to which the entrance was through a narrow bottle neck. Old Man Arkwright stood off to one side, his disreputable hat twisted into a rag. His gnarled fingers clutched and opened, and he opened and shut his mouth constantly, like a goldfish in stale water. Spotty dropped his ball and shot.

"Over," said somebody in the gallery.

"Drifted into the trap," said somebody else.

"Dog-gone you," snapped Old Man Arkwright, "it didn't neither! I can't see that fur, but it didn't. By jing, it didn't! Did it, Spotty?"

"Can't see, Mr. Arkwright," said the boy.

The old man almost ran to the green, peering ahead of him like one who chases a fugitive thousand-dollar bill. At the edge of the trap, he paused and executed a novel dance. He emitted a bellow of pleasure and hurled his hat into the sand. The ball was on the green, twelve feet from the pin.

On the edge of the green stood a big boy—the caddie master of White Meadow—waiting with anxiety and a minimum of sportsmanship.

"Here," he said audibly, "is where the kid blows. Downhill putt. Bet you a dollar he overruns."

Old Man Arkwright glared with mayhem in his heart, glancing at Spotty to see what effect this bit of muckerism was having. Then he could have thrown another hat into the sand if he had had foresight to bring two, for Spotty walked across the green to the big fellow, squinted his blue eyes up at him and grinned.

"Come over here closer," he said. "What you want is a good view of this. Don't go home and tell how you missed seein' me sink it."

With that he turned his back, walked to his ball, sighted to the cup, strode to the flag and sighted up the slope to his ball. Then he took his stance, loosened his shoulders with a shrug and putted. The ball started off to the right a full six inches, followed the slope of green, slower and ever more slowly. It would be no overrun putt. Old Man Arkwright held his breath. The ball barely revolved. One stiff blade of grass would stop it on the lip of the cup, but there was no stiff blade of grass. The ball seemed to balance for a full second before it revolved once more to plop into the hole for a birdie two and victory.

Spotty watched it, then turned to the caddie master.

"Take that home and play it on your mouth organ," he said, before Old Man Arkwright was upon him, whacking his back, shaking his hand and proclaiming generally to the world that this was his own particular, hand-picked caddie that he had raised from a kitten, and now they'd won the event and everybody would please pick up their feet and go to blazes if they wanted to.

He spotted McWhinney out of the corner of his eye.

"See that, did ye? Game, eh? Sand! Wan't that wuth the money to see him hand it to that big tramp? Jest walked up to him, he did, and told him to watch. How's that, eh? What ye got to say now?"

"Little, if anything," answered Mac.

THE drive home must have been trying for Spotty, for Old Man Arkwright wanted to do everything from patting his hand to holding him on his lap. But the boy bore up well and modestly; he carried himself neatly even when the limousine drew up to the club and he was surrounded by envious but cheering fellow caddies. Old Man Arkwright was impatient of the ovation; he wanted Spotty to himself, where he could rant to him in peace.

"Say, Spotty," he said, "I s'pose you're tired out."

"Not so very, Mr. Arkwright."

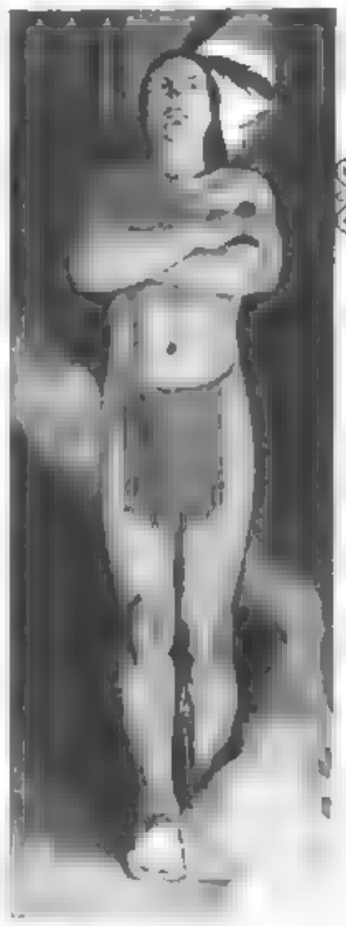
"Think ye can manage to carry nine holes for me?"

"Sure," said Spotty. "I'll get your bag."

And so they started out, Mr. Arkwright using his mashie, and so they came to the seventh tee. Not for weeks had the old man shot so execrably. He dubbed, he topped, he hooked, he sliced; but this he hardly noticed, for his shots were merely commas in his conversation.

On the seventh he laid his ball on the turf and whanged at it. It flew off at an acute angle, over the fence, out of bounds, apparently bent upon a trip down the macadam pavement of the road. But a telegraph pole intervened. The ball caromed off the pole, bounced against a locust tree, hurdled the green to butt against a rock, whence it did a feebler leap onto the green and rolled in the general direction of the flag. Old Man Arkwright had lost track of it long ago, and spoke feelingly. But Spotty emitted a sudden war whoop.

"You did it! You got it! It—now—say—you did it!"



The Indian had *perfect* feet

THERE never was an Indian in all history who suffered with fallen arches and all the other familiar foot horrors. The Indian knew the vital importance of FOOT PROTECTION and he achieved it in leather moccasins. His alert, buoyant stride is still the envy of civilized mankind.

You, too, can get back the pliant, youthful service of your feet in the famous GROUND GRIPPER shoes! These ORIGINAL, flexible arch, muscle building health shoes will free your restricted circulation and send the blood coursing through your body with increased vitality. You'll feel INVIGORATED! Today—get a pair of GROUND GRIPPERS—in any of their refined, aristocratic styles.

In the event no authorized Ground Gripper agent is accessible to you, write to the factory direct.

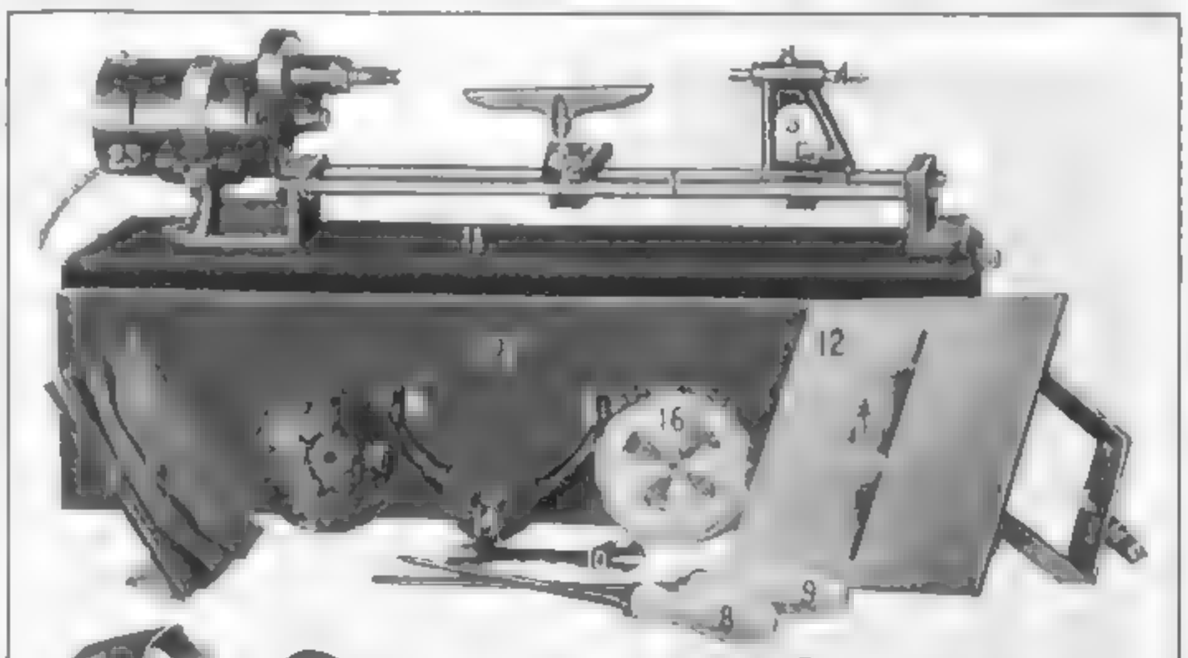
GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC.
90 Linden Park St. Boston, Mass.

We'll be glad to send you a FREE COPY of our book, "What You Should Know About Your Feet." It merits your earnest attention.

Ground Gripper SHOES

The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World

For Men Women and Children



The SpeedWay Shop

Six Complete Motor-Driven Tools

For every man—attaches to any lamp socket

The *SpeedWay* Shop is a very compact metal and wood working outfit, for mechanics, householders, ranchers, and "handy" men generally.

This Shop is driven by one of the famous *SpeedWay* motors which is easily detached, giving you a Portable Electric Drill. The tools are quickly changed so as to give you these various operations—

sawing, turning, grinding, polishing, cleaning, drilling

Motor and tools are all packed in the pressed steel case *(No. 22 above)* with the lathe bolted to platform

All This Equipment in the SpeedWay Shop

[illegible] Rest	[illegible] Plate	13 8-in. Circular Saw	19 Drill Handle
[illegible]	[illegible]	14 2-in. Wheel	20 Drill Bit
[illegible]	[illegible]	15 Arbor and Plunger	21 Nut and Washer
[illegible]	[illegible] Wrench	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Brush	23 The Well Known SpeedWay Motor
Spur Center	Saw Table	[illegible]	

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Write for free copy of booklet and name of nearest Dealer who sells the SpeedWay Shop

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BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

SEN-SEN *to sweeten and perfume the breath*

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers

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Tailored fit and extra wear go with every TOM WYE Knit Jacket. It will not bulge or sag—no binding under the arms.

For this season's latest colorings and designs in jackets, lumber-jacks or pull-overs—look for the TOM WYE label.

Ask your dealer—at prices to fit every purse

TOM WYE, Inc.
Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye

KNIT WEAR

"I know darn well I did," growled the old man. "Think you kin find it?"

"It's in the cup!" said Spotty. "You've got her in one again!"

VI

OLD Man Arkwright was early down to breakfast. He wanted his morning paper, and for two excellent reasons—first, to read about Spotty's triumph; and second, to peruse the somewhat apocryphal account of his second conquest of the seventh hole. As he sat down to the table and unfolded the paper the thought struck him for the first time that he didn't know Spotty's real name. It would be in the paper, though; and anyhow, it was of no importance. He opened to the sport page. There before his eyes was a two-column feature head; there, side by side, were pictures of himself and Spotty. He read:

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON GOLFERS

MAN SEVENTY MAKES HOLE IN ONE WHILE BOY FIFTEEN WINS CADDIE CHAMPIONSHIP

EMORY P. ARKWRIGHT, MILLIONAIRE, JOINS SELECT COMPANY; GRANDSON, THOMAS LOFT, GAMELY WINS CADDIE CLASSIC

Then followed the story, which he read, scarcely comprehending, not grasping at the first reading the full significance of it. He read again from headline to five-em dash, and pushed the paper from him. He pawed the air twice as if to push something away from him, because something seemed to be there rather obscuring his vision of the room.

Something else, hard and large, had lodged itself in his throat. Old Man Arkwright stood up, and forgetting the bell, bellowed for his butler.

"Whittaker," he said to that functionary, "git the east end of the second floor ready f'r comp'ny—permanent comp'ny. Where'n tunket's Bill?" Bill was the chauffeur. "Git him around quick. And look here, while 'tain't none of your darn business—— I don't give a dingdong if my daughter married Jezebel the King of the Jews ——" It will be observed he was a trifle confused as to the sex of certain historical personages and as to their exact occupations. "If they can git a son like Spotty, she done right. Jest set and rest on that. . . . I'm goin' after 'em, I don't care where they be. I'm goin' after 'em on the jump"

"Yes, sir," said Whittaker.

"And h'jung," shouted Old Man Arkwright, "the's goin' to be nouse around this house evenin's after this!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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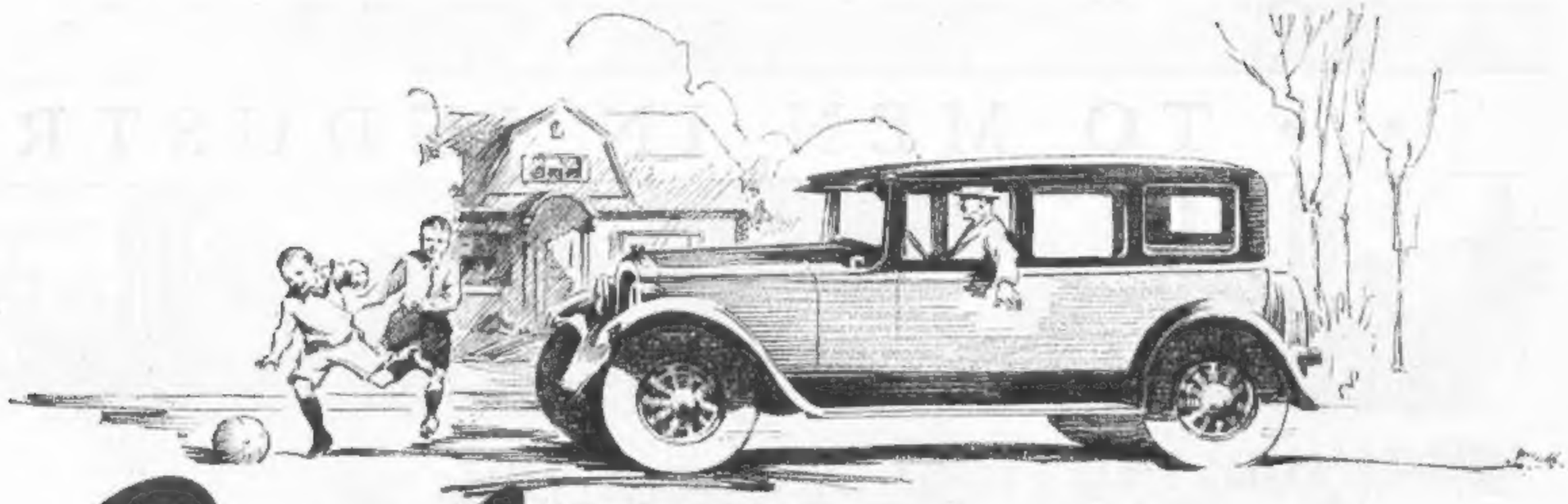

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It *removes causes* of tooth decay

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Because good teeth and good health are so closely related, modern dentists are urging preventive dentistry. Its aim is to prevent disease by combating tooth troubles—to fight tooth decay before it starts.

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Colgate's is Safe and Effective

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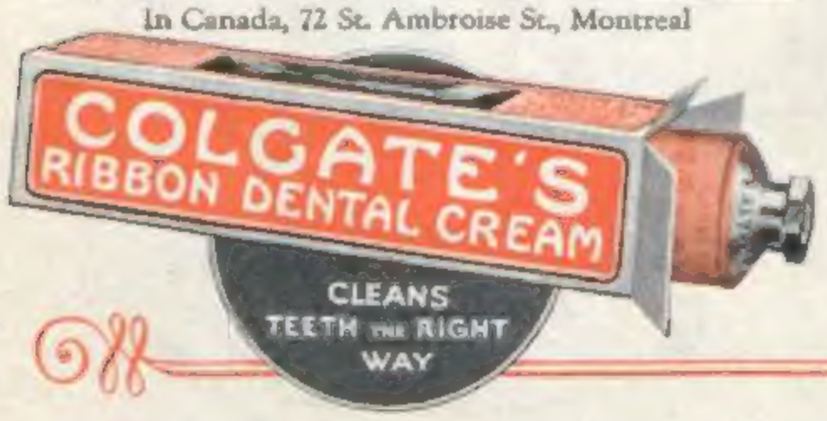

Prevent this

Too tired to dance.
Bad Teeth May Take The Joy Out of Life
Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap Bodily Strength and Destroy Good Looks.

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.

Here is a scientific experiment, told recently by John Amid in Collier's Weekly, that speaks volumes:

> "In the interests of science a bit of the streptococcus culture from one of the extracted teeth (from a human suffering from rheumatism) is injected into the blood of a rabbit. Three weeks and the rabbit is hopelessly deformed."

Preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Today it is fully recognized that tooth decay is a menace to the nation's health.

In schools where preventive oral hygiene has been introduced, children have shown striking advance in health and mental vigor, and increased immunity to disease.

Conditions are improving, but much must yet be done. Fight tooth decay before it starts.

Give yourself a chance.

Here is a photograph taken in the Dental Clinic of the Heckscher Foundation, New York, where the importance of preventive dentistry is fully realized.

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture